This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

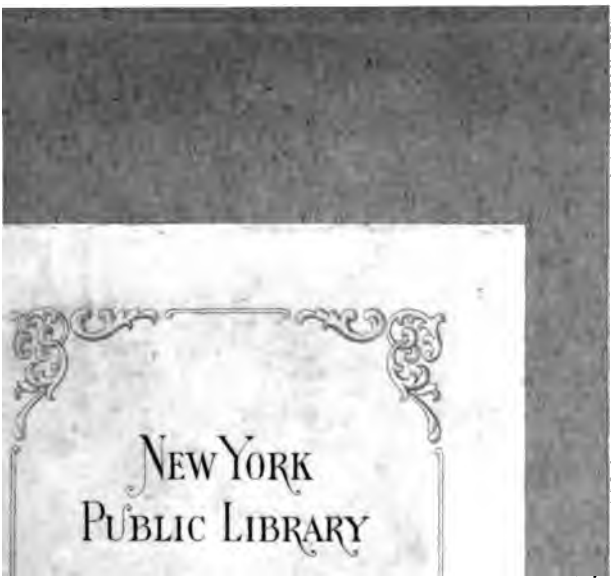
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 07490013 9



PRESENTED BY

MISS MATILDA W. BRUCE

JULY 27TH 1908

THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

WITH

NOTES,

BY

JOHNSON AND STEEVENS.

VOL. XIV.

JULIUS CÆSAR,

KING LEAR.

PUBLISHED BY

C. AND A. CONRAD & CO. PHILADELPHIA; CONRAD, LUCAS, & CO. BALTIMORE; SOMERVELL AND CONRAD, PETERSBURG; AND BONSAL, CONRAD, & CO. NORFOLK.

1809.

94 71 09

470114

ASTON

JULIUS CÆSAR.

NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

JULIUS CÆSAR.

IT appears from Peck's *Collection of divers curious historical Pieces*, &c. (appended to his *Memoirs*, &c. *of Oliver Cromwell*,) p. 14, that a Latin play on this subject had been written: "Epilogus Cæsaris interfecti, quomodo in scenam prodiit ea res, acta, in Ecclesia Christi, Oxon. Qui Epilogus a Magistro Ricardo Eedes, et scriptus et in proscenio ibidem dictus fuit, A. D. 1582." Meres, whose *Wit's Commonwealth* was published in 1598, enumerates Dr. Eedes among the best tragick writers of that time. *Steevens.*

From some words spoken by Polonius in *Hamlet*, I think it probable that there was an *English* play on this subject, before Shakspeare commenced a writer for the stage.

Stephen Gosson, in his *School of Abuse*, 1579, mentions a play entitled *The History of Cæsar and Pompey*.

William Alexander, afterwards Earl of Sterline, wrote a tragedy on the story and with the title of *Julius Cæsar*. It may be presumed that Shakspeare's play was posterior to his; for lord Sterline, when he composed his *Julius Cæsar* was a very young author, and would hardly have ventured into that circle, within which the most eminent dramatick writer of England had already walked. The death of Cæsar, which is not exhibited but related to the audience, forms the catastrophe of his piece. In the two plays many parallel passages are found, which might, perhaps, have proceeded only from the two authors drawing from the same source. However, there are some reasons for thinking the coincidence more than accidental.

A passage in *The Tempest*, (p. 125) seems to have been copied from one in *Darius*, another play of lord Sterline's, printed at Edinburgh, in 1603. His *Julius Cæsar* appeared in 1607, at a time when he was little acquainted with English writers; for both these pieces abound with solecisms, which, in the subsequent folio edition, 1637, he corrected. But neither *The Tempest* nor the *Julius Cæsar* of our author was printed till 1623.

It should also be remembered, that our author has several plays, founded on subjects which had been previously treated by others. Of this kind are *King John*, *King Richard II*, the two parts of *King Henry IV*, *King Henry V*, *King Richard III*, *King Lear*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Measure for Measure*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *The Merchant of Venice*, and, I believe, *Hamlet*, *Timon of Athens*, and *The Second and Third Part of King Henry VI*: whereas no proof has hitherto been produced, that any contemporary writer ever presumed to new model a story that had already employed the pen of Shakspeare. On all these grounds it appears more probable, that Shakspeare was indebted to Lord Sterline, than that Lord Sterline borrowed from Shakspeare. If this reasoning be just, this play could not have appeared before the year 1607. I believe it was produced in that year. *Malone.*

JULIUS CÆSAR.

The real length of time in *Julius Cæsar*, is as follows: About the middle of February, A. U. C. 709, a frantick festival, sacred to Pan, and called *Lupercalia*, was held in honour of Cæsar, when the regal crown was offered to him by Antony. On the 15th of March in the same year, he was slain. November 27, A. U. C. 710, the triumvirs met at a small island, formed by the river Rhenus, near Bononia, and there adjusted their cruel proscription.—A. U. C. 711, Brutus and Cassius were defeated near Philippi. *Upton.*

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Julius Cæsar.

Octavius Cæsar,
Marcus Antonius,
M. Æmil. Lepidus, } *triumvirs, after the death of* Julius Cæsar.

Cicero, Publius, Popilius Lena; *senators.*

Marcus Brutus,
Cassius,
Casca,
Trebonius,
Ligarius,
Decius Brutus,
Metellus Cimber,
Cinna, } *conspirators against* Julius Cæsar.

Flavius *and* Marullus, *tribunes.*

Artemidorus, *a sophist of* Cnidos.

A Soothsayer.

Cinna, *a poet. Another poet.*

Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, *young* Cato, *and* Volumnius; *friends to* Brutus *and* Cassius.

Varro, Clitus, Claudius, Strato, Lucius, Dardanius; *servants to* Brutus.

Pindarus, *servant to* Cassius.

Calphurnia, *wife to* Cæsar.

Portia, *wife to* Brutus.

Senators, citizens, guards, attendants, &c.

SCENE,

During a great part of the play, at Rome: *afterwards at* Sardis; *and near* Philippi.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I....SCENE I.

Rome. *A Street.*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS,[1] *and a Rabble of* Citizens.

Flav. Hence; home, you idle creatures, get you home;
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk,
Upon a labouring day, without the sign
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

1 *Cit.* Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
You, sir; what trade are you?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

2 *Cit.* A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soals.[2]

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?[3]

2 *Cit.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

[1] *Marullus,*] Old copy—*Murellus.* I have, upon the authority of Plutarch, &c. given to this tribune his right name, *Marullus.* *Theobald.*

[2] —— *a mender of bad* soals.] Fletcher has the same quibble in his *Women Pleas'd:*

" —— mark me, thou serious sowter,
" If thou dost this, there shall be no more shoe-mending;
" Every man shall have a special care of his own *soul,*
" And carry in his pocket his two confessors." *Malone.*

[3] Mar. *What trade,* &c.] This speech in the old copy is given to *Flavius.* The next speech but one shows that it belongs to *Marullus,* to whom it was attributed, I think, properly, by Mr. Capell. *Malone.*

Mar. What meanest thou by that?[4] Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

2 *Cit.* Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobler, art thou?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is, with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl.[5] I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather, have gone upon my handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,

[4] Mar. *What meanest thou by that?*] As the *Cobler*, in the preceding speech, replies to *Flavius*, not to *Marullus*, 'tis plain, I think, this speech must be given to *Flavius*. *Theobald.*

I have replaced *Marullus*, who might properly enough reply to a saucy sentence directed to his colleague, and to whom the speech was probably given, that he might not stand too long unemployed upon the stage. *Johnson.*

I would give the first speech to Marullus, instead of transferring the last to Flavius. *Ritson.*

[5] *I meddle with no* tradesman's *matters, nor women's matters, but with* awl.] This should be: "I meddle with no *trade*,—man's matters, nor woman's matters, but with *awl*." *Farmer.*

Shakspeare might have adopted this quibble from the ancient ballad, intitled, *The Three Merry Coblers:*

"We have *awle* at our command,
"And still we are on the mending hand." *Steevens.*

I have already observed in a note on *Love's Labour's Lost*, Vol. IV, p. 61, n. 7, that where our author uses words equivocally, he imposes some difficulty on his editor with respect to the mode of exhibiting them in print. Shakspeare, who wrote for the stage, not for the closet, was contented if his quibble satisfied the ear. I have, with the other modern editors, printed here—with *awl*, though in the first folio, we find *withal*; as in the preceding page, bad *soals*, instead of—bad *souls*, the reading of the original copy.

The allusion contained in the second clause of this sentence, is again repeated in *Coriolanus*, Act IV, sc. v:—"3 *Serv.* How, sir, do you meddle with my master? *Cor.* Ay, 'tis an honester service than to *meddle with thy mistress*." *Malone.*

To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tyber trembled underneath her banks,[6]
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone;
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all. [*Exeunt* Citizens.
See, whe'r[7] their basest metal be not mov'd;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.

[6] —— her *banks,*] As *Tyber* is always represented by the figure of a man, the feminine gender is improper. Milton says, that—

"—— the river of bliss
"Rolls o'er Elysian flowers *her* amber stream."

But he is speaking of the water, and not of its presiding power or genius. *Steevens.*

Drayton, in his *Polyolbion*, frequently describes the rivers of England as females, even when he speaks of the presiding power of the stream. Spenser on the other hand, represents them more classically, as males. *Malone.*

The presiding power of some of Drayton's rivers were females; like *Sabrina*, &c. *Steevens.*

[7] *See*, whe'r—] *Whether*, thus abbreviated, is used by Ben Jonson:

"Who shall doubt, Donne, *whe'r* I a poet be,
"When I dare send my epigrams to thee." *Steevens.*

See Vol. VII, p. 310, n. 6. *Malone.*

Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: Disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.[8]
Mar. May we do so?
You know, it is the feast of Lupercal.
Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies.[9] I 'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. A publick Place.

Enter, in Procession, with Musick, CÆSAR; ANTONY, *for the course;* CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS,[1] CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and* CASCA, *a great Crowd following; among them a* Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calphurnia,—
Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks. [*Musick ceases.*
Cæs. Calphurnia,—

[8] —— *deck'd with* ceremonies.] *Ceremonies.* for religious ornaments. Thus afterwards he explains them by *Cæsar's trophies;* i. e. such as he had dedicated to the gods. *Warburton.*

Ceremonies are honorary ornaments; tokens of respect. *Malone.*

[9] *Be hung with Cæsar's* trophies.] Cæsar's *trophies*, are, I believe, the crowns which were placed on his statues. So, in Sir Thomas North's translation: "— There were set up images of Cæsar in the city with diadems on their heads, like kings. Those the two tribunes went and pulled down." *Steevens.*

What these trophies really were, is explained by a passage in the next scene, where Casca informs Cassius, that "Marullus and Flavius, for pulling *scarfs* off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. *M. Mason.*

[1] This person was not *Decius*, but *Decimus Brutus*. The poet (as Voltaire has done since) confounds the characters of *Marcus* and *Decimus*. *Decimus Brutus* was the most cherished by *Cæsar* of all his friends, while *Marcus* kept aloof, and declined so large a share of his favours and honours, as the other had constantly accepted. Velleius Paterculus, speaking of *Decimus Brutus*, says:—"ab iis, quos miserat *Antonius* jugulatus est; justissimasque oprimè de se merito viro C. Cæsari pœnas dedit. Cujus cum primus omnium

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,[2]
When he doth run his course.—Antonius.

Ant. Cæsar, my lord.

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia: for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their steril curse.

amicorum fuisset, interfector fuit, et fortunæ ex qua fructum tulerat, invidiam in auctorem relegabat, censebatque æquum, quæ acceperat à Cæsare retinere: Cæsarem, quia illa dederat, perîsse." Lib. II, c. lxiv:

"Jungitur his *Decimus*, notissimus inter amicos
"Cæsaris, ingratus, cui trans-Alpina fuisset
"Gallia Cæsareo nuper commissa favore.
"Non illum conjuncta fides, non nomen amici
"Deterrere potest.—
"Ante alios *Decimus*, cui fallere, nomen amici
"Præcipue dederat, ductorum sæpe morantem
"Incitat."———*Supplem. Lucani. Steevens.*

Shakspeare's mistake of *Decius* for *Decimus*, arose from the old translation of Plutarch. *Farmer.*

Lord Sterline has committed the same mistake in his *Julius Cæsar:* and in Holland's translation of *Suetonius*, 1606, which I believe Shakspeare had read, this person is likewise called *Decius* Brutus. *Malone.*

[2] ——*in* Antonius' *way,*] The old copy generally reads—*Antonio, Octavio, Flavio.* The players were more accustomed to Italian than Roman terminations, on account of the many versions from Italian novels, and the many Italian characters in dramatick pieces formed on the same originals. *Steevens.*

The correction was made by Mr. Pope.—"At that time, (says Plutarch) the feast *Lupercalia* was celebrated, the which in olde time men say was the feast of Shepheards or heardsmen, and is much like unto the feast of Lyceians in Arcadia. But howsoever it is, that day there are diverse noble men's sonnes, young men, (and some of them magistrates themselves that govern them) which run naked through the city, striking in sport them they meet in their way with leather thongs.—And many noble women and gentlewomen also go of purpose to stand in their way, and doe put forth their handes to be stricken, persuading themselves that being with childe, they shall have good deliverie; and also, being barren, that it will make them conceive with child. Cæsar sat to behold that sport vpon the pulpit for orations, in a chayre of gold, apparelled in triumphant manner. Antonius, who was consul at that time, was one of them that *ronne* this holy *course.*" North's translation.

We learn from Cicero that Cæsar constituted a new kind of these *Luperci,* whom he called after his own name, *Juliani;* and Mark Antony was the first who was so entitled. *Malone.*

Ant. I shall remember:
When Cæsar says, *Do this*, it is performed.
Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out. [*Musick.*
Sooth. Cæsar.
Cæs. Ha! Who calls?
Casca. Bid every noise be still:—Peace yet again.
[*Musick ceases.*
Cæs. Who is it in the press, that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the musick,
Cry, Cæsar: Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.
Sooth. Beware the ides of March.
Cæs. What man is that?
Bru. A soothsayer, bids you beware the ides of March.
Cæs. Set him before me, let me see his face.
Cas. Fellow, come from the throng: Look upon Cæsar.
Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.
Sooth. Beware the ides of March.
Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him;—pass.
[*Sennet.*[3] *Exeunt all but* BRU. *and* CAS.
Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?
Bru. Not I.
Cas. I pray you, do.
Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I 'll leave you.
Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:[4]

[3] *Sennet*] I have been informed that *sennet* is derived from *sennete*, an antiquated French tune formerly used in the army; but the Dictionaries which I have consulted exhibit no such word.
In Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602:
"Trumpets sound a flourish, and then a *sennet*."
In *The Dumb Show*, preceding the first part of *Jeronimo*, 1605, is—
"Sound a *signate* and pass over the stage."
In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of Malta* a *synnet* is called *a flourish of trumpets* but I know not on what authority. See a note on *King Henry VIII* Act II. sc. iv, Vol. XI, p. 258, n. 9. *Sennet* may be a corruption from *sonata*, Ital. *Steevens.*

[4] *Brutus, I do observe* you now *of late:*] Will the reader sustain any loss by the omission of the words—*you now*, without which the measure would become regular?
I 'll leave you.
Cas. *Brutus, I do observe of late,*
I have not &c. *Steevens.*

I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And show of love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand[5]
Over your friend that loves you.
Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd: If I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference,[6]
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd;
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one;)
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.
Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;[7]
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?
Bru. No, Cassius: for the eye sees not itself,[8]
But by reflection, by some other things.
Cas. 'Tis just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn

[5] —— strange *a hand* —] *Strange,* is alien, unfamiliar, such as might become a stranger. *Johnson.*

[6] —— *passions of some* difference,] With a fluctuation of discordant opinions and desires. *Johnson.*
So, in *Coriolanus,* Act V, sc. iii:
"—— thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour
"At *difference* in thee." *Steevens.*
A following line may prove the best comment on this:
"Than that poor Brutus, *with himself at war,* —." *Malone.*

[7] —— *your* passion;] i. e. the nature of the feelings from which you are now *suffering.* So, in *Timon of Athens:*
"I feel my master's *passion*" *Steevens.*

[8] —— *the* eye *sees not itself,*] So, Sir John Davies in his poem entitled *Nosce Teipsum,* 1599:
"Is it because the mind is like the *eye,*
"Through which it gathers knowledge by degrees;
"Whose rays reflect not, but spread outwardly;
"Not seeing itself, when other things it sees?" *Steevens.*

Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal Cæsar) speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher,[9] or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love[1]
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish, and Shout.*

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well:—
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:[2]

[9] —— *a common* laugher,] Old copy—*laughter*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. *Malone.*

[1] *To stale with ordinary oaths my love* &c] To invite *every new protester* to my affection by the *stale* or allurement of *customary* oaths. *Johnson.*

[2] *And I will look on both indifferently:*] Dr. Warburton has a long note on this occasion, which is very trifling. When Brutus first names *honour* and *death*, he calmly declares them *indifferent;* but as the image kindles in his mind, he sets *honour* above *life*. Is not this natural? *Johnson.*

For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.
Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st thou*, Cassius, *now*
Leap in with me into this angry flood,[3]
And swim to yonder point?—Upon the word,
Accouter'd as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did,
The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,[4]
Cæsar cry'd, *Help me*, Cassius, *or I sink.*
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tyber
Did I the tired Cæsar: And this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,

[3] —— *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now*
Leap in with me into this angry flood,] Shakspeare probably recollected the story which Suetonius has told of Cæsar's leaping into the sea, when he was in danger by a boat's being overladen, and swimming to the next ship with his *Commentaries* in his left hand. Holland's translation of Suetonius, 1606, p. 26. So also, *ibid.* p. 24: "Were rivers in his way to hinder his passage, cross over them he would, either swimming, or else bearing himself upon blowed leather bottles." *Malone.*

[4] *But ere we could* arrive *the point propos'd,*] The verb *arrive* is used, without the preposition *at*, by Milton in the second Book of *Paradise Lost*, as well as by Shakspeare in *The Third Part of King Henry VI*, Act V, sc. iii:

"—— those powers, that the queen
"Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coast." *Steevens.*

If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly;[5]
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, *Give me some drink*, Titinius,
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper[6] should
So get the start of the majestick world,[7]
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*

Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe, that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs,[8] and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:

[5] *His* coward *lips did from their* colour fly;] A plain man would have said, the *colour fled from his lips*, and not his *lips from their colour*. But the false expression was for the sake of as false a piece of wit: a poor quibble, alluding to a coward flying from his colours. *Warburton.*

[6] ——*feeble temper*—] i. e. temperament, constitution. *Steevens.*

[7] —— *get the start of the majestick world*, &c.] This image is extremely noble: it is taken from the Olympic games. *The majestick world* is a fine periphrasis for the *Roman empire*: their citizens set themselves on a footing with kings, and they called their dominion *Orbis Romanus*. But the particular allusion seems to be to the known story of Cæsar's great pattern, Alexander, who being asked, Whether he would run the course at the Olympic games, replied, *Yes, if the racers were kings*. *Warburton.*

That the allusion is to the prize allotted in games to the foremost in the race is very clear. All the rest existed, I apprehend, only in Dr. Warburton's imagination. *Malone.*

[8] —— *and we petty men*
Walk under his huge legs,] So, as an anonymous writer has observed, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. IV, c. x:

"But I the meanest man of many more,
"Yet much disdaining unto him to lout,
"*Or creep between his legs.*" *Malone.*

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæsar: What should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;[9]
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.[1] [*Shout.*
Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd:
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walks encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once,[2] that would have brook'd
The eternal devil[3] to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim:[4]
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,

[9] *Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;*] A similar thought occurs in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:

"What diapason's more in Tarquin's name,
"Than in a subject's? or what 's Tullia
"More in the sound, than should become the name
"Of a poor maid?" *Steevens.*

[1] *Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.*] Dr. Young, in his *Busiris*, appears to have imitated this passage:

"Nay, stamp not, tyrant; I can stamp as loud,
"And raise as many dæmons with the sound." *Steevens.*

[2] *There was a Brutus once,*] i. e. *Lucius Junius* Brutus. *Steevens.*

[3] —— *eternal devil* —] I should think that our author wrote rather, *infernal devil*. *Johnson.*

I would continue to read *eternal devil*. L. J. Brutus (says *Cassius*) would as soon have submitted to the perpetual dominion of a dæmon, as to the lasting government of a king. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *aim:*] i. e. guess. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:
"But, fearing lest my jealous *aim* might err, —" *Steevens.*

I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear: and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;[5]
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.[6]

Cas. I am glad, that my weak words[7]
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Re-enter CÆSAR, *and his Train.*

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day.

Bru. I will do so:—But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret[8] and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius.

Ant. Cæsar.

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men,[9] and such as sleep o' nights:

[5] —— *chew upon this;*] Consider this at leisure; *ruminate* on this. *Johnson.*

[6] *Under these hard conditions* as *this time*
Is like to lay upon us.] *As*, in our author's age, was frequently used in the sense of *that*. So, in North's translation of Plutarch, 1579: "—insomuch *as* they that saw it, thought he had been burnt." *Malone.*

[7] *I am glad,* that *my* weak *words*—] For the sake of regular measure, Mr. Ritson would read:

Cas. *I am glad, my words*
Have struck &c. *Steevens.*

[8] ——*ferret*—] A ferret has red eyes. *Johnson.*

[9] *Sleek-headed men,* &c] So, in Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch, 1579: "When Cæsar's friends complained unto him of

Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar, he 's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. 'Would he were fatter:[1]—But I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no musick:[2]
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt* Cæs. *and his Train.* Casca *stays behind.*

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; Would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why you were with him, were you not?

Antonius and Dolabella, that they pretended some mischief towards him; he answered, as for those fat men and smooth-combed heads, (quoth he) I never reckon of them; but these pale-visaged and carrion-lean people, I fear them most; meaning Brutus and Cassius."

And again.

"Cæsar had Cassius in great jealousy, and suspected him much; whereupon he said on a time, to his friends, what will Cassius do, think you? I like not his pale looks." *Steevens.*

1 *'Would he were fatter:*] Ben Jonson, in his *Bartholomew-Fair*, 1614, unjustly sneers at this passage, in Knockham's speech to the Pig-woman: "*Come, there's no malice in fat folks; I never fear thee, an I can scape thy lean moon-calf there.*" *Warburton.*

2 —— *he hears no musick:*] Our author considered the having no delight in musick as so certain a mark of an austere disposition, that in *The Merchant of Venice* he has pronounced, that—

"The man that hath no musick in himself,
"Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils." *Malone.*

See Vol. IV, p. 419, n. 7. *Steevens.*

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what hath chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him: and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a' shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice; What was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was 't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offered him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged, as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet, 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;[3]—and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapped their chopped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: What? did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like; he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased, and dis-

[3] ——*one of these* coronets;] So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "—he came to Cæsar, and presented him a diadem wreathed about with laurel." *Steevens.*

pleased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.[4]

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation,[5] if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done, or said, any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, *Alas, good soul!*—and forgave him with all their hearts: But, there 's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I 'll ne'er look you i' the face again: But those, that understood him, smiled at one another, and shook their heads: but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good: I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: Farewel, both. [*Exit* CASCA.

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be?

[4] —— *no true man*] No honest man. See Vol. VIII, p. 209, n. *Malone*

[5] —— *a man of any occupation,*] Had I been a mechanick, one the Plebeians to whom he offered his throat. *Johnson.*

So, in *Coriolanus*, Act. IV, sc. vi:

"—— You that stood so much
"Upon the voice of *occupation.*" *Malone.*

He was quick mettle, when he went to school.
Cas. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprize,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.
Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you;
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.
Cas. I will do so:—till then, think of the world.
[*Exit* BRU.
Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd:[6] Therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard;[7] but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me.[8] I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [*Exit.*

[6] *Thy honourable metal may be wrought*
From that it is dispos'd:] The best *metal* or *temper* may be worked into qualities contrary to its original constitution. *Johnson.*
From that it is *dispos'd*, i. e. dispos'd *to*. See Vol. XI, p. 341, n. 2. *Malone.*

[7] ——*doth bear me hard;*] i. e. has an unfavourable opinion of me. The same phrase occurs again in the first scene of Act III. *Steevens.*

[8] *If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,*
He should not humour me.] This is a reflection on Brutus's ingratitude; which concludes, as is usual on such occasions, in an encomium on his own better conditions. *If I were Brutus,* (says he) *and Brutus, Cassius, he should not cajole me as I do him.* To *humour* signifies here to turn and wind him, by inflaming his passions. *Warburton.*
The meaning, I think, is this: *Cæsar loves Brutus, but if Brutus were to change places, his love should not humour me,* should not hold of my affection, so as to make me forget my principles. *Johnson.*

SCENE III.

The same. A Street.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, *with his sword drawn, and* CICERO.

Cic. Good even, Casca: Brought you Cæsar home?[9]
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?
Casca. Are not you mov'd when all the sway of earth[1]
Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven;
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.
Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?
Casca. A common slave[2] (you know him well by sight)
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides, (I have not since put up my sword)
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me,[3] and went surly by,

[9] —— Brought *you Cæsar home?*] Did you attend Cæsar home? *Johnson.*

So, in *Measure for Measure:*

"That we may *bring* you something on the way."

See Vol. IX, p. 252, n. 8. *Malone.*

[1] —— sway *of earth* —] The whole weight or *momentum* of this globe. *Johnson.*

[2] *A common slave* &c.] So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "—a slave of the souldiers that did cast a marvelous burning flame out of his hande, insomuch as they that saw it, thought he had bene burnt; but when the fire was out, it was found he had no hurt." *Steevens.*

[3] *Who* glar'd *upon me,*] The first [and second] edition reads:

Who glaz'd *upon me,* ———

Perhaps *Who* gaz'd *upon me. Johnson.*

Glar'd is certainly right So, in *King Lear:*

"Look where he stands and *glares!*"

Again, in *Hamlet:*

"Look *you,* how pale he *glares!*"

Without annoying me: And there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; who swore, they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting, and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
These are their reasons,—They are natural;
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose[4] of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewel, Cicero. [*Exit* Cic.

Enter Cassius.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:[5]

Again, Skelton in his *Crowne of Lawrell*, describing "a lybbard:"

"As gastly that *glaris*, as grimly that grones."

Again, in the Ashridge MS. of Milton's *Comus*, as published by the ingenious and learned Mr. Todd, verse 416:

"And yawning denns, where *glaringe* monsters house"

To *gaze* is only to look stedfastly, or with admiration. *Glar'd* has a singular propriety, as it expresses the furious scintillation of a lion's eye: and, that a lion should appear full of fury, and yet attempt no violence, augments the prodigy. *Steevens.*

[4] Clean *from the purpose*—] *Clean* is altogether, entirely. See Vol. VIII, p. 70, n. 9. *Malone.*

And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman, you do want,
Or else you use not: You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind;[6]
Why old men, fools, and children calculate;[7]*

[5] ——*thunder-stone:*] A stone fabulously supposed to be discharged by thunder. So, in *Cymbeline:*

"Fear no more the lightning-flash,
"Nor the all-dreaded *thunder-stone.*" *Steevens.*

[6] *Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind;* &c.] That is, Why they *deviate* from quality and nature. This line might perhaps be more properly placed after the next line:

Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind,
Why all these things change from their ordinance. *Johnson.*

[7] —— *and children* calculate;] *Calculate* here signifies to foretel or prophesy: for the custom of foretelling fortunes by judicial astrology (which was at that time much in vogue) being performed by a long tedious calculation, Shakspeare, with his usual liberty, employs the *species* [calculate] for the *genus* [foretel]. *Warburton.*

Shakspeare found the liberty established. *To calculate the nativity,* is the technical term. *Johnson.*

So, in *The Paradise of Daintie Deuises,* edit. 1576, Art. 54, signed, M. Bew:

"Thei *calculate,* thei chaunt, thei charme,
"To conquere us that meane no harme."

This author is speaking of women. *Steevens.*

There is certainly no prodigy in old men's *calculating* from their past experience. The wonder is, that old men should not, and that children should. I would therefore [instead of *old men, fools, and children,* &c.] point thus:

Why old men fools, and children calculate. *Blackstone.*

* I cannot perceive the necessity of the alteration suggested by Blackstone. He has used the word *calculate* in its literal sense to support his position—not in the sense in which it is used by our author, and so fully explained by Warburton and Johnson. *Am. Ed.*

Why all these things change, from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear, and warning,
Unto some monstrous state. Now could I, Casca,
Name to thee a man most like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol:
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action; yet prodigious grown,[8]
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean: Is it not, Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thewes and limbs[9] like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king:
And he shall wear his crown, by sea, and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,

[8] —— prodigious *grown,*] *Prodigious* is portentous. So, in *Troilus and Cressida:*

"It is *prodigious,* there will be some change."

See Vol. II, p. 378, n. 5. *Steevens.*

[9] *Have* thewes *and limbs*—] *Thewes* is an obsolete word implying *nerves* or *muscular strength.* It is used by Falstaff, in *The Second Part of King Henry IV,* and in *Hamlet:*

"For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
"In *thewes* and bulk."

The two last folios, [1664 and 1685] in which some words are injudiciously modernized, read—*sinews. Steevens.*

I can shake off at pleasure.

Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.[1]

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak straws: What trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar? But, O, grief!
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman: then I know
My answer must be made:[2] But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca; and to such a man,
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold my hand:[3]
Be factious for redress[4] of all these griefs;
And I will set this foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There 's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
To undergo, with me, an enterprize

1 —— *every* bondman — *bears*
The power to cancel *his* captivity.] So, in *Cymbeline*, Act V, Posthumus speaking of his *chains:*
" —— take this life,
" And *cancel* these cold *bonds.*" *Henley.*

2 *My* answer *must be made:*] I shall be called to account, and must *answer* as for seditious words. *Johnson.*
So, in *Much Ado about Nothing:* "Sweet prince, let me go no further to *mine answer;* do you hear me, and let this count kill me." *Steevens.*

3 —— *Hold my hand:*] Is the same as, *Here's my hand.* *Johnson.*

4 *Be* factious *for redress* —] *Factious* seems here to mean *active.* *Johnson.*
It means, I apprehend, embody a party or faction. *Malone.*
Perhaps Dr. Johnson's explanation is the true one. Menenius, in *Coriolanus*, says: "I have been always *factionary* on the part of your general;" and the speaker, who is describing himself, would scarce have employed the word in its common and unfavourable sense. *Steevens.*

Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: For now, this fearful night,
There is no stir, or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element,
Is favour'd, like the work[5]* we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter CINNA.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you: Who 's that? Metellus Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on 't. What a fearful night is this?
There 's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not staid for, Cinna? Tell me.

Cin. Yes,
You are. O, Cassius, if you could but win
The noble Brutus to our party—

Cas. Be you content: Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window: set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?

[5] *Is* favour'd, *like the work*—] The old edition reads:

Is favors, *like the work*—

I think we should read:

In favour *'s like the work we have in hand,*
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Favour is *look, countenance, appearance. Johnson.*

To *favour* is to *resemble.* Thus Stanyhurst, in his translation of the third Book of Virgil's *Æneid*, 1582:

"With the petit town gates *favouring* the principal old portes."

We may read *It* favours, or—Is *favour'd*—i. e. is in appearance or countenance like, &c. See Vol. III, p. 432, n. 2. *Steevens.*

* Johnson is right in his explanation of the word *favour.* It is often used by our author in this sense. So, p. 13:

"*I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,*
"*As well as I do know your outward* favour."

Again, in Vol. XII, p. 155:

"*I know your* favour, Lord Ulysses, well."

and the note. *Am. Ed.*

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he 's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.
Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre. [*Exit* CIN.
Come, Casca, you and I will, yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.
Casca. O, he sits high, in all the people's hearts:
And that, which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.
Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.....SCENE I.

The same. Brutus's *Orchard.*[6]

Enter BRUTUS.

Bru. What, Lucius! ho!—
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,

[6] —— *Brutus's* orchard.] The modern editors read *garden*, but *orchard* seems anciently to have had the same meaning. *Steevens.*

That these two words were anciently synonymous, appears from a line in this play:

"—— he hath left you all his walks,
"His private arbours, and new-planted *orchards*,
"On this side Tyber."

In Sir T. North's translation of Plutarch, the passage which Shakspeare has here copied, stands thus: "He left his *gardens* and arbours unto the people, which he had on this side of the river Tyber."

So also, in Barret's *Alvearie*, 1580: "A garden or an *orchard*, hortus."—The truth is, that few of our ancestors had in the age of Queen Elizabeth any other garden but an orchard; and hence the latter word was considered as synonymous to the former. *Malone.*

The number of treatises written on the subject of horticulture, even at the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, very strongly controvert Mr. Malone's supposition relative to the unfrequency of gardens at so early a period. *Steevens.*

Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when?[7] Awake, I say: What Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:—
How that might change his nature, there 's the question.
It is the bright day, that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—That;—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power:[8] And, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd

Orchard was anciently written *hort-yard;* hence its original meaning is obvious. *Henley.*

By the following quotation, however, it will appear that these words had in the days of Shakspeare acquired a distinct meaning. "It shall be good to have understanding of the ground where ye do plant either *orchard or garden* with fruite." *A Booke of the Arte and Maner howe to plant and graffe all Sortes of Trees,* &c. 1574, 4to. And when Justice Shallow invites Falstaff to see his *orchard,* where they are to eat a *last year's pippin of his own graffing,* he certainly uses the word in its present acceptation.

Leland also, in his Itinerary distinguishes them: "At Morle in Derbyshire (says he) there is as much pleasure of *orchards* of great variety of frute, and fair made walks, *and gardens,* as in any place of Lancashire." *H. White.*

[7] When, *Lucius,* when?] This exclamation, indicating impatience, has already occurred in *King Richard II:*

"*When,* Harry, *when?*" *Steevens.*

See Vol. VIII, p. 14, n. 5. *Malone.*

[8] Remorse *from power:*] *Remorse,* for mercy. *Warburton.*

Remorse (says Mr. Heath) signifies the conscious uneasiness arising from a sense of having done wrong; to extinguish which feeling, nothing hath so great a tendency as absolute uncontrouled power.

I think Warburton right. *Johnson.*

Remorse is pity, tenderness; and has twice occurred in that sense in *Measure for Measure.* See Vol. III, p. 357, n. 7; and p. 463, n. 9. The same word occurs in *Othello,* and several other of our author's dramas, with the same signification. *Steevens.*

More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,[9]
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face:
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,[1]
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees[2]
By which he did ascend: So Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these, and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind,[3] grow mischievous;
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there, when I went to bed.

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?[4]

9 —— *common proof,*] Common experiment. *Johnson.*

Common proof means a matter proved by common *experience.* With great deference to Johnson, I cannot think that the word *experiment* will bear that meaning. *M. Mason.*

1 *But when he once attains the upmost round,*
He then unto the ladder turns his back, &c.] So, in Daniel's *Civil Wars*, 1602:

"The aspirer, once attain'd unto the top,
"Cuts off those means by which himself got up:
"And with a harder hand, and straighter rein,
"Doth curb that looseness he did find before:
"Doubting the occasion like might serve again;
"His own example makes him fear the more." *Malone.*

2 —— *base degrees* —] Low steps. *Johnson.*

So, in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus:*

"Whom when he saw lie spread on the *degrees.* *Steevens.*

3 —— *as his kind,*] According to his nature. *Johnson.*

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:* "You must think this, look you, the worm [i. e. serpent] will do his *kind.*" *Steevens.*

As his kind does not mean, *according to his nature*, as Johnson asserts, but *like the rest of his species.* *M. Mason.*

Perhaps rather, as *all those of* his kind, that is, nature. *Malone.*

4 *Is not to-morrow, boy, the* ides *of* March?] [Old copy—the first of March.] We should read *ides:* for we can never suppose the

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light, that I may read by them.

[*Opens the Letter and reads.*

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.
Shall Rome &c. Speak, strike, redress!
Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, —
Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.
Shall Rome &c. Thus must I piece it out;
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What! Rome!
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
Speak, strike, redress!—Am I entreated then[5]
To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.[6]

[*Knock within.*

speaker to have lost fourteen days in his account. He is here plainly ruminating on what the Soothsayer told Cæsar [Act I, sc. ii,] in his presence. [—*Beware the ides of March.*] The boy comes back and says, *Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.* So that the *morrow was the ides of March*, as he supposed. For March, May, July, and October, had six nones each, so that the fifteenth of March was the *ides* of that month. *Warburton.*

The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. The error must have been that of a transcriber or printer; for our author without any minute calculation might have found the ides, nones, and kalends, opposite the respective days of the month, in the Almanacks of the time. In Hopton's *Concordancie of Yeares*, 1616, now before me, opposite to the *fifteenth* of March is printed *Idus*. *Malone.*

[5] —— *Am I entreated* then —] The adverb *then*, which enforces the question, and is necessary to the metre, was judiciously supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer. So, in *King Richard III:*

" —— wilt thou *then*
" Spurn at his edict? — *Steevens.*

[6] —— *March is wasted* fourteen *days.*] In former editions:
Sir, March is wasted fifteen *days.*
The editors are slightly mistaken: it was wasted but *fourteen* days: this was the dawn of the 15th, when the boy makes his report. *Theobald.*

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.
[*Exit* LUC.

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion,[7] all the interim is

[7] *Between the acting of a dreadful thing*
And the first motion, &c.] That nice critick, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, complains, that of all kinds of beauties, those great strokes which he calls the *terrible graces*, and which are so frequent in Homer, are the rarest to be found in the following writers. Amongst our countrymen, it seems to be as much confined to the British Homer. This description of the condition of conspirators, before the execution of their design, has a pomp and terror in it that perfectly astonishes. The excellent Mr. Addison, whose modesty made him sometimes diffident of his own genius, but whose true judgment always led him to the safest guides, (as we may see by those fine strokes in his *Cato* borrowed from the *Philippics* of Cicero) has paraphrased this fine description; but we are no longer to expect those terrible graces which animate his original:

"O think, what anxious moments pass between
"The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods.
"Oh, 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
"Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death." *Cato.*

I shall make two remarks on this fine imitation. The first is, that the subjects of the two conspiracies being so very different (the fortunes of Cæsar and the Roman empire being concerned in the one; and that of a few auxiliary troops only in the other,) Mr. Addison could not, with propriety, bring in that magnificent circumstance, which gives one of the *terrible graces* of Shakspeare's description:

"The genius and the mortal instruments
"Are then in council; ——."

For *kingdoms*, in the Pagan Theology, besides their *good*, had their *evil genius's*, likewise; represented here, with the most daring stretch of fancy, as sitting in consultation with the conspirators, whom he calls their *mortal instruments*. But this, as we say, would have been too pompous an apparatus to the rape and desertion of Syphax and Sempronius. The other thing observable is, that Mr. Addison was so struck and affected with these *terrible graces* in his original, that instead of imitating his author's sentiments, he hath, before he was aware, given us only the copy of his own impressions made by them. For—

"Oh, 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
"Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death."

are but the affections raised by such forcible images as these:

"—— All the interim is
"Like a *phantasma*, or a hideous dream.
"—— the state of man,

Like a phantasma,[8] or a hideous dream:

" Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
" The nature of an insurrection."

Comparing the troubled mind of a conspirator to a state of anarchy, is just and beautiful; but the *interim* or interval, to an *hideous* vision, or a frightful *dream*, holds something so wonderfully of truth, and lays the soul so open, that one can hardly think it possible for any man, who had not some time or other been engaged in a conspiracy, to give such force of colouring to nature. *Warburton.*

The δεινον of the Greek criticks does not, I think, mean sentiments which *raise fear*, more than *wonder*, or any other of the tumultuous passions; τὸ δεινον is that which *strikes*, which *astonishes* with the idea either of some great subject, or of the author's abilities.

Dr. Warburton's pompous criticism might well have been shortened. The *genius* is not the *genius* of a *kingdom*, nor are the *instruments*, *conspirators*. Shakspeare is describing what passes in a single bosom, the *insurrection* which a conspirator feels agitating the *little kingdom* of his own mind; when the *genius*, or power that watches for his protection, and the *mortal instruments*, the passions, which excite him to a deed of honour and danger, are in council and debate; when the desire of action, and the care of safety, keep the mind in continual fluctuation and disturbance. *Johnson.*

The foregoing was perhaps among the earliest notes written by Dr. Warburton on Shakspeare. Though it was not inserted by him in Theobald's editions, 1732 and 1740, (but was reserved for his own in 1747) yet he had previously communicated it, with little variation, in a letter to Matthew Concanen, in the year 1726. See a note on Dr. Akenside's *Ode* to Mr. Edwards, at the end of this play. *Steevens.*

There is a passage in *Troilus and Cressida*, which bears some resemblance to this:

" —— Imagin'd worth
" Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
" That, 'twixt his mortal, and his active parts,
" Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
" And batters down himself."

Johnson is right in asserting that by the *Genius* is meant, not the Genius of a Kingdom, but the power that watches over an individual for his protection.—So, in the same play, Troilus says to Cressida:

" Hark! you are call'd. Some say, the *Genius* so
" Cries, *Come*, to him that instantly must die."

Johnson's explanation of the word *instruments*, is also confirmed by the following passage in *Macbeth*, whose mind was, at the time, in the very state which Brutus is here describing:

" —— I am settled, and bend up
" Each *corporal agent* to this terrible feat." *M. Mason.*

The word *genius*, in our author's time, meant either "a good angel or a familiar evil spirit," and is so defined by Bullokar in his *English Expositor*, 1616. So, in *Macbeth:*

" —— and, under him,

The genius, and the mortal instruments,

" My *genius* is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
" Mark Antony's was by Cæsar's."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" Thy dæmon, that thy spirit which keeps thee, is," &c.

The more usual signification now affixed to this word was not known till several years afterwards. I have not found it in the common modern sense in any book earlier than the *Dictionary* published by Edward Phillips, in 1657.

Mortal is certainly used here, as in many other places, for *deadly*. So, in *Othello:*

" And you, ye *mortal* engines," &c.

The *mortal instruments* then are, the deadly passions, or as they are called in *Macbeth*, the " *mortal thoughts*," which excite each " corporal agent" to the performance of some arduous deed.

The *little kingdom of man* is a notion that Shakspeare seems to have been fond of. So, *K. Richard II*, speaking of himself:

" And these same thoughts people this *little world*."

Again, in *King Lear:*

" Strives in *his little world of man* to outscorn
" The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain."

Again, in *King John:*

" —— in the body of this fleshly land,
" This kingdom, —."

I have adhered to the old copy, which reads—the state of *a* man. Shakspeare is here speaking of the *individual* in whose mind the genius and the mortal instruments hold a council, not of *man*, or mankind in general. The passage above, quoted from *King Lear*, does not militate against the old copy here. There the *individual* is marked out by the word *his*, and " *the little world of man*" is thus circumscribed, and appropriated to Lear. The editor of the second folio omitted the article, probably from a mistaken notion concerning the metre; and all the subsequent editors have adopted his alteration. Many words of two syllables are used by Shakspeare as taking up the time of only one; as *whether, either, brother, lover, gentle, spirit*, &c. and I suppose *council* is so used here.

The reading of the old authentick copy, to which I have adhered, is supported by a passage in *Hamlet*: " — What a piece of work is *a* man."

As *council* is here used as a monosyllable, so is *noble* in *Titus Andronicus:*

" Lose not so *noble* a friend on vain suppose." *Malone.*

Influenced by the conduct of our great predecessors, Rowe, Pope, Warburton, and Johnson; and for reasons similar to those advanced in the next note, I persist in following the second folio, as our author on this occasion, meant to write verse instead of prose.—The instance from *Hamlet* can have little weight; the article—*a*, which is injurious to the metre in question, being quite innocent in a speech decidedly prosaick: and as for the line adduced from Titus Andronicus, the second syllable of the word—*noble*, may be melted down

Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius[9] at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.[1]

Bru. Let them enter. [*Exit* LUC.
They are the faction. O conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles, and affability:
For if thou path thy native semblance on,[2]

into the succeeding vowel, an advantage which cannot be obtained in favour of the present restoration offered from the first folio. *Steevens.*

Neither our author, nor any other author in the world, ever used such words as *either, brother, lover, gentle,* &c. as monosyllables; and though *whether* is sometimes so contracted, the old copies on that occasion usually print—*where.* It is, in short, morally impossible that *two* syllables should be no more than *one.* *Ritson.*

[8] *Like a* phantasma,] "Suidas maketh a difference between *phantasma* and *phantasia,* saying that *phantasma* is an imagination, or appearance, or sight of a thing which is not, as are those sightes whiche men in their sleepe do thinke they see: but that *phantasia* is the seeing of that only which is in very deeds." *Lavaterus,* 1572. *Henderson.*

"A *phantasme,*" says Bullokar, in his *English Expositor,* 1616, "is a vision, or imagined appearance." *Malone.*

[9] ——*your brother* Cassius—] *Cassius* married *Junia,* Brutus' sister. *Steevens.*

[1] ——*any mark of favour.*] Any distinction of countenance. *Johnson.*

See Vol. III, p. 432, n. 2. *Steevens.*

[2] *For if thou* path, *thy native semblance on,*] If thou *walk* in thy true form. *Johnson.*

The same verb is used by Drayton in his *Polyolbion,* Song II:

Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, *and* TREBONIUS.

Cas. I think, we are too bold upon your rest:
Good-morrow, Brutus; Do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour; awake, all night.
Know I these men, that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,
But honours you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of yourself,
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna;
And this, Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves[3]
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.*

Dec. Here lies the east: Doth not the day break here?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess, that you are both deceiv'd.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

"Where, from the neighbouring hills, her passage Wey doth *path.*"

Again, in his Epistle from *Duke Humphrey* to *Elinor Cobham*:

"*Pathing* young Henry's unadvised ways." *Steevens.*

3 —— *do interpose* themselves &c.] For the sake of measure I am willing to think our author wrote as follows, and that the word—*themselves* is an interpolation:

What watchful cares do interpose betwixt
Your eyes and night?
Cas. *Shall I entreat a word?* Steevens.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.
Cas. And let us swear our resolution.
Bru. No, not an oath: If not the face of men,[4]
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—

[4] *No, not an oath: If* not *the* face *of men*, &c.] Dr. Warburton would read *fate of men*; but his elaborate emendation is, I think, erroneous. *The* face *of men* is the *countenance*, the *regard*, the *esteem* of the publick; in other terms, *honour* and *reputation*; or *the face of men* may mean the dejected look of the people. *Johnson.*

So, Tully *in Catilinam—Nihil horum ora vultusque moverunt?*

Shakspeare formed this speech on the following passage in Sir T. North's translation of Plutarch:—"The conspirators having never taken oaths together, nor taken or given any caution or assurance, nor binding themselves one to another by any religious oaths, they kept the matter so secret to themselves," &c. *Steevens.*

I cannot reconcile myself to Johnson's explanation of this passage, but believe we should read:

—— *If not the* faith *of men*, &c.

which is supported by the following passages in this very speech:

"—— What other bond
"Than secret Romans, that *have spoke the word*,
"*And will not palter.*—
"—— when every drop of blood
"That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
"Is guilty of a several bastardy,
"If he do break the smallest particle
"*Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.*"

Both of which prove, that Brutus considered the faith of men as their firmest security in each other. *M. Mason.*

In this sentence, [i. e. the two first lines of the speech] as in several others, Shakspeare, with a view perhaps to imitate the abruptness and inaccuracy of discourse, has constructed the latter part without any regard to the beginning. "If the face of men, the sufferance of our souls, &c. If these be not *sufficient*; if these be motives weak," &c. So, in *The Tempest:*

"I have with such provision in mine art,
"So safely order'd, that there is *no soul*—
"No, not so much perdition," &c.

Mr. M. Mason would read—if not the *faith* of men—. If the text be corrupt, *faiths* is more likely to have been the poet's word; which might have been easily confounded by the ear with *face*, the word exhibited in the old copy. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"—— the manner of their *deaths?*
"I do not see them bleed."

Again, in *King Henry VI*, P. III:

"And with their *helps* only defend ourselves."

Again, more appositely, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*

"— You, fair lords, quoth she,——
"Shall plight your honourable *faiths* to me." *Malone.*

If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery.[5] But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur, but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond,
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter?[6] and what other oath,
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests,[7] and cowards, and men cautelous,[8]
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprize,[9]

[5] *Till each man drop by lottery.*] Perhaps the poet alluded to the custom of *decimation*, i. e. the selection by *lot* of every tenth soldier, in a general mutiny, for punishment.

He speaks of this in *Coriolanus*:

"By decimation, and a tithed death,
"Take thou this fate." *Steevens.*

[6] *And will not palter?*] And will not fly from his engagements. Cole, in his *Dictionary*, 1679, renders to palter, by *tergiversor*. In *Macbeth* it signifies, as Dr. Johnson has observed, to *shuffle* with ambiguous expressions: and, indeed, here also it may mean to *shuffle*; for he whose actions do not correspond with his promises is properly called a *shuffler*. *Malone.*

[7] *Swear priests*, &c.] This is imitated by Otway:

"When you would bind me, is there need of oaths?" &c.
Venice Preserved. *Johnson.*

[8] —— *cautelous.*] Is here *cautious*, sometimes *insidious*.

So, in *Woman is a Weathercock*, 1612: "Yet warn you, be as *cautelous* not to wound my integrity."

Again, in Drayton's *Miseries of Queen Margaret*:

"Witty, well-spoken, *cautelous*, though young."

Again, in the second of these two senses in the romance of *Kynge Appolyn of Thyre*, 1610: "— a fallacious policy and *cautelous wyle*."

Again, in Holinshed, p. 945: "—— the emperor's councell thought by a *cautell* to have brought the king in mind to sue for a licence from the pope." *Steevens.*

Bullokar, in his *English Expositor*, 1616, explains *cautelous* thus: "Warie, circumspect;" in which sense it is certainly used here. *Malone.*

Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think, that, or our cause, or our performance,
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him?

Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I think, he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,[1]
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not; let us not break with him;
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urg'd:—I think, it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar: We shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improves them, may well stretch so far,
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony, and Cæsar, fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards:[2]
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.

[9] *The* even *virtue of our enterprize,*] The calm, equable, temperate spirit that actuates us. *Malone.*

Thus in Mr. Pope's *Eloisa to Abelard:*

"Desires compos'd, affections ever *even*,—." *Steevens.*

[1] ——*opinion,*] i. e. character. So, in *King Henry IV*, P. I:

"Thou hast redeem'd thy lost *opinion*,"

The quotation is Mr. Reed's. See Vol. VIII, p. 328, n. 5. *Steevens.*

[2] ——*and* envy *afterwards:*] *Envy* is here, as almost always in Shakspeare's plays, *malice*. See Vol. XI, p. 240, n. 7; and p. 273, *n. 6. Malone.*

Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,[3]
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let 's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let 's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,[4]
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds:[5]
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
When Cæsar's head is off.
Cas. Yet I do fear him:[6]
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar,——
Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself; take thought[7] and die for Cæsar:

[3] *O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,* &c.] Lord Sterline has the same thought: Brutus remonstrating against the taking off Antony, says:

"Ah! ah! we must but too much murder see,
"That without doing evil cannot do good;
"And would the gods that Rome could be made free,
"Without the effusion of one drop of blood?' *Malone.*

[4] —— *as a dish fit for the gods,* &c.]

"—— Gradive, dedisti,
"Ne qua manus vatem, ne quid mortalia bello
"Lædere tela queant, sanctum et venerabile Diti
"Funus erat." *Stat. Theb.* VII, l. 696. *Steevens.*

[5] *Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds:*] Our author had probably the following passage in the old translation of Plutarch in his thoughts: "—Cæsar turned himselfe no where but he was stricken at by some, and still had naked swords in his face, and was *hacked* and *mangled* among them *as a wild beast taken of hunters.*" *Malone.*

[6] *Yet I* do *fear him:*] For the sake of metre I have supplied the auxiliary verb. So, in *Macbeth:*

"—— There is none but him
"Whose being I *do* fear." *Steevens.*

[7] —— *Take thought,*] That is, *turn* melancholy. *Johnson.*

And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.[8]
Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter. [*Clock strikes.*
Bru. Peace, count the clock.
Cas. The clock hath stricken three.
Treb. 'Tis time to part.
Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
Whe'r Cæsar[9] will come forth to-day, or no:
For he is superstitious grown of late;
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies:[1]

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"What shall we do, Enobarbus?
"*Think* and *die*."

Again, in Holinshed, p. 833: "——now they are without service, which caused them to *take thought*, insomuch that some died by the way," &c. *Steevens.*

The precise meaning of *take thought* may be learned from the following passage in *St. Matthew*, where the verb μεριμνάω, which signifies to *anticipate*, or *forbode evil*, is so rendered: "*Take* no *thought* for the morrow: for the morrow shall *take thought* for the things of itself; sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."—Cassius not only refers to, but thus explains, the phrase in question, when, in answer to the assertion of Brutus concerning Antony, Act III:

"I know that we shall have him well to friend."

he replies:

"I wish we may: but yet I have a mind
"That *fears* him much; and my *misgiving still*
"Falls shrewdly to the purpose."

To *take thought* then, in this instance, is not to *turn melancholy*, whatever *think* may be in *Antony and Cleopatra*. *Henley.*

See Vol. III, p. 226, n. 7. *Malone.*

[8] —— *company.*] *Company* is here used in a disreputable sense. See a note on the word *companion*, Act IV. *Henley.*

[9] Whe'r *Cæsar* &c.] *Whe'r* is the ancient abbreviation of *whether*, which likewise is sometimes written—*where*. Thus in Turberville's translation of Ovid's Epistle from Penelope to Ulysses:

"But Sparta cannot make account
"*Where* thou do live or die." *Steevens.*

[1] *Quite from the main opinion he held once*
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies:] *Main opinion*, is nothing more than *leading, fixed, predominant opinion*. *Johnson.*

Main opinion, according to Johnson's explanation is *sense*; but *mean* opinion would be a more natural expression, and is, I believe, what Shakspeare wrote. *M. Mason.*

The words *main opinion* occur again in *Troilus and Cressida*, where *(as here) they signify general estimation*:

It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.
Dec. Never fear that: If he be so resolv'd,
I can o'ersway him: for he loves to hear,
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,[2]

"Why then we should our *main opinion* crush
"In taint of our best man."

There is no ground therefore for suspecting any corruption in the text. *Malone*

Fantasy was in our author's time commonly used for *imagination*, and is so explained in Cawdry's *Alphabetical Table of hard Words*, 8vo. 1604. It signified both the imaginative power, and the thing imagined. It is used in the former sense by Shakspeare in *The Merry Wives of Windsor:*

"Raise up the organs of her *fantasy*."

In the latter, in the present play:

"Thou hast no figures, nor no *fantasies*"

Ceremonies means omens or signs deduced from sacrifices, or other *ceremonial* rites. So, afterwards

"Cæsar, I never stood on *ceremonies*,
"Yet now they fright me." *Malone.*

[2] *That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,*
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes.] Unicorns are said to have been taken by one who, running behind a tree, eluded the violent push the animal was making at him, so that his horn spent its force on the trunk, and stuck fast, detaining the beast till he was despatched by the hunter.

So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. II, ch. v:

"Like as a lyon whose imperiall powre
"A prowd rebellious *unicorne* defies;
"T'avoid the rash assault and wrathfull stowre
"Of his fiers foe, him to *a tree* applies:
"And when him running in full course he spies,
"He slips aside; the whiles the furious beast
"His precious horne, sought of his enemies,
"Strikes in the stocke, ne thence can be releast,
"But to the mighty victor yields a bounteous feast."

Again, in *Bussy D'Ambois*, 1607:

"An angry *unicorne* in his full career
"Charge with too swift a foot a jeweller
"That watch'd him for the treasure of his brow,
"And e'er he could get shelter of *a tree*
"Nail him with his rich antler to the earth."

Bears are reported to have been surprised by means of a *mirror*, which they would gaze on, affording their pursuers an opportunity of

Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:
But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He says, he does; being then most flattered.
Let me work:[3]
For I can give his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour: Is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,[4]
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey;
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:[5]
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I 'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon us: We 'll leave you, Brutus:—
And, friends, disperse yourselves: but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks[6] put on our purposes;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy:

taking the surer aim. This circumstance, I think, is mentioned by Claudian. *Elephants* were seduced into pitfalls, lightly covered with hurdles and turf, on which a proper bait to tempt them, was exposed. See Pliny's *Natural History*, B. VIII. *Steevens.*

[3] *Let me work:*] These words, as they stand, being quite unmetrical, I suppose our author to have originally written:

Let me to *work.*

i. e. go to work. *Steevens.*

[4] ——*Bear* Cæsar *hard,*] Thus the old copy, but Messieurs Rowe, Pope, and Sir Thomas Hanmer, on the authority of the second and latter folios, read—*hatred*, though the same expression appears again in the first scene of the following act: "—I do beseech you, if you *bear me hard;*" and has already occurred in a former one:

"Cæsar doth *bear me hard*, but he loves Brutus." *Steevens.*

Hatred was substituted for *hard* by the ignorant editor of the second folio, the great corrupter of Shakspeare's text. *Malone.*

[5] by *him:*] That is, by his house. Make that your way home. Mr. Pope substituted *to* for *by*, and all the subsequent editors have adopted this unnecessary change. *Malone.*

[6] *Let not our looks*—] Let not our faces *put on*, that is, *wear* or *show* our designs. *Johnson.*

And so, good-morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but* Bru.

Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures,[7] nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You have ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: And yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your arms across:
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks:
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: So I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
Which seem'd too much enkindled; and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And, could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,[8]
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do:—Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours

[7] *Thou hast no* figures, &c.] *Figures* occurs in the same sense in *The First Part of King Henry IV*, Act I, sc. iii:

"He apprehends a world of *figures*." *Henley.*

[8] —— *on your* condition,] On your temper; the disposition of your mind. See Vol. IX, p. 374, n. 9. *Malone.*

Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick;
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night?
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: And, upon my knees,
I charm you,[9] by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself,
But, as it were, in sort, or limitation;
To keep with you at meals,[1] comfort your bed,[2]

[9] *I* charm *you,*] Thus the old copy. Mr. Pope and Sir Thomas Hanmer read—*charge,* but unnecessarily. So, in *Cymbeline:*

"——'tis your graces
"That from my mutest conscience to my tongue
"*Charms* this report out." *Steevens.*

[1] *To keep with you at meals,* &c] "I being, O Brutus, (sayed she) the daughter of Cato, was married vnto thee, not to be thy beddefellowe and companion in bedde and at borde onelie, like a harlot; but to be partaker also with thee, of thy good and euill fortune. Nowe for thyselfe, I can finde no cause of faulte in thee touchinge our matche: but for my parte, how may I showe my duetie towards thee, and how muche I woulde doe for thy sake if I can not constantlie beare a secrete mischaunce or griefe with thee, which requireth secrecy and fidelitie? I confesse, that a woman's wit commonly is too weake to keep a secret safely. but yet, Brutus, good education and the companie of vertuous men, haue some power to reforme the defect of nature. And for my selfe, I haue this benefit moreouer: that I am the daughter of Cato, and wife of Brutus. This notwithstanding, I did not trust to any of these things before: vntil that now I have found by experience, that no paine nor grife whatsoeuer can ouercome me. With those wordes she showed him her wounde on her thigh, and tolde him what she had done to proue her selfe." *Sir Thomas North's Translation of Plutarch. Steevens.*

And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs[3]
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.[4]

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant, I am a woman;[5] but, withal,

Here also we find our author and Lord Sterline walking over the same ground:

"I was not, Brutus, match'd with thee, to be
"A partner only of thy board and bed;
"Each servile whore in those might equal me,
"That did herself to nought but pleasure wed.
"No;—Portia spous'd thee with a mind t'abide
"Thy fellow in all fortunes, good or ill;
"With chains of mutual love together ty'd,
"As those that have two breasts, one heart, two souls, one will." *Julius Cæsar*, 1607. *Malone.*

2 —— comfort *your bed,*] "is but an odd phrase, and gives as odd an idea," says Mr. Theobald. He therefore substitutes, *consort.* But this good old word, however disused through modern refinement, was not so discarded by Shakspeare. Henry VIII, as we read in Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, in commendation of Queen Katharine, in publick said: "She hathe beene to me a true obedient wife, and as *comfortable* as I could wish." *Upton.*

In the book of entries at Stationers' Hall, I meet with the following, 1598: "*A Conversation between a careful Wyfe and her* comfortable *Husband.*" *Steevens.*

In our marriage ceremony, the husband promises to *comfort* his wife; and Barrett's *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, says, that to *comfort* is, "to recreate, to solace, to make pastime." *Collins.*

3 —— *in the* suburbs —] Perhaps here is an allusion to the place in which the harlots of Shakspeare's age resided. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas:*

"Get a new mistress,
"Some *suburb* saint, that sixpence, and some oaths,
"Will draw to parley." *Steevens.*

4 *As dear to me*, &c.] These glowing words have been adopted by Mr. Gray in his celebrated *Ode:*

"Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart —." *Steevens.*

5 *I grant, I am a woman;* &c.] So, Lord Sterline:

"And though our sex too talkative be deem'd,
"As those whose tongues import our greatest pow'rs,
"For secrets still bad treasurers esteem'd,
"Of others' greedy, prodigal of ours;

A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman well-reputed; Cato's daughter.[6]
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: Can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?
Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife! [*Knocking within.*
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery[7] of my sad brows:—
Leave me with haste. [*Exit* POR.

Enter LUCIUS *and* LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who 's that, knocks?[8]
Luc. Here is a sick man, that would speak with you.
Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—
Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?
Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.
Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,

" Good education may reform defects,
" And I this vantage have to a vertuous life,
" Which others' minds do want and mine respects,
" *I 'm Cato's daughter, and I 'm Brutus' wife.*" *Malone.*

[6] *A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.*] By the expression *well-reputed*, she refers to the estimation in which she was held, as being *the wife of Brutus;* whilst the addition of *Cato's daughter*, implies that *she might be expected to inherit the patriotic virtues of her father.* It is with propriety therefore, that she immediately asks:
" Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
" Being so *father'd*, and so *husbanded?*" *Henley.*

[7] *All the* charactery —] i. e. *all that is character'd* on, &c. The word has already occurred in *The Merry Wives of Windsor.* *Steevens.* See Vol. III, p. 151, n. 3. *Malone.*

[8] —— *who 's that, knocks?*] i. e. who is that, *who* knocks? Our poet always prefers the familiar language of conversation to grammatical nicety. Four of his editors, however, have endeavoured to destroy this peculiarity, by reading—who 's *there* that knocks? and a fifth has, *who 's* that, *that* knocks? *Malone.*

To wear a kerchief?[9] 'Would you were not sick!
Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.
Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.
Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit.[1] Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What 's to do?
Bru. A piece of work, that will make sick men whole.
Lig. But are not some whole, that we must make sick?
Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.
Lig. Set on your foot;
And, with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth,
That Brutus leads me on.
Bru. Follow me then. [*Exeunt.*

[9] *O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,*
To wear a kerchief?] So, in Plutarch's *Life of Brutus*, translated by North: "— Brutus went to see him being sicke in his bedde, and sayed unto him, O Ligarius, in what a time art thou sicke? Ligarius rising up in his bedde, and taking him by the right hande, sayed unto him, Brutus, (sayed he) if thou hast any great enterprise in hande worthie of thy selfe, I am whole." Lord Sterline also has introduced this passage into his *Julius Cæsar:*

"By sickness being imprison'd in his bed
"Whilst I Ligarius spied, whom pains did prick,
"When I had said with words that anguish bred,
"*In what a time Ligarius art thou sick?*
"He answer'd straight, as I had physick brought,
"Or that he had imagin'd my design,
"*If worthy of thyself thou would'st do aught,*
"*Then Brutus I am whole, and wholly thine.*" *Malone.*

[1] *Thou, like an* exorcist, *hast conjur'd up*
My mortified spirit.] Here, and in all other places where the word occurs in Shakspeare, to *exorcise* means to raise spirits, not to lay them; and I believe he is singular in his acceptation of it.
M. Mason.

See Vol. V, p. 309, n. 5. *Malone.*

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in Cæsar's *Palace.*

Thunder and Lightning. Enter CÆSAR, *in his Night-gown.*

Cæs. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
Help, ho! They murder Cæsar! Who 's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: The things that threaten'd me,
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,[2]
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead:[3]

[2] *Cæsar, I never stood on* ceremonies,] i. e. I never paid a ceremonious or superstitious regard to prodigies or omens.

The adjective is used in the same sense in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607:

"The devil hath provided in his covenant,
"I should not cross myself at any time:
"I never was so *ceremonious.*"

The original thought is in the old translation of Plutarch: "Calphurnia, until that time, was never given to any fear or superstition." *Steevens.*

[3] *And graves have yawn'd and yielded up their dead:* &c.] So, in a funeral Song in *Much Ado about Nothing:*

"Graves yawn, and yield your dead."

Again, in *Hamlet:*

"A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
"The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
"*Did* squeak and gibber in the Roman streets." *Malone.*

Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,[4]
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,[5]
Horses did neigh,[6] and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.[7]
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth: for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.[8]

[4] *Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,*
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,] So, in Tacitus, *Hist.* B. V: "Visæ per cœlum concurrere acies, rutilantia arma, et subito nubium igne collucere" &c. *Steevens.*

Again, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1590:

"I will persist a terror to the world;
"Making the meteors that like armed men
"Are seen to march upon the towers of heaven,
"Run tilting round about the firmament,
"And break their burning launces in the ayre,
"For honour of my wondrous victories." *Malone.*

[5] *The noise of battle* hurtled *in the air,*] To *hurtle* is, I suppose, to clash, or move with violence and noise. So, in *Selimus, Emperor of the Turks*, 1594:

"Here the Polonian he comes *hurtling* in,
"Under the conduct of some foreign prince."

Again, *ibid:*

"To toss the spear, and in a warlike gyre
"To *hurtle* my sharp sword about my head."

Shakspeare uses the word again in *As you Like it:*

"—— in which *hurtling*,
"From miserable slumber I awak'd." *Steevens.*

To *hurtle* originally signified to *push* violently; and, as in such an action a loud noise was frequently made, it afterwards seems to have been used in the sense of *to clash.* So, in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, v. 2618:

"And he him *hurtleth* with his hors adoun." *Malone.*

[6] *Horses* did *neigh,*] Thus the second folio. Its blundering predecessor reads:

"*Horses* do *neigh.* *Steevens.*

[7] *And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.*] So, in Lodge's *Looking Glasse for London and England*, 1598:

"The ghosts of dead men howling walke about,
"Crying Ve, Ve, woe to this citie, woe." *Todd.*

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths ;[9]
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,[1]
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,[2]
Will come, when it will come.

Re-enter a Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

[8] *When beggars die there are no* comets *seen;*
The heavens themselves blaze *forth the death of* princes] "Next to the shadows and pretences of experience, (which have been met withall at large) they seem to brag most of the strange events which follow (for the most part) after *blazing starres;* as if *they were the summoners of God to call* princes *to the seat of judgment.* The surest way to shake their painted bulwarks of experience is, by making plaine, that neyther princes always dye when *comets blaze,* nor comets ever [i. e. always] when princes dye." *Defensative against the Poison of supposed Prophecies,* by Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, 1583.

Again, *ibid:* "Let us look into the nature of a *comet,* by the face of which it is supposed that the same should portend plague, famine, warre, *or the death of potentates.*" *Malone.*

[9] *Cowards die many times before their deaths ;*] So, in the ancient translation of Plutarch, so often quoted:

"When some of his friends did counsel him to have a guard for the safety of his person; he would never consent to it, but said, it was better to die once, than always to be affrayed of death." *Steevens.*

So, in Marston's *Insatiate Countess,* 1613:

"Fear is my vassal; when I frown, he flies,
"*A hundred times in life a coward dies.*"

Lord Essex, probably before any of these writers, made the same remark. In a letter to Lord Rutland, he observes, "that as he which dieth nobly, doth live for ever, so *he that doth live in fear, doth die continually.*" *Malone.*

[1] —— *that I yet have heard,*] This sentiment appears to have been imitated by Dr. Young in his tragedy of *Busiris, King of Egypt:*

"—— Didst thou e'er fear?
"Sure 'tis an art; I know not how to fear:
"'Tis one of the few things beyond my power;
"And if death must be fear'd before 'tis felt,
"Thy master is immortal."—— *Steevens.*

[2] —— *death, a necessary end,* &c.] This is a sentence derived from the stoical doctrine of predestination, and is therefore improper in the mouth of Cæsar. *Johnson.*

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:[3]
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: Danger knows full well,
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We were[4] two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Cæsar shall go forth.[5]
Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: Call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We 'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;

[3] —— *in shame of cowardice:*] The ancients did not place courage but wisdom in the heart. *Johnson.*

[4] *We* were—] In old editions:
We *heare* ——
The copies have been all corrupt, and the passage, of course, unintelligible. But the slight alteration I have made, [We *were*] restores sense to the whole; and the sentiment will neither be unworthy of Shakspeare, nor the boast too extravagant for Cæsar in a vein of vanity to utter: that he and danger were two twin-whelps of a lion, and he the elder, and more terrible of the two. *Theobald.*
Mr. Upton recommends us to read:
We *are* ——
This resembles the boast of Otho:
Experti invicem sumus, Ego et Fortuna. Tacitus. *Steevens.*
It is not easy to determine, which of the two readings has the best claim to a place in the text. If Theobald's emendation be adopted, the phraseology, though less elegant, is perhaps more Shaksperian. It may mean the same as if he had written—We two lions *were litter'd* in one day, and I am the elder and more terrible of the two. *Malone.*

[5] ——*Cæsar shall go forth.*] Any speech of Cæsar, throughout this scene, will appear to disadvantage, if compared with the following sentiments, put into his mouth by May, in the seventh Book of his *Supplement to Lucan:*
" —— Plus me, Calphurnia, luctus
" Et lacrymæ movere tuæ, quam tristia vatum
" Responsa, infaustæ volucres, aut ulla dierum
" Vana superstitio poterant. Ostenta timere
" Si nunc inciperem, quæ non mihi tempora posthac
" Anxia transirent? quæ lux jucunda maneret?
" Aut quæ libertas? frustra servire timori
" (Dum nec luce frui, nec mortem arcere licebit)
" Cogar, et huic capiti quod Roma veretur, aruspex
" Jus dabit, et vanus semper dominabitur augur." *Steevens.*

And he shall say, you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.
Cæs. Mark Antony shall say, I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIUS.

Here 's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.
Dec. Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.
Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them, that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser;
I will not come to-day: Tell them so, Decius.
Cal. Say, he is sick.
Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell grey-beards the truth?
Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come.
Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so.
Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,[6]
Which like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And these does she apply for warnings, portents,[7]
And evils imminent;[8] and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.
Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;

6 —— *my statua,*] See Vol. II, p. 226, n. 4; and Vol. XI, p. 113. n. 2. *Steevens.*

7 —— *warnings, portents,*] Old copy, unmetrically—warnings *and* portents. *Steevens.*

8 And *evils imminent;*] The late Mr. Edwards was of opinion that we should read:

Of *evils imminent.* *Steevens.*

The alteration proposed by Mr. Edwards is needless, and tends to weaken the force of the expressions, which form, as they now stand, a regular climax. *Henley.*

It was a vision, fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies, that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relicks, and cognizance.[9]
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now: The senate have concluded
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word, you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be rendered, for some one to say,
Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.[1]
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
Lo, Cæsar is afraid?
Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason[2] to my love is liable.

[9] —— *and that great men shall press*
For tinctures, stains, relicks, *and cognizance.*] This speech which is intentionally pompous, is somewhat confused. There are two allusions; one to coats armorial, to which princes make additions, or give new *tinctures*, and new marks of *cognizance*; the other to martyrs, whose reliques are preserved with veneration. The Romans, says Decius, all come to you as to a saint, for reliques, as to a prince, for honours. *Johnson.*

I believe *tinctures* has no relation to heraldry, but means merely handkerchiefs, or other linen, *tinged* with blood. Bullokar, in his *Expositor*, 1616, defines it "a dipping, colouring or staining of a thing." So, in Act III, sc. ii:

"And dip their napkins," &c. *Malone.*

I concur in opinion with Mr. Malone At the execution of several of our ancient nobility, martyrs, &c. we are told that handkerchiefs were tinctured with their blood, and preserved as affectionate or salutary memorials of the deceased. *Steevens.*

[1] *When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.*] So, in Lord Sterline's *Julius Cæsar*, 1607:

"How can we satisfy the world's conceit,
"Whose tongues still in all ears your praise proclaims?
"Or shall we bid them leave to deal in state,
"Till that Calphurnia first have better dreams?" *Malone.*

[2] *And reason* &c.] And reason, or propriety of conduct and language, is subordinate to my love. *Johnson.*

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia?
I am ashamed I did yield to them.—
Give me my robe, for I will go:—

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, *and* CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.—
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?—
Good-morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,
As that same ague which hath made you lean.—
What is 't o'clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o'nights,
Is notwithstanding up:——
Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:—
I am to blame to be thus waited for.—
Now, Cinna:—Now, Metellus:—What, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will:—and so near will I be, [*Aside.*
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. A Street near the Capitol.

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, *reading a Paper.*

Art. Cæsar, *beware of* Brutus; *take heed of* Cassius; *come not near* Casca; *have an eye to* Cinna; *trust not* Trebonius; *mark well* Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus *loves thee not; thou hast wronged* Caius Ligarius. *There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against* Cæ-

sar. *If thou be'st not immortal, look about you: Security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,*[3] Artemidorus.

Here will I stand, till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.[4]
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live;
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive.[5] [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The same. Another Part of the same Street, before the House of Brutus.

Enter PORTIA *and* LUCIUS.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
Why dost thou stay?[6]
Luc. To know my errand, madam.
Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there.—
O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—
Art thou here yet?
Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?
Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,

[3] *Thy lover,*] See Vol. IV, p. 384, n. 5. *Malone.*

[4] —— *emulation,*] Here, as on many other occasions, this word is used in an unfavourable sense, somewhat like—factious, envious, or malicious rivalry. So, in *Troilus and Cressida:*

"Whilst *emulation* in the army crept." *Steevens.*

[5] —— *the fates with traitors do* contrive.] The fates *join with* traitors in *contriving* thy destruction. *Johnson.*

[6] *Why dost thou stay?* &c.] Shakspeare has expressed the perturbation of King Richard the Third's mind by the same incident:

"—— Dull, unmindful villain!
"Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke?—
"*Cat.* First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,
"What from your grace I shall deliver to him." *Steevens.*

For he went sickly forth: And take good note,
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?
Luc. I hear none, madam.
Por. Pr'ythee, listen well:
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.
Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Soothsayer.[7]

Por. Come hither, fellow:
Which way hast thou been?
Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.
Por. What is 't o'clock?
Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.
Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?
Sooth. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.
Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?
Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.
Por. Why, know'st thou any harm 's intended towards him?
Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.[8]
Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I 'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*
Por. I must go in.—Ah me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus!
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!

[7] *Enter Soothsayer.*] The introduction of the Soothsayer here is unnecessary, and, I think, improper. All that he is made to say, should be given to Artemidorus; who is seen and accosted by Portia in his passage from his first stand, p. *55*, to one more convenient, p. *57*. *Tyrwhitt.*

[8] *None that I know will be, much that I fear* may chance.] Sir T. Hanmer, very judiciously in my opinion, omits—*may chance*, which I regard as interpolated words; for they render the line too long by a foot, and the sense is complete without them. *Steevens.*

Sure, the boy heard me:—Brutus hath a suit,[9]
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint:—
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say, I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III....SCENE. I.

The same. The Capitol; the Senate sitting.

A Crowd of People in the Street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS, *and the* Soothsayer. *Flourish. Enter* CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, *and Others.*

Cæs. The ides of March are come.
Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.
Art. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.
Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.
Art. O, Cæsar, read mine first; for mine 's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: Read it, great Cæsar.
Cæs. What touches us ourself, shall be last serv'd.
Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.
Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?
Pub. Sirrah, give place.
Cas. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

CÆSAR *enters the* Capitol, *the rest following. All the* Senators *rise.*

Pop. I wish, your enterprize to-day may thrive.
Cas. What enterprize, Popilius?
Pop. Fare you well. [*Advances to* CÆS.
Bru. What said Popilius Lena?
Cas. He wish'd, to-day our enterprize might thrive.
I fear, our purpose is discovered.
Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: Mark him.[1]

[9] —— *Brutus hath a suit,* &c.] These words Portia addresses to *Lucius,* to deceive him, by assigning a false cause for her present perturbation. *Malone.*

Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,[2]
For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt* ANT. *and* TRE.—CÆS. *and the* Senators *take their Seats.*

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is address'd:[3] press near, and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.[4]

[1] —— *Mark him.*] The metre being here imperfect, I think, we should be at liberty to read:—Mark him *well*. So, in the paper read by Artemidorus, p. 54:—"Mark *well* Metellus Cimber." *Steevens.*

[2] *Cassius* or *Cæsar never shall turn back,*] Cassius says, If our purpose is discovered, either Cæsar or I shall never return alive; for, if we cannot kill him, I will certainly slay myself. The conspirators were numerous and resolute, and had they been betrayed, the confusion that must have arisen might have afforded desperate men an opportunity to despatch the tyrant. *Ritson.*

[3] *He is* address'd;] i. e. he is ready. See Vol. IX, p. 279, n. 3. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *you are the first that rears your hand.*] This, I think, is not English. The first folio has *reares*, which is not much better. To reduce the passage to the rules of grammar, we should read—*You are the first that* rears his *hand.* *Tyrwhitt.*

According to the rules of grammar Shakspeare certainly should have written *his* hand; but he is often thus inaccurate. So, in the last Act of this play, Cassius says of himself,

"—— Cassius is aweary of the world;—
"—— all his faults observ'd,
"Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
"To cast into *my* teeth."

There in strict propriety our poet certainly should have written "—into *his* teeth." *Malone.*

As this and similar offences against grammar, might have originated only from the ignorance of the players or their printers. I cannot concur in representing such mistakes as the positive inaccuracies of Shakspeare. According to this mode of reasoning, the false spellings of the first folio, as often as they are exampled by corresponding false spellings in the same book, may also be charged upon our author. *Steevens.*

Cæs. Are we all ready? what is now amiss,
That Cæsar, and his senate must redress?[5]
Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart: — [*Kneeling.*
Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,
Might fire the blood of ordinary men;
And turn pre-ordinance,[6] and first decree,
Into the law of children.[7] Be not fond,

[5] Cin. *Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.*
Cæs. *Are we all ready? What is now amiss,*
That Cæsar, and his senate, must redress?] The words—*Are we all ready*—seem to belong more properly to Cinna's speech, than to Cæsar's. *Ritson.*

[6] *And turn* pre-ordinance,] *Pre-ordinance,* or ordinance already established. *Warburton.*

[7] *Into the* law *of children.*] [Old copy—*lane.*] I do not well understand what is meant by the *lane* of children. I should read, the *law* of children. That is, *change pre-ordinance and decree into the* law *of children;* into such slight determinations as every start of will would alter. *Lane* and *lawe* in some manuscripts are not easily distinguished. *Johnson.*

If the *lane of children* be the true reading, it may possibly receive illustration from the following passage in Ben Jonson's *Staple of News:*

"A narrow-minded man! my thoughts do dwell
"All in a *lane.*"

The *lane of children* will then mean the narrow conceits of children which must change as their minds grow more enlarged. So, in *Hamlet:*

"For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
"In thewes and bulk; but as this temple waxes,
"*The inward service of the mind and soul,*
"*Grows* wide *withal.*"

But even this explanation is harsh and violent. Perhaps the poet wrote: "in the *line* of children," i. e. after the method or manner of children. In *Troilus and Cressida,* he uses *line* for method, course:

"—— in all *line* of order."

In an ancient bl. l. ballad, entitled, *Houshold Talk,* or *Good Councel for a Married Man,* I meet indeed with a phrase somewhat similar to the *lane* of children:

"Neighbour Roger, when you come
"Into the *row of neighbours married.*" *Steevens.*

The *w* of Shakspeare's time differed from an *n* only by a small curl at the bottom of the second stroke, which if an *e* happened to follow, could scarcely be perceived. I have not hesitated therefore

To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked curt'sies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished;
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn, for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.[8]

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,

to adopt Dr. Johnson's emendation. The words *pre-ordinance* and *decree* strongly support it. *Malone.*

[8] *Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause*
Will he be satisfied.] Ben Jonson quotes this line unfaithfully among his *Discoveries*, and ridicules it again in the Introduction to his *Staple of News*: "Cry you mercy; *you never did wrong, but with just cause?*" *Steevens.*

It may be doubted, I think, whether Jonson has *quoted this line unfaithfully*. The turn of the sentence, and the defect in the metre (according to the present reading), rather incline me to believe that the passage stood originally thus:

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, but with just cause;
Nor without cause will he be satisfied,

We may suppose that Ben started this formidable criticism at one of the earliest representations of the play, and that the players, or perhaps Shakspeare himself, over-awed by so great an authority, withdrew the words in question; though, in my opinion, it would have been better to have told the captious censurer that his criticism was ill-founded; that *wrong* is not always a synonymous term for *injury;* that, in poetical language especially, it may be very well understood to mean only *harm*, or *hurt*, what the law calls *damnum sine injuriâ;* and that, in this sense, there is nothing absurd in Cæsar's saying, that he *doth not wrong* (i.e. doth not inflict any evil, or punishment) *but with just cause*. But, supposing this passage to have been really censurable, and to have been written by Shakspeare, the exceptionable words were undoubtedly left out when the play was printed in 1623; and therefore what are we now to think of the malignant pleasure with which Jonson continued to ridicule his deceased friend for a slip, of which posterity, without his information, would have been totally ignorant? *Tyrwhitt.*

Mr. Tyrwhitt's interpretation of the word *wrong* is supported by a line in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*

"Time's glory is ——
"To *wrong* the wronger, till he render right." *Malone.*

Thus also, in *King Henry IV.* P. II, where Justice Shallow assures Davy that his friend (an arrant knave) "shall have no wrong."
Steevens.

For the repealing of my banish'd brother?
Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.
Cæs. What, Brutus!
Cas. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.
Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there 's but one in all doth hold his place:
So, in the world; 'Tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;[9]
Yet, in the number, I do know but one[1]
That unassailable holds on his rank,[2]
Unshak'd of motion:[3] and, that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this;
That I was constant, Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.
Cin. O Cæsar, ——

[9] —— *apprehensive;*] Susceptible of fear, or other passions. *Johnson.*

Apprehensive does not mean, as Johnson explains it, *susceptible of fear*, but *intelligent*, capable of *apprehending*. *M. Mason.*

So, in *King Henry IV*, P. II, Act IV, sc. iii: "—makes it *apprehensive*, quick, forgetive," &c. *Steevens.*

[1] —— *but one* —] One and only one. *Johnson.*

[2] —— *holds on his* rank,] Perhaps, *holds on his* race; continues his course. We commonly say, To *hold* a *rank*, and To *hold on* a *course* or *way*. *Johnson.*

To "hold *on* his rank," is to *continue to hold it;* and I take *rank* to be the right reading. The word *race*, which Johnson proposes, would but ill agree with the following words, *unshak'd of motion*, or with the comparison to the polar star:—

"Of whose true *fix'd*, and *resting* quality,
"There is no fellow in the firmament."

Hold on his rank, in one part of the comparison, has precisely the same import with *hold his place*, in the other. *M. Mason.*

[3] *Unshak'd* of *motion:*] i. e. Unshak'd *by* suit or solicitation, of which the object is to *move* the person addressed. *Malone.*

Cæs. Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?
Dec. Great Cæsar, ——
Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?[4]
Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

[CASCA *stabs* CÆSAR *in the neck.* CÆSAR *catches hold of his Arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and at last by* MARCUS BRUTUS.

Cæs. Et tu, Brute?[5]—Then fall, Cæsar.

[*Dies. The Senators and People retire in confusion.*

[4] *Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?*] I would read:
Do *not Brutus bootless kneel!* *Johnson.*
I cannot subscribe to Dr. Johnson's opinion. Cæsar, as some of the conspirators are pressing round him, answers their importunity properly: *See you not my own Brutus kneeling in vain? What success can you expect to your solicitations, when his are ineffectual?* This might have put my learned coadjutor in mind of the passage of Homer, which he has so elegantly introduced in his preface. *Thou?* (said Achilles to his captive) *when so great a man as Patroclus has fallen before thee, dost thou complain of the common lot of mortality? Steevens.*
The editor of the second folio saw this passage in the same light as Dr. Johnson did, and made this improper alteration. By *Brutus* here Shakspeare certainly meant Marcus Brutus, because he has confounded him with Decimus (or Decius as he calls him); and imagined that Marcus Brutus was the peculiar favourite of Cæsar, calling him "*his well-beloved;*" whereas in fact it was *Decimus* Brutus that Cæsar was particularly attached to, appointing him by his will his *second* heir, that is, in remainder after his primary devisees.
Malone.
See p. 8, n. 1. *Steevens.*

[5] *Et tu, Brute?*] Suetonius says, that when Cæsar put Metellus Cimber back, "he caught hold of Cæsar's gowne at both shoulders, whereupon, as he cried out, *This is violence,* Cassius came in second full a front, and wounded him a little beneath the throat. Then Cæsar catching Cassius by the arme thrust it through with his stile, or writing punches; and with that being about to leape forward, he was met with another wound and stayed." Being then assailed on all sides, "with three and twenty wounds he was stabbed, during which time he gave but one groan, (*without any word uttered*) and that was at the first thrust; though some have written, that as Marcus Brutus came running upon him, he said, *καὶ σὺ τέκνον, and thou, my sonne.* Holland's translation, 1607.
No mention is here made of the Latin exclamation, which our author has attributed to Cæsar, nor did North furnish him with it, or with English words of the same import, as might naturally have been supposed. Plutarch says, that on receiving his first wound from *Casca,* "he caught hold of Casca's sword, and held it hard; and they both cried out, Cæsar in Latin, *O vile traitor, Casca, what doest thou?* and Casca in Greek to his brother, *Brother help me.*"—The conspi-

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.
Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!
Bru. People, and senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.
Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.[6]
Dec. And Cassius too.
Bru. Where 's Publius?
Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.
Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance ——
Bru. Talk not of standing;—Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else:[7] so tell them, Publius.

rators then "compassed him on every side with their swordes drawn in their handes, that Cæsar turned him no where but he was stricken by some, and still had naked swords in his face, and was hacked and mangled amongst them as a wild beast taken of hunters.—And then Brutus himself gave him one wound above the privities.—Men report also, that Cæsar did still defend himself against the reste, running every way with his bodie, but when he saw Brutus with his sworde drawen in his hande, then he pulled his gowne over his heade, and made no more resistance."

Neither of these writers therefore, we see, furnished Shakspeare with this exclamation. His authority appears to have been a line in the old play, entitled, *The true Tragedie of Richarde Duke of Yorke*, &c. printed in 1600, on which he formed his *Third Part of King Henry VI:*

"*Et tu, Brute?* Wilt thou stab Cæsar too?"

This line Shakspeare rejected when he wrote the piece above mentioned, (See Vol. X, p. 406, n. 5.) but it appears it had made an impression on his memory. The same line is also found in *Acolaustus his After-witte*, a poem by S. Nicholson, printed in 1600:

"*Et tu, Brute?* Wilt thou stab Cæsar too?
"Thou art my friend, and wilt not see me wrong'd."

So, in Cæsar's Legend, *Mirror for Magistrates*, 1587:

"O this, quoth I, is violence; then Cassius pierc'd my breast;
"*And Brutus thou*, my sonne, quoth I, whom erst I loved best."

The Latin words probably appeared originally in Dr. Eedes's play on this subject. See p. 338, n. *. *Malone.*

[6] *Go to the pulpit, Brutus.*] We have now taken leave of Casca. Shakspeare for once knew that he had a sufficient number of heroes on his hands, and was glad to lose an individual in the crowd. It may be added, that the singularity of Casca's manners would have appeared to little advantage amidst the succeeding varieties of tumult and war. *Steevens.*

Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so;—and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where 's Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd:
Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleasures:—
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas.[8] Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,[9]
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let 's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!

Cas. Stoop then, and wash.[1]—How many ages hence,
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
In states unborn,[2] and accents yet unknown?

[7] *Nor to no Roman else:*] This use of two negatives, not to make an affirmative, but to deny more strongly, is common to Chaucer, Spenser, and other of our ancient writers. Dr. Hickes observes, that in the Saxon, even *four* negatives are sometimes conjoined, and still preserve a negative signification. *Steevens.*

[8] Cas.] Both the folios give this speech to Casca. *Reed.*

[9] —— *Stoop, Romans, stoop,*] Plutarch, in *The Life of Cæsar*, says, "Brutus and his followers, *being yet hot with the murder*, marched in a body from the senate-house to the Capitol, with their *drawn swords*, with an air of confidence and assurance." And in *The Life of Brutus*:—"Brutus and his party betook themselves to the Capitol, and in their way, *showing their hands all bloody*, and their naked swords, *proclaimed liberty* to the people." *Theobald.*

[1] *Stoop then, and* wash.] To *wash* does not mean here to *cleanse*, but to *wash over*, as we say, *washed with gold*; for Cassius means that they should steep their hands in the blood of Cæsar. *M. Mason.*

[2] *In* states *unborn,*] The first folio has—*state*; very properly corrected in the second folio—*states*. Mr. Malone admits the first of these readings, which he thus explains—In theatrick pomp yet *undisplayed.*

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust?
Cas. So oft as that shall be,[3]
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave our country liberty.
Dec. What, shall we forth?
Cas. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.
Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say.
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.
Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.
Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit* Serv.
Bru. I know, that we shall have him well to friend.
Cas. I wish, we may: but yet have I a mind,

But surely, by *unborn states*, our author must have meant—*communities which as yet have no existence. Steevens.*

[3] *So oft as that* shall be.] The words—*shall be*, which render this verse too long by a foot, may be justly considered as interpolations, the sense of the passage being obvious without a supplement. *As oft as that*, in elliptical phrase, will signify—as oft as that *shall happen*. There are too many instances of similar ellipsis destroyed by the player editors, at the expense of metre. *Steevens.*

That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Bru. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:[4]
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire,[5] so pity, pity,)

[4] —— *who else is rank:*] Who else may be supposed to have *overtopped* his equals, and *grown too high* for the public safety. *Johnson.*

I rather believe the meaning is, who else is too replete with blood? So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis:*

"Rain added to a river that is *rank,*
"Perforce will force it overflow the bank."

See Vol. VII, p. 411, n. 1. *Malone.*

In *The Tempest* we have—

"—— whom to trash
"For overtopping."

I conceive Dr. Johnson's explanation therefore to be the true one. The epithet *rank* is employed, on a similar occasion in *King Henry VIII:*

"Ha! what, so *rank?*"

and without allusion to a plethora. *Steevens.*

Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
Our arms, in strength of malice,[6] and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;—
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;—
Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Casca, yours;—
Though last, not least in love,[7] yours, good Trebonius.

[5] *As fire drives out fire*, &c.] So, in *Coriolanus:*

"One fire drives out one fire; one nail one nail." *Malone.*

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"Even as one heat another heat expels,
"Or as one nail by strength drives out another." *Steevens.*

[6] *Our arms in* strength *of malice,*] Thus the old copies: *To you* (says Brutus) *our swords have leaden points: our arms, strong in the deed of malice they have just performed, and our hearts united like those of brothers in the action, are yet open to receive you with all possible regard.* The supposition that Brutus meant, *their hearts were of brothers' temper in respect of Antony,* seems to have misled those who have commented on this passage before. For—*in strength of,* Mr. Pope substituted—*exempt from;* and was too hastily followed by other editors. If alteration were necessary, it would be easier to read:

Our arms no *strength of malice,* ——. *Steevens.*

One of the phrases in this passage, which Mr. Steevens has so happily explained, occurs again in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"To make you *brothers,* and to knit your *hearts,*
"With an unslipping knot."

Again, *ibid:*

"The *heart* of *brothers* governs in our love!"

The counterpart of the other phrase is found in the same play:

"I 'll wrestle with you in my *strength of love.*" *Malone.*

[7] *Though last, not least in love,*] So, in *King Lear:*

"Although the last, not least in our dear love."

The same expression occurs more than once in plays exhibited before the time of Shakspeare. *Malone.*

Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward, or a flatterer.—
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.[8]
O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie?

Cas. Mark Antony, ——

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all,[9] and love you all;

[8] —— *crimson'd in thy* lethe.] *Lethe* is used by many of the old translators of novels, for *death;* and in Heywood's *Iron Age*, P. II, 1632:

"The proudest nation that great Asia nurs'd,
"Is now extinct in *lethe.*"

Again, in *Cupid's Whirligigg*, 1616:

"For vengeance' wings brings on thy *lethal* day."

Dr. Farmer observes, that we meet with *lethal* for *deadly* in the information for *Mungo Campbell. Steevens.*

[9] Friends *am I with you all*, &c.] This grammatical impropriety is still so prevalent, as that the omission of the anomalous S, would give some uncouthness to the sound of an otherwise familiar expression. *Henley.*

Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
Why, and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous.
Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.
Ant. That 's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.
Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.
Cas. Brutus, a word with you.[1]—
You know not what you do; Do not consent, [*Aside.*
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?
Bru. By your pardon;—
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission;
And that we are contented, Cæsar shall
Have all true rites, and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.
Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.
Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar;
And say, you do 't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.
Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.
Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.
[*Exeunt all but* ANT.
Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,

[1] *Brutus, a word* with you.] *With you* is an apparent interpolation of the players. In Act IV, sc. ii, they have retained the elliptical phrase which they have here destroyed at the expense of metre: "He is not doubted.—*A word*, Lucilius;—?" Steevens.

That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived in the tide of times.[2]
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophecy,—
Which, like dumb mouths,[3] do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue;—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;[4]
Domestick fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds:

[2] —— *in the tide of times.*] That is, in the course of times. *Johnson.*

[3] *Over thy wounds now do I prophecy,—*
Which, like dumb mouths, &c.] So, in *A Warning for faire Women*, a tragedy, 1599:
" —— I gave him fifteen wounds,
" Which now be fifteen mouths that do accuse me:
" In every wound there is a bloody tongue,
" Which will all speak although he hold his peace." *Malone.*

[4] *A curse shall light upon the* limbs *of men;*] We should read:
—— line *of men;*
i. e. human race. *Warburton.*
Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:
—— kind *of men;*
I rather think it should be,
—— *the* lives *of men;*
unless we read:
—— these lymms *of men;*
That is, *these bloodhounds* of men. The uncommonness of the word *lymm* easily made the change. *Johnson.*
Antony means that a future curse shall commence in distempers seizing on the *limbs of men*, and be succeeded by commotion, cruelty, and desolation over Italy. So, in Phaer's version of the third *Æneid:*
" The skies corrupted were, that trees and corne destroyed to nought,
" And *limmes of men* consuming rottes," &c.
Sign. E. 1, edit. 1596. *Steevens.*
By *men* the speaker means not mankind in general, but those *Romans* whose attachment to the cause of the conspirators, or wish to revenge Cæsar's death, would expose them to *wounds* in the civil wars which Antony supposes that event would give rise to.—The generality of the curse here predicted, is limited by the subsequent words,—" the parts of Italy," and " in *these* confines." *Malone.*

And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,[5]
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry *Havock*,[6] and let slip[7] the dogs of war;

[5] *And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge*, &c.]
" —— umbraque erraret Crassus inulta." Lucan, L. I.
" Fatalem populis ultro poscentibus horam
" Admovet atra dies; Stygiisque emissa tenebris
" Mors fruiter cœlo, bellatoremque volando
" Campum operit, nigroque viros invitat hiatu."
Stat. Theb. VIII.
" —— Furiæ rapuerunt licia Parcis." *Ibid.* *Steevens.*

[6] *Cry* Havock,] A learned correspondent [Sir William Blackstone] has informed me, that, in the military operations of old times, *havock* was the word by which declaration was made, that no quarter should be given. In a tract intitled, *The Office of the Constable and Mareschall in the Tyme of Werre*, contained in the Black Book of the Admiralty, there is the following chapter:
" The peyne of hym that crieth *havock* and of them that followeth hym, etc. v."
" Item Si quis inventus fuerit qui clamorem inceperit qui vocatur *Havok*."
" Also that no man be so hardy to crye *Havok* upon peyne that he that is begynner shall be deede therefore: & the remanent that doo the same or folow, shall lose their horse & harneis: and the persones of such as foloweth and escrien shall be under arrest of the Conestable and Mareschall warde unto tyme that they have made fyn; and founde suretie no morr to offende; and his body in prison at the Kyng wyll —." *Johnson.*
See *Coriolanus*, Act III, sc. i, Vol. XIII. *Malone.*

[7] —— *let slip* —] This is a term belonging to the chase. Manwood, in his *Forest Laws*, c. xx, s. 9, says: " —that when any pourallee man doth find any wild beasts of the forest in his pourallee, that is in his owne freehold lands, that he hath within the pourallee, he may *let slippe his dogges* after the wild beastes, and hunt and chase them there," &c. *Reed.*
Slips were contrivances of leather by which greyhounds were restrained till the necessary moment of their dismission. See *King Henry V*, Vol. IX, p. 271, n. 5. *Steevens.*
To *let slip* a dog at a deer, &c. was the technical phrase of Shakspeare's time. So, in *Coriolanus:*
" Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
" To let him *slip* at will."
By the *dogs of war*, as Mr. Tollet has elsewhere observed, Shakspeare probably meant *fire*, *sword*, and *famine*. So, in *King Henry V:*
" Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
" Assume the port of *Mars:* and, at his heels,
" *Leash'd* in like *hounds*, should *famine*, *sword*, and *fire*,
" Crouch for employment," *Malone.*

That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him, to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming:
And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—
O Cæsar! —— [*Seeing the Body.*

Ant. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,[8]
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd:
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety[9] for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while;
Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.* [*Exeunt, with* CÆSAR's *body.*

SCENE II.

The same. The Forum.

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS, *and a Throng of* Citizens.

Cit. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—

[8] —— for *mine eyes,*] Old copy—*from* mine eyes. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. *Malone.*

[9] *No Rome of safety* &c.] If Shakspeare meant to quibble on the words *Rome* and *room*, in this and a former passage, he is at least countenanced in it by other authors.

So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1638:

" —— You shall have my *room*
" My *Rome* indeed, for what I seem to be,
" Brutus is not, but born great *Rome* to free." *Steevens.*

* *Lend me your hand.*] i. e. assist me to bear the body. *Am. Ed.*

Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—
Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And publick reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Cit.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit* CAS. *with some of the* Citizens. BRU. *goes into the Rostrum.*

3 *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended: Silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers![1] hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living,

1 ——*countrymen, and lovers!* &c.] There is no where, in all Shakspeare's works, a stronger proof of his not being what we call a scholar than this; or of his not knowing any thing of the genius of learned antiquity. This speech of Brutus is wrote in imitation of his famed laconick brevity, and is very fine in its kind; but no more like that brevity, than his times were like Brutus's. The ancient laconick brevity was simple, natural, and easy; this is quaint, artificial, jingling, and abounding with forced antitheses. In a word, a brevity, that for its false eloquence would have suited any character, and for its good sense would have become the greatest of our author's time; but yet, in a style of declaiming, that sits as ill upon Brutus as our author's trowsers or collar-band would have done. *Warburton.*

I cannot agree with Warburton that this speech is very fine in its kind. I can see no degree of excellence in it, but think it a very paltry speech for so great a man, on so great an occasion. Yet Shakspeare has judiciously adopted in it the style of Brutus—the pointed sentences and laboured brevity which he is said to have affected.

M. Mason.

This artificial jingle of short sentences was affected by most of the orators in Shakspeare's time, whether in the pulpit or at the bar. The speech of Brutus may therefore be regarded rather as an imitation of the false eloquence then in vogue, than as a specimen of laconick brevity. *Steevens.*

and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him: There is tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Cit. None, Brutus, none. [*Several speaking at once.*

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY *and Others, with* CÆSAR'S *Body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; As which of you shall not? With this I depart; That, as I slew my best lover[2] for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

2 —— *as I slew my best lover* —] See p. 55, n. 3. *Malone.*

This term, which cannot but sound disgustingly to modern ears, as here applied, Mr. Malone considers as the language of Shakspeare's time; but this opinion, from the want of contemporary examples to confirm it, may admit of a doubt. It is true it occurs several times in our author, who probably found it in North's Plutarch's *Lives*, and transferred a practice sanctioned by Lycurgus, and peculiar to Sparta, to Rome, and to other nations. It was customary in the former country for both males and females to select and attach themselves to one of their own sex, under the appellation of *lovers* and favourers. These, on one part, were objects to imitate, and on the other, to watch with constant solicitude, in order to make them wise, gentle, and well conditioned. "To the *lovers*" (says Mr. Dyer, in his revision of Dryden's Plutarch, Vol. I, p. 131,) "they (the elders of Lacedemon) imputed the virtues or the vices which were observed in those they *loved;* they commended them if the lads were virtuous, and fined them if they were otherwise. They likewise fined those who had not made choice of any favourite. And here we may observe *Lycurgus* did not copy this instruction from the practice observed in Crete, thinking without doubt such an example of too dangerous a tendency." See Strabo, L. X. Reed.

Cit. Live, Brutus, live! live!
1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.
2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.
3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.
4 *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts
Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.[3]
1 *Cit.* We 'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.
Bru. My countrymen, ——
2 *Cit.* Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.
1 *Cit.* Peace, ho!
Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*
1 *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.
3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the publick chair;
We 'll hear him:—Noble Antony, go up.
Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.[4]
4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?
3 *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,[5]
He finds himself beholden to us all.
4 *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.
1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.
3 *Cit.* Nay, that 's certain:
We are bless'd, that Rome is rid of him.
2 *Cit.* Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.
Ant. You gentle Romans, ——
Cit. Peace, ho! let us hear him.
Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

[3] *Shall* now *be crown'd in Brutus*] As the present hemistich without some additional syllable, is offensively unmetrical, the adverb—*now*, which was introduced by Sir Thomas Hanmer, is here admitted. *Steevens.*

[4] —— beholden *to you.*] Throughout the old copies of Shakspeare, and many other ancient authors, *beholden* is corruptly spelt—*beholding*. *Steevens.*

[5] He says, *for Brutus'* sake,] Here we have another line rendered irregular, by the interpolated and needless words—*He says* —.

Steevens.

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil, that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men;)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.[6]

[6] *My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,*
And I must pause till it come back to me.] Perhaps our author recollected the following passage in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1594:
"As for my love, say, Antony hath all;
"Say that *my heart* is *gone into the grave*
"With him, in whom it rests, and ever shall." *Malone.*
The passage from Daniel is little more than an imitation of part of Dido's speech in the second *Æneid*, v. 28 & seq:
"Ille meos——amores
"Abstulit, ille habeat secum, servetque sepulchro." *Steevens.*

1 *Cit.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.
2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.
3 *Cit.* Has he, masters?
I fear, there will a worse come in his place.
4 *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.
1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.
2 *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
3 *Cit.* There 's not a nobler man in Rome, than Antony.
4 *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.
Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor[7] to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here 's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins[8] in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.
4 *Cit.* We 'll hear the will: Read it, Mark Antony.
Cit. The will, the will; we will hear Cæsar's will.
Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.

[7] *And none so poor* —] The meanest man is now too high to do reverence to Cæsar. *Johnson.*

[8] —— *their* napkins —] i. e. their handkerchiefs. *Napery* was the ancient term for all kinds of linen. *Steevens.*
Napkin is the Northern term for *handkerchief*, and is used in this sense at this day in Scotland. Our author frequently uses the word. See Vol. V, p. 120, n. 4; and Vol. VII, p. 102, n. 1. *Malone.*

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it!

4 *Cit.* Read the will; we will hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?
I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.
I fear, I wrong the honourable men,
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar: I do fear it.

4 *Cit.* They were traitors: Honourable men!

Cit. The will! the testament!

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers: The will! read the will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

Cit. Come down.

2 *Cit.* Descend. [*He comes down from the Pulpit.*

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4 *Cit.* A ring; stand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony;—most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Cit. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;
That day he overcame the Nervii:—
Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through:
See, what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it;
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:[9]
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!

[9] *For Brutus, as you know, was* Cæsar's angel:] This title of endearment is more than once introduced in Sidney's *Arcadia*. *Steevens.*

This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,[1]
Which all the while ran blood,[2] great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd[3] over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity:[4] these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.[5]

[1] *Even at the base of Pompey's* statua.] [Old copy—statue.] It is not our author's practice to make the adverb *even*, a dissyllable. If it be considered as a monosyllable, the measure is defective. I suspect therefore he wrote—at Pompey's *statua*. The word was not yet completely denizened in his time. Beaumont, in his Masque, writes it *statua*, and its plural *statuaes*. Yet, it must be acknowledged, that *statue* is used more than once in this play, as a dissyllable. *Malone.*

See Vol. II, p. 226, n. 5; and Vol. XI, p. 113, n. 2.

I could bring a multitude of instances in which *statua* is used for *statue*. Thus, in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1632, 540: "— and Callistratus by the helpe of Dædalus about Cupid's *statua*, made" &c. Again, 574: "— his *statua* was to be seene in the temple of Venus Elusina." *Steevens.*

[2] *Which all the while ran blood,*] The image seems to be that the blood of Cæsar flew upon the statue, and trickled down it. *Johnson.*

Shakspeare took these words from Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch: "— against the very base whereon Pompey's image stood, *which ran all a gore of blood*, till he was slain." *Steevens.*

[3] —— *treason* flourish'd —] i. e. flourished the sword. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"And *flourishes* his blade in spite of me." *Steevens.*

[4] *The* dint *of pity:*] is the impression of pity.

The word is in common use among our ancient writers. So, in Preston's *Cambyses:*

"Your grace therein may hap receive, with other for your parte,
"The *dent* of death, &c.

Again, *ibid:*

"He shall dye by *dent* of sword, or else by choking rope." *Steevens.*

[5] *Here is himself,* marr'd, *as you see, with traitors.*] To *mar* seems

1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle!
2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar!
3 *Cit.* O woful day!
4 *Cit.* O traitors, villains!
1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight!
2 *Cit.* We will be revenged: revenge; about,—seek, —burn,—fire,—kill,—slay!—let not a traitor live.
Ant. Stay, countrymen.
1 *Cit.* Peace there:—Hear the noble Antony.
2 *Cit.* We 'll hear him, we 'll follow him, we 'll die with him.
Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They, that have done this deed, are honourable;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise, and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is:
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me publick leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit,[6] nor words, nor worth,

to have anciently signified to *lacerate*. So, in *Solyman and Perseda*, a tragedy, 1599, Basilisco feeling the end of his dagger, says:
" This point will *mar* her skin." *Malone.*
To *mar* sometimes signified to *deface*, as in *Othello:*
" Nor *mar* that whiter skin of hers than snow—."
and sometimes to destroy, as in *Timon of Athens:*
" And *mar* men's spurring."
Ancient alliteration always produces *mar* as the opposite of *make*: *Steevens.*

6 *For I have neither* wit,] [Old copy—*writ.*] So, in *King Henry VI*, P. II:
" Now, my good lord, let 's see the devil's *writ*."
i. e. *writing*. Again, in *Hamlet:* " — the law of *writ* and the liberty."—The editor of the second folio, who altered whatever he did not understand, substituted *wit* for *writ*. *Wit* in our author's time had not its present signification, but meant *understanding*. Would Shakspeare make Antony declare himself void of common intelligence? *Malone.*
The first folio (and, I believe, through a mistake of the press) has —*writ*, which in the second folio was properly changed into—*wit*. Dr. Johnson, however, supposes, that by *writ* was meant a "penned and premeditated oration."
But the artful speaker, on this sudden call for his exertions, was

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Cit. We'll mutiny.

1 *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *Cit.* Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

Cit. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not:—I must tell you then:—
You have forgot the will I told you of.

Cit. Most true;—the will;—let's stay, and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.[7]

2 *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge his death.

3 *Cit.* O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

surely designed, with affected modesty, to represent himself as one who had neither *wit*, (i. e. strength of *understanding*) persuasive language, weight of character, graceful action, harmony of voice, &c. (the usual requisites of an orator) to influence the minds of the people. Was it necessary, therefore, that, on an occasion so precipitate, he should have urged that he had brought no *written* speech in his pocket? since every person who heard him must have been aware that the interval between the death of Cæsar, and the time present, would have been inadequate to such a composition, which indeed could not have been produced at all, unless, like the indictment of Lord Hastings in *King Richard III*, it had been got ready through a premonition of the event that would require it.

What is styled the devil's *writ* in *King Henry VI*, P. II, is the deposition of the dæmon, *written* down before witnesses on the stage. I therefore continue to read with the second folio, being unambitious of reviving the blunders of the first. *Steevens.*

[7] —— *seventy-five* drachmas.] A drachma was a Greek coin, the same as the Roman *denier*, of the value of four sesterces, 7*d*. ob. *Steevens.*

Cit. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tyber;[8] he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar: when comes such another?

1 *Cit.* Never, never:—Come, away, away:
We 'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.[9]
Take up the body.

2 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt* Citizens *with the Body.*

Ant. Now let it work: Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt! How now, fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,

[8] *On* this *side Tyber;*] The scene is here in the Forum near the Capitol, and in the most frequented part of the city; but Cæsar's gardens were very remote from that quarter:

"Trans Tiberim *longe cubat is prope* Cæsaris hortos."

says Horace: and both the Naumachia and gardens of Cæsar were separated from the main city by the river; and lay out wide, on a line with Mount Janiculum. Our author therefore certainly wrote:

On that *side Tyber;* ——

and Plutarch, whom Shakspeare very diligently studied, in *The Life of Marcus Brutus*, speaking of Cæsar's will, expressly says, That he left to the public his gardens, and walks, *beyond* the Tyber. *Theobald.*

This emendation has been adopted by the subsequent editors; but hear the old translation, where *Shakspeare's study* lay: "He bequeathed unto every citizen of Rome seventy-five drachmas a man, and he left his gardens and arbours unto the people, which he had on *this* side of the river Tiber." *Farmer.*

[9] —— fire *the traitors' houses.*] Thus the old copy. The more modern editors read—fire *all* the traitor's houses; but *fire* was then pronounced, as it was sometimes written, *fier*. So, in *Humor's Ordinary*, a collection of Epigrams:

"O rare compound, a dying horse to choke,
"Of English *fier* and of Indian smoke!" *Steevens.*

And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.[1]

The same. A Street.

Enter CINNA, *the Poet.*

Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with Cæsar,[2]
And things unluckily charge my fantasy:[3]
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

1 *Cit.* What is your name?

2 *Cit.* Whither are you going?

3 *Cit.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Cit.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2 *Cit.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then to answer every man directly, and briefly, wisely, and truly. Wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

2 *Cit.* That 's as much as to say, they are fools that marry:—You 'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Cit.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

[1] *Scene III.*] The subject of this scene is taken from Plutarch. *Steevens.*

[2] *I dreamt to-night, that I did feast* &c.] I learn from an old black letter treatise on Fortune-telling &c. that to dream "of being at *banquets*, betokeneth misfortune." &c. *Steevens.*

[3] —— *things unluckily charge my fantasy:*] i. e. circumstances oppress my fancy with an ill-omened weight. *Steevens.*

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Cit.* Tear him to pieces, he 's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

4 *Cit.* It is no matter, his name 's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Cit.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho! firebrands. To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away; go. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.....SCENE I.

The same. A Room in Antony's *House.*[4]

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, *and* LEPIDUS, *seated at a Table.*

Ant. These many then shall die; their names are prick'd.

[4] ——Antony's House.] Mr. Rowe, and Mr. Pope after him, have marked the scene here to be at Rome. The old copies say nothing of the place. Shakspeare, I dare say, knew from Plutarch, that these triumvirs met, upon the proscription, in a little island; which Appian, who is more particular, says, lay near Mutina, upon the river Lavinius. *Theobald.*

A small island in the little river Rhenus near Bononia. *Hanmer.*

So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "Thereuppon all three met together (to wete, Cæsar, Antonius, & Lepidus,) in an island enuyroned round about with a little ruer, & there remayned three dayes together. Now as touching all other matters, they were easily agreed, & did deuide all the empire of Rome betwene them, as if it had bene their owne inheritance. But yet they could hardly agree whom they would put to death: for euery one of them would kill their enemies, and saue their kinsmen and friends. Yet at length, giving place to their greedy desire to be reuenged of their enemies, they spurned all reuerence of blood and holiness of friendship at their feete. For Cæsar left Cicero to Antonius' will, Antonius also forsooke Lucius Cæsar, who was his vncle by his mother: and both of them together suffred Lepidus to kill his own brother Paulus." That Shakspeare, however, meant the scene to be at Rome, may be inferred from what almost immediately follows:

Oct. Your brother too must die; Consent you, Lepidus?
Lep. I do consent.
Oct. Prick him down, Antony.
Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,[5]
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.
Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.[6]
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we will determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.
Lep. What, shall I find you here?
Oct. Or here, or at
The Capitol. [*Exit* LEP.
Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: Is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?
Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.
Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,[7]

" *Lep.* What, shall I find you here?
" *Oct.* Or here, or at the Capitol." *Steevens.*

The passage quoted by Steevens, clearly proves that the scene should be laid in Rome. *M. Mason.*

It is manifest that Shakspeare intended the scene to be at Rome, and therefore I have placed it in Antony's house. *Malone.*

[5] *Upon condition Publius shall not live,*] Mr. Upton has sufficiently proved that the poet made a mistake as to this character mentioned by Lepidus; Lucius, not Publius, was the person meant, who was uncle by the mother's side to Mark Antony: and in consequence of this, he concludes that Shakspeare wrote:

You are his sister's son, *Mark Antony.*

The mistake, however, is more like the mistake of the author, than of his transcriber or printer. *Steevens.*

[6] —— damn *him.*] i. e. *condemn* him. So, in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

" Vouchsafe to give my *damned* husband life."

Again, in Chaucer's *Knightes Tale*, v. 1747, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit:

" —— by your confession
" Hath *damned* you, and I wol it recorde." *Steevens.*

[7] —— *as the ass bears gold,*] This image had occurred before in *Measure for Measure*, Act III, sc. i:

To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will;
But he 's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and, for that,
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on;
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
A barren spirited fellow; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations;[8]

" —— like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
" Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
" Till death unloads thee." *Steevens.*

[8] —— *one that feeds*

On objects, arts, *and imitations;* &c.] 'Tis hard to conceive, why he should be called a *barren-spirited fellow* that could feed either on *objects* or *arts:* that is, as I presume, form his ideas and judgment upon them: *stale* and *obsolete imitation*, indeed, fixes such a character. I am persuaded, to make the poet consonant to himself, we must read, as I have restored the text:

On abject orts, ——

i. e. on the *scraps* and *fragments* of things *rejected* and *despised* by others *Theobald.*

Sure, it is easy enough to find a reason why that devotee to pleasure and ambition, Antony, should call him *barren-spirited* who could be content to feed his mind with *objects*, i. e. *speculative knowledge*, or *arts*, i. e. *mechanick operations*. I have therefore brought back the old reading, though Mr. Theobald's emendation is still left before the reader. Lepidus, in the tragedy of *Antony and Cleopatra*, is represented as inquisitive about the structures of Egypt, and that too when he is almost in a state of intoxication. Antony, as at present, makes a jest of him, and returns him unintelligible answers to very reasonable questions.

Objects, however, may mean things *objected* or thrown out to him. In this sense Shakspeare uses the verb *to object*, in *King Henry V*, P. II, where I have given an instance of its being employed by Chapman on the same occasion. It is also used by him, in his version of the seventh *Iliad:*

" At Jove's broad beech these godheads met; and first Jove's son *objects*
" *Why*, burning in contention thus" &c.

Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion:[9] Do not talk of him,
But as a property.[1] And now, Octavius,
Listen great things.—Brutus and Cassius,
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:
Therefore, let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out;[2]

A man who can avail himself of neglected hints thrown out by others, though without original ideas of his own, is no uncommon character. *Steevens.*

Objects means, in Shakspeare's language, whatever is presented to the eye. So, in *Timon of Athens:* "Swear against *objects*," which Mr. Steevens has well illustrated by a line in our poet's 152d Sonnet:

"And made them swear against *the thing* they see." *Malone.*

9 —— *and stal'd by other men,*
Begin his fashion:] Shakspeare has already woven this circumstance into the character of Justice Shallow: "— He came ever in the rearward of the fashion; and sung those tunes that he heard the carmen whistle." *Steevens.*

1 *a* property.] i. e. as a thing quite at our disposal, and to be treated as we please. So, in *Twelfth Night:*

"They have here *propertied* me, kept me in darkness," &c.
Steevens.

2 *Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out;*] In the old copy, by the carelessness of the transcriber or printer, this line is thus imperfectly exhibited:

"Our best friends made, our means stre'ch'd;"

The editor of the second folio supplied the line by reading—

"Our best friends made, *and* our *best* means stretch'd out."

This emendation, which all the modern editors have adopted, was, like almost all the other corrections of the second folio, as ill conceived as possible. For what is *best* means? *Means*, or abilities, if *stretch'd out*, receive no additional strength from the word *best*, nor does *means*, when considered without reference to others, as the power of an individual, or the aggregated abilities of a body of men, seem to admit of a degree of comparison. However that may be, it is highly improbable that a transcriber or compositor should be guilty of three errors in the same line; that he should omit the word *and* in the middle of it; then the word *best* after *our*, and lastly the concluding word. It is much more probable that the omission was only at the end of the line, (an error which is found in other places in these plays) and that the author wrote, as I have printed:

Our best friends made, our means stretch'd to the utmost.

So, in a former scene:

"——and, you know, his *means*,
"If he improve them, may well *stretch so far*, —."

Again, in the following passage in *Coriolanus*, which, I trust, will justify the emendation now made:

And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered.
Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,[3]
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischief. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before Brutus' *Tent, in the Camp near* Sardis.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, Lucius, *and Soldiers:* Titinius *and* Pindarus *meeting them.*

Bru. Stand here.
Luc. Give the word, ho! and stand.
Bru. What now, Lucilius? is Cassius near?
Luc. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.
[Pin. *gives a Letter to* Bru.
Bru. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,[4]

" ——— for thy revenge
" Wrench up your *power* to the *highest.*" *Malone.*

I am satisfied with the reading of the second folio, in which I perceive neither awkwardness nor want of perspicuity. *Best* is a word of mere enforcement, and is frequently introduced by Shakspeare. Thus, in *King Henry VIII:*

" My life itself and the *best* heart of it —."

Why does *best*, in this instance, seem more significant than when it is applied to *means? Steevens.*

[3] —— *at the* stake,] An allusion to bear-baiting. So, in *Macbeth*, Act V:

" They have chain'd me to a *stake*, I cannot fly,
" But bear-like I must fight the course." *Steevens.*

[4] *In his own* change, *or by ill officers,*] The sense of which is this: Either your master, by the *change* of his virtuous nature, or by his officers abusing the power he had intrusted to them, hath done some things I could wish undone. This implies a *doubt* which of the two was the case. Yet, immediately after, on Pindarus's saying, *His master was full of regard and honour*, he replies, *He is not doubted.* To reconcile this we should read:

In his own charge, *or by ill* officers,

i. e. Either by those under his immediate command, or under the command of his lieutenants, who had abused their trust. *Charge* is so usual a word in Shakspeare, to signify the forces committed to

Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.
Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard, and honour.
Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius,
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.
Luc. With courtesy, and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.
Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling: Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle:
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?
Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [*March within.*
Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd:—

the trust of a commander, that I think it needless to give any instances. *Warburton.*

The arguments for the change proposed are insufficient. Brutus could not but know whether the wrongs committed were done by those who were immediately under the command of Cassius, or those under his officers. The answer of Brutus to the servant is only an act of artful civility; his question to Lucilius proves, that his suspicion still continued. Yet I cannot but suspect a corruption, and would read:

In his own change, or by ill offices, —.

That is, either *changing* his inclination *of himself*, or *by* the *ill offices* and bad influences of others. *Johnson.*

Surely alteration is unnecessary. In the subsequent conference Brutus charges both Cassius and his *officer*, Lucius Pella, with corruption. *Steevens*

Brutus immediately after says to Lucilius, when he hears his account of the manner in which he had been received by Cassius:

"Thou hast describ'd
"*A hot* friend *cooling.*"

That is the *change* which Brutus complains of. *M. Mason.*

March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS *and Soldiers.*

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them ——

Bru. Cassius, be content,
Speak your griefs[5] softly,—I do know you well:—
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: Bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do the like;[6] and let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Within the Tent of Brutus.

LUCIUS *and* TITINIUS *at some distance from it.*

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein, my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a case.

[5] —— *your* griefs —] i. e. your grievances. See Vol. VIII, p. 306, n. 8. *Malone.*

[6] —— *do the like;*] Old copy—"do *you* the like;" but without regard to metre. *Steevens.*

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence[7] should bear his comment.
Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.
Cas. I an itching palm?
You know, that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.
Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.
Cas. Chastisement!
Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice?[8] What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honours,
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
Cas. Brutus, bay not me,[9]

[7] —— *every* nice *offence* —] i. e. small trifling offence. *Warburton.* So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act V:

"The letter was not *nice*, but full of charge
"Of dear import." *Steevens.*

[8] *What* villain *touch'd his body, that did stab,*
And not for justice?] This question is far from implying that any of those who touched Cæsar's body, were villains. On the contrary, it is an indirect way of asserting that there was not one man among them, who was base enough to stab him for any cause but that of justice. *Malone.*

[9] Cas. *Brutus*, bay *not me*,] The old copy—*bait* not me. Mr. Theobald and all the subsequent editors read—*bay* not me; and the emendation is sufficiently plausible, our author having in *Troilus and Cressida* used the word *bay* in the same sense:

"What moves Ajax thus to *bay* at him!"

But as he has likewise twice used *bait* in the sense required here, the text, in my apprehension, ought not to be disturbed. "I will not yield," says Macbeth:

"To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
"And to be *baited* with the rabble's curse."

Again, in *Coriolanus:*

I 'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in;[1] I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice,[2] abler than yourself
To make conditions.[3]

Bru. Go to; you 're not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.[4]

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is 't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted, when a madman stares?

" —— why stay we to be *baited*
" With one that wants her wits?"

So also, in a comedy intitled, *How to choose a Good Wife from a Bad*, 1602:

" Do I come home so seldom, and that seldom
" Am I thus *baited?*"

The reading of the old copy, which I have restored, is likewise supported by a passage in *King Richard III:*

" To be so *baited*, scorn'd, and storm'd at." *Malone*

The second folio, on both occasions, has—*bait;* and the spirit of the reply will, in my judgment, be diminished, unless a repetition of the one or the other word be admitted. I therefore continue to read with Mr. Theobald. *Bay*, in our author, may be as frequently exemplified as *bait*. It occurs again in the play before us, as well as in *A Midsummer Night's Dream, Cymbeline, King Henry IV*, P. II, &c. &c. *Steevens.*

1 *To hedge me in;*] That is, to limit my authority by your direction or censure. *Johnson.*

2 —— *I am a soldier*, I,
Older in practice, &c.] Thus the ancient copies; but the modern editors, instead of *I*, have read *ay*, because the vowel *I* sometimes stands for *ay* the affirmative adverb. I have replaced the old reading, on the authority of the following line:

" And I am Brutus; Marcus Brutus *I*." *Steevens.*

See Vol. IX, p. 65, n. 5. *Malone.*

3 *To make conditions.*] That is, to know on what terms it is fit to confer the offices which are at my disposal. *Johnson.*

4 Cas. *I am.*
Bru. *I say, you are not.*] This passage may easily be restored to metre, if we read:

Brutus, I am.
Cassius, I say you are not. *Steevens.*

Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?
Bru. All this? ay, more: Fret, till your proud heart break;
Go, show your slaves how cholerick you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you: for, from this day forth,
I 'll use you for my mirth,[5] yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
Cas. Is it come to this?
Bru. You say, you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say, better?
Bru. If you did, I care not.
Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.
Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted him.
Cas. I durst not?
Bru. No.
Cas. What? durst not tempt him?
Bru. For your life you durst not.
Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you deny'd me;—
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,[6]

[5] *I'll use you for my mirth,*] Mr. Rowe has transplanted this insult into the mouth of Lothario:
"And *use* his sacred friendship *for our mirth.*" *Stevens.*

[6] —— *than to* wring
From the hard *hands of peasants their vile trash,*] This is

By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not:—he was but a fool,
That brought my answer back.[7]—Brutus hath riv'd my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.[8]

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,

sentiment, altogether in character, and expressed in a manner inimitably happy. For to *wring*, implies both to get *unjustly*, and to use *force* in getting: and *hard hands* signify both the peasant's great *labour and pains* in acquiring, and his *great unwillingness* to quit his hold. *Warburton.*

I do not believe that Shakspeare, when he wrote *hard hands* in this place, had any deeper meaning than in the following line in *A Midsummer Night's Dream:*

"*Hard-handed* men that work in Athens here." *H. White.*

Mr. H White might have supported his opinion, (with which I perfectly concur) by another instance from *Cymbeline:*

"—————— *hands*

"Made hourly *hard* with falsehood as *with labour.*" *Steevens.*

[7] —— *my answer* back.] The word *back* is unnecessary to the sense, and spoils the measure. *Steevens.*

[8] Bru. *I do not, till you practise them on me.*] The meaning is this: I do not look for your faults, I only see them, and mention them with vehemence, when you force them into my notice, *by practising them on me.* *Johnson.*

Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;[9]
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!—

Bru. What 's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, henceforth,[1]
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He 'll think your mother chides,[2] and leave you so.

[*Noise within.*

9 *If that thou* be'st a Roman, *take it forth;*] I think he means only, that he is so far from avarice, when the cause of his country requires liberality, that if any man should wish for his heart, he would not need enforce his desire any otherwise, than by showing that he was a Roman. *Johnson.*

This seems only a form of adjuration like that of Brutus, p. 99:

"Now, *as you are a Roman*, tell me true." *Blackstone.*

1 —— *and*, henceforth,] Old copy, redundantly in respect both of sense and measure:—"and *from henceforth*." But the present omission is countenanced by many passages in our author, besides the following in *Macbeth:*

"—— Thanes and kinsmen,
"*Henceforth* be earls." *Steevens.*

Poet. [*within*] Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between them, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. [*within*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*within*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet.[3]

Cas. How now? What 's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals; What do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.[4]

Cas. Ha, ha; how vilely doth this cynick rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence.

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I 'll know his humour, when he knows his time:
What should the wars do with these jigging fools?[5]

[2] —— *chides,*] i. e. is clamorous, scolds. So, in *As you Like it:*

"For what had he to do to *chide* at me?" *Steevens.*

[3] *Enter Poet.*] Shakspeare found the present incident in Plutarch. The intruder, however, was *Marcus Phaonius*, who had been a friend and follower of Cato; not a poet, but one who assumed the character of a cynick philosopher. *Steevens.*

[4] *Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;*
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.] This passage is a translation from the following one in the first Book of Homer:

"Ἀλλὰ πίθεσθ'. ἄμφω δὲ νεωτέρω ἐστὸν ἐμεῖο."

which is thus given in Sir Thomas North's Plutarch:

"My lords, I pray you hearken both to me,
"For I have seen more years than such ye three."

See also Antony's speech, p. 85:

"Octavius, I have seen more days than you."

Again, in Chapman's *Iliad*, Book IX:

"I am his greater, being a king, and more in yeares than he."
Steevens.

[5] *What should the wars do with these* jigging *fools?*] i. e. with these silly *poets*. A *jig* signified, in our author's time, a metrical composition, as well as a dance. So, in the prologue to Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn:*

"A *jig* shall be clapp'd at, and every *rhyme*
"Prais'd and applauded by a clamorous chime."

[See note on *Hamlet*, Act III, sc. ii.]

A modern editor, (Mr. Capell) who, after having devoted the greater part of his life to the study of old books, appears to have been extremely ignorant of ancient English literature, not knowing this, for *jigging*, reads (after Mr. Pope) *jingling*. His work exhibits above *Nine Hundred* alterations of the genuine text, equally capricious and unwarrantable.

Companion, hence.[6]

Cas. Away, away, be gone. [*Exit* Poet.

Enter LUCILIUS *and* TITINIUS.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt* LUC. *and* TIT.

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

Cas. I did not think, you could have been so angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better:—Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia?

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so?—
O insupportable and touching loss!—
Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence;
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death
That tidings came;—With this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.[7]

This editor, of whom it was justly said by the late Bishop of Glocester, that "*he had hung himself in chains over our poet's grave*," having boasted in his preface, that "his emendations of the text were at least equal in number to those of all the other editors and commentators put together." I some years ago had the curiosity to look into his volumes with this particular view. On examination I then found, that, of three hundred and twenty-five emendations of the ancient copies, which, as I then thought, he had properly received into his text, *two hundred and eighty-five* were suggested by some former editor or commentator, and *forty* only by himself. But on a second and more rigorous examination I now find, that of the emendations *properly* adopted, (the number of which appears to be much smaller than that above mentioned) he has a claim to not more than fifteen. The innovations and arbitrary alterations, either adopted from others, or first introduced by this editor, from ignorance of our ancient customs and phraseology, amount to no less a number than NINE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-TWO!! It is highly probable that many yet have escaped my notice. *Malone*

[6] Companion, *hence*] *Companion* is used as a term of reproach in many of the old plays; as we say at present—*fellow*. So, in *King Henry IV*, P. II, Dol Tearsheet says to Pistol:

"—— I scorn you, scurvy *companion*," &c. STEEVENS.

Cas. And died so?[8]
Bru. Even so.
Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS, *with Wine and Taperſ.*

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine:—
In this I bury all unkindness, Caſſius. [*Drinks.*
Cas. My heart is thirſty for that noble pledge:—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'er-ſwell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Bru. Come in, Titinius:—Welcome, good Meſſala.—

[7] *And, her attendants abſent, ſwallow'd fire.*] This circumſtance is taken from Plutarch. It is alſo mentioned by Val. Maximus.

It cannot, however, be amiſs to remark, that the death of Portia may want that foundation which has hitherto entitled her to a place in poetry, as a pattern of Roman fortitude. She is reported, by Pliny, I think, to have died at Rome of a lingering illneſs while Brutus was abroad; but ſome writers ſeem to look on a natural death as a derogation from a diſtinguiſhed character. *Steevens.*

Valerius Maximus ſays that Portia *ſurvived* Brutus, and killed herſelf on hearing that her huſband was defeated and ſlain at Philippi. Plutarch's account in *The Life of Brutus* is as follows: "And for Portia, Brutus' wife, Nicolaus the philoſopher, and Valerius Maximus, doe wryte, that ſhe determining to kill her ſelfe, (her parents and friends carefullie looking to her to kepe her from it) tooke hotte burning coles, and caſt them into her mouth, and kept her mouth ſo cloſe, that ſhe choked her ſelfe.—There was a letter of Brutus found, wrytten to his frendes, complaining of *their negligence;* that his wife being ſicke, they would not helpe her, but ſuffered her to kill her ſelfe, chooſing to dye rather than to languiſh in paine. Thus it appeareth that Nicolaus knew not well *that time*, ſith the letter (at leaſt if it were Brutus' letter) doth plainly declare the diſeaſe and love of this lady, and the manner of her death." North's Tranſlation.

See alſo Martial, L. I, ep. 42, Valerius Maximus, and Nicolaus, and Plutarch, all agree in ſaying that ſhe put an end to her life; and the letter, if authentick, aſcertains that ſhe did ſo in the life-time of Brutus.

Our author, therefore, we ſee, had ſufficient authority for his repreſentation. *Malone.*

[8] *And died ſo?* &c.] I ſuppoſe, theſe three ſhort ſpeeches were meant to form a ſingle verſe, and originally ſtood as follows:

Cas. *And died ſo?*
Bru. *Even ſo.*
Cas. *Immortal gods!*

The tragick *Ahs* and *Ohs* interpolated by the players, are too frequently permitted to derange our author's meaſure. *Steevens.*

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.
Cas. Portia! art thou gone?
Bru. No more, I pray you.—
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.
Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.
Bru. With what addition?
Mes. That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.
Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators, that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.
Cas. Cicero one?
Mes. Ay, Cicero is dead,[9]
And by that order of proscription.—
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?
Bru. No, Messala.
Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing, Messala.
Mes. That, methinks, is strange.
Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?
Mes. No, my lord.
Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.
Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.
Bru. Why, farewel, Portia.—We must die, Messala:
With meditating that she must die once,[1]
I have the patience to endure it now.
Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.
Cas. I have as much of this in art[2] as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

[9] Ay, *Cicero is dead,*] For the insertion of the affirmative adverb, to complete the verse, I am answerable. *Steevens.*

[1] —— *once,*] i. e. at some time or other. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor:*

" —— I pray, thee *once* to-night
" Give my sweet Nan this ring."

See Vol. III, p. 109, n. 3. *Steevens.*

[2] —— *in* art —] That is, in theory. *Malone.*

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?
Cas. I do not think it good.
Bru. Your reason?
Cas. This it is:[3]
'Tis better, that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.
Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.
Cas. Hear me, good brother.
Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note beside,
That we have try'd the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide[4] in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,

[3] *This* it is:] The overflow of the metre, and the disagreeable clash of—*it is* with *'Tis* at the beginning of the next line, are almost proofs that our author only wrote, with a common ellipsis,—*This:*—. *Steevens.*

[4] *There is a tide* &c.] This passage is poorly imitated by Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Custom of the Country:*

"There is an hour in each man's life appointed
"To make his happiness, if then he sieze it," &c. *Steevens.*

A similar sentiment is found in Chapman's *Busey D'Ambois*, 1607:

"There is a deep nick in time's restless wheel,
"For each man's good; when which nick comes, it strikes.
"So no man riseth by his real merit,
"But when it cries *click* in his raiser's spirit." *Malone.*

Or lose our ventures.
Cas. Then, with your will, go on;
We 'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.
Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?
Cas. No more. Good night;
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.
Bru. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit* Luc.] Farewell, good Messala;—
Good night, Titinius:—Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.
Cas. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls![5]
Let it not, Brutus.
Bru. Every thing is well.
Cas. Good night, my lord.
Bru. Good night, good brother.
Tit. Mes. Good night, lord Brutus.
Bru. Farewell, every one.
[*Exeunt* Cas. Tit. *and* Mes.

Re-enter Lucius, *with the Gown.*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?
Luc. Here in the tent.
Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call Claudius, and some other of my men;
I 'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.
Luc. Varro, and Claudius!

Enter Varro *and* Claudius.

Var. Calls my lord?
Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep;
It may be, I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.
Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch your pleasure.
Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;

[5] *Never come such division 'tween our souls!*] So, in the mock-play in *Hamlet*:
"*And never come mischance between us twain.*" Steev.

It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here 's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown. [Servants *lie down.*
Luc. I was sure, your lordship did not give it me.
Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?
Luc. Ay, my lord, an it please you.
Bru. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Luc. It is my duty, sir.
Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.
Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.
Bru. It is well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Musick, and a Song.*
This is a sleepy tune:—O murd'rous slumber!
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace[6] upon my boy,
That plays thee musick?—Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I 'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
Let me see, let me see;[7]—Is not the leaf turn'd down,
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think. [*He sits down.*

Enter the Ghost *of* CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?
I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes,
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me:—Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me, what thou art.

[6] —— *thy leaden* mace —] A *mace* is the ancient term for a sceptre. So, in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

"—— look upon my stately grace,
"Because the pomp that longs to Juno's *mace,*" &c. *Steevens.*

Shakspeare probably remembered Spenser in his *Fairy Queen*, B. I, cant. iv, st. 44:

"When as *Morpheus* had with *leaden mase,*
"Arrested all that courtly company." *H White.*

[7] *Let me see, let me see;*] As these words are wholly unmetrical, we may suppose our author meant to avail himself of the common colloquial phrase.—*Let 's see, let 's see.* Steevens.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.
Bru. Why com'st thou?
Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.
Bru. Well;
Then I shall see thee again?[8]
Ghost. Ay, at Philippi. [Ghost *vanishes.*
Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—
Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—
Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!—
Claudius!

[8] —— *Then I shall see thee again?*] Shakspeare has on this occasion deserted his original. It does not appear from Plutarch that the *Ghost of Cæsar* appeared to Brutus, but "a wonderful straunge and monstruous shape of a body." This apparition could not be at once the *shade of Cæsar*, and the *evil genius* of *Brutus*.

"Brutus boldly asked what he was, a god, or a man, and what cause brought him thither. The spirit answered him, I am thy euill spirit, Brutus; and thou shalt see me by the citie of Philippes. Brutus beeing no otherwise affrayd, replyed againe vnto it, well, then I shall see thee agayne. The spirit presently vanished away; and Brutus called his men vnto him, who told him that they heard no noyse, nor sawe any thing at all."

See the story of *Cassius Parmensis* in *Valerius Maximus*, Lib. I, c. vii. *Steevens.*

The words which Mr. Steevens has quoted, are from Plutarch's *Life of Brutus*. Shakspeare had also certainly read Plutarch's account of this vision in the *Life of Cæsar*: "Above all, the *ghost* that appeared unto Brutus, showed plainly that the goddes were offended with the murther of *Cæsar*. The vision was thus. Brutus being ready to pass over his army from the citie of Abydos to the other coast lying directly against it, slept every night (as his manner was) in his tent; and being yet awake, thinking of his affaires,—he thought he heard a noyse at his tent-dore, and looking towards *the light of the lampe that waxed very dimme*, he saw a horrible vision of a man, of a wonderful greatnes and dreadful looke, which at the first made him marvelously afraid. But when he sawe that it did him no hurt, but stoode by his bedde-side, and said nothing, at length he asked him what he was. The image aunswered him, I am thy ill angel, Brutus, and thou shalt see me by the citie of Philippes. Then Brutus replyed agayne, and said, Well, I shall see thee then. Therewithall the spirit presently vanished from him."

It is manifest from the words above printed in Italics, that Shakspeare had this passage in his thoughts as well as the other. [illegible]

That *lights grew dim*, or *burned blue* at the approach of [illegible] was a belief which our author might have found example[illegible] most every book of his age that treats of supernatural [illegible] See *King Richard III*, Vol. XI, p. 180, n. 7. Steevens.

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.
Bru. He thinks, he still is at his instrument.—
Lucius, awake.
Luc. My lord!
Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so cry'dst out?
Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.
Bru. Yes, that thou didst: Didst thou see any thing?
Luc. Nothing, my lord.
Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!
Fellow thou! awake.
Var. My lord.
Clau. My lord.
Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?
Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?
Bru. Ay; Saw you any thing?
Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.
Clau. Nor I, my lord.
Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.
Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V..... SCENE I.

The Plains of Philippi.

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, *and their Army.*

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:
You said, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us[9] at Philippi here,

[9] —— warn *us* —] To *warn* is to *summon*. So, in *King John*:
"Who is it that hath *warn'd* us to the walls?"
Shakspeare uses the word yet more intelligibly in *King Richard III*:
"And sent to *warn* them to his royal presence."
Throughout the books of the Stationers' Company, the word is always used in this sense; "Receyved of Raufe Newbery for his fyne, that he came not to the hall when he was *warned*, according to *e orders of this house*."

Answering before we do demand of them.
Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery,[1] thinking, by this face,
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.
Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.
Oct. Upon the right hand I, keep thou[2] the left.
Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?
Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and their Army;* LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, *and Others.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.
Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: We must out and talk.
Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?
Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth, the generals would have some words.
Oct. Stir not until the signal.
Bru. Words before blows: Is it so, countrymen?
Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.
Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Again, in a Letter from Lord Cecil to the Earl of Shrewsbury. See Lodge's *Illustrations*, &c. Vol. III, 206: I pray yor LP. therefore, let him be privatly *warned*, without any other notice (to his disgrace) to come up" &c. *Steevens.*

1 *With fearful bravery*] That is, *with a gallant show of courage, carrying with it terror and dismay. Fearful* is used here, as in many other places, in an active sense—*producing fear—intimidating. Malone.*
So, in Churchyard's *Siege of Leeth* 1575:
" They were a *feare* unto the enmyes eye "
I believe, however, that in the present instance, *fearful bravery* requires an interpretation that may be found in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Lib. II: "—her horse, faire and lustie; which she rid so as might show a *fearefull boldness*, daring to doe that which she knew that she knew not how to doe " *Steevens.*

2 —— *keep* thou —] The tenour of the conversation evidently requires us to read—*you*. *Ritson.*

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, *Long live! hail, Cæsar!*
Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;[3]
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.
Ant. Not stingless too.
Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And, very wisely, threat before you sting.
Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca,[4] like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O flatterers![5]
Cas. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself:[6]
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.
Oct. Come, come, the cause: If arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look;
I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?—
Never, till Cæsar's three and twenty wounds[7]

[3] *The posture of your blows* are *yet unknown;*] It should be—*is* yet unknown. But the error was certainly Shakspeare's. *Malone.*

Rather, the mistake of his transcriber or printer; which therefore ought, in my opinion, to be corrected. Had Shakspeare been generally inaccurate on similar occasions, he might more justly have been suspected of inaccuracy in the present instance. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *Casca,*] Casca struck Cæsar on the neck, coming *like* a degenerate *cur behind him. Johnson.*

[5] —— *O flatterers!*] Old copy, unmetrically,—O *you* flatterers! *Steevens.*

[6] *Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself:*] It is natural to suppose, from the defective metre of this line, that our author wrote:
Flatterers! Now, Brutus, you may *thank yourself. Steevens.*

[7] —— *three and* twenty *wounds* —] [Old copy—three and *thirty;*] but I have ventured to reduce this number to *three* and *twenty,* from the joint authorities of *Appian, Plutarch,* and *Suetonius:* and I am persuaded, the error was not from the poet but his transcribers. *Theobald.*

Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.[8]
Bru. Cæsar, thou can'st not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.
Oct. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.
Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou could'st not die more honourable.
Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.
Ant. Old Cassius still!
Oct. Come, Antony; away.—
Defiance, traitors, hurl we[9] in your teeth:
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.[1]
[*Exeunt* OCT. ANT. *and their Army.*
Cas. Why now, blow, wind; swell, billow; and swim, bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.
Bru. Ho!
Lucilius; hark, a word with you.
Luc. My lord.
[BRU. *and* LUC. *converse apart.*

Beaumont and Fletcher have fallen into a similar mistake, in their *Noble Gentleman:*

"So Cæsar fell, when in the Capitol,
"They gave his body *two and thirty* wounds." *Ritson.*

[8] —— *till another Cæsar*
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.] A similar idea has already occurred in *King John:*

"Or add a royal number to the dead,—
"With slaughter coupled to the name of kings." *Steevens.*

[9] Defiance, *traitors,* hurl *we* —] Whence perhaps Milton, *Paradise Lost,* B. I, v. 669:

"*Hurling defiance* toward the vault of Heaven."

Hurl is peculiarly expressive. The challenger in judicial combats was said to *hurl* down his gage, when he threw his glove down as a pledge that he would make good his charge against his adversary. So, in *King Richard II:*

"And interchangeably *hurl* down my gage
"Upon this over-weening traitor's foot." *H. White.*

[1] —— *when you have stomachs.*] So, in Chapman's version of the ninth *Iliad:*

"Fight *when his stomach serves him* best, or when" &c.
Steevens.

Cas. Messala,—
Mes. What says my general?
Cas. Messala,[2]
This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness, that, against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know, that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign[3]
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted us:
This morning are they fled away, and gone;
And, in their steads, do ravens, crows, and kites,
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,

2 *Messala*, &c.] Almost every circumstance in this speech is taken from Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch:

"But touching Cassius, Messala reporteth that he supped by himselfe in his tent, with a few of his friendes, and that all supper tyme he looked very sadly, and was full of thoughts although it was against his nature: and that after supper he tooke him by the hande, and holding him fast (in token of kindnes as his manner was) told him in Greeke, Messala, I protest vnto thee, and make the my witnes, that I am compelled against my minde and will (as Pompey the Great was) to ieopard the libertie of our contry, to the hazard of a battel. And yet we must be liuely, and of good corage, considering our good fortune, whom we should wronge too muche to mistrust her, although we follow euill counsell. Messala writeth, that Cassius hauing spoken these last wordes vnto him, he bid him farewell, and willed him to come to supper to him the next night following, bicause it was his birth-day." *Steevens.*

3 —— *our* former *ensign* —] Thus the old copy, and, I suppose, rightly *Former* is *foremost*. Shakspeare sometimes uses the *comparative* instead of the *positive* and superlative. See *King Lear*, Act IV, sc. iii. Either word has the same origin; nor do I perceive why *former* should be less applicable to *place* than *time*. *Steevens.*

Former is right; and the meaning—*our* fore *ensign*. So, in Adlyngton's *Apuleius*, 1596: "First hee instructed me to sit at the table vpon my taile, and howe I should leape and daunce, holding up my *former* feete."

Again, in Harrison's *Description of Britaine:* "It [i. e. brawn] is made commonly of the *fore* part of a tame bore set uppe for the purpose by the space of an whole year or two. Afterwarde he is killed, —and then of his *former* partes is our brawne made." *Ritson.*

As we were sickly prey;[4] their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.
Mes. Believe not so.
Cas. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.
Bru. Even so, Lucilius.
Cas. Now, most noble Brutus.
The gods to-day stand friendly; that we may,
Lovers, in peace, lead on our days to age!
But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let 's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?[5]
Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy,[6]

[4] —— *as we were* sickly prey;] So, in *King John:*
" As doth a *raven* on a *sick-fall'n* beast, —." *Steevens.*

[5] *The very last time we shall speak together:*
What are you then determined to do?] i. e. I am resolved in such a case to kill myself. What are you determined of? *Warburton.*

[6] —— *of that philosophy,*] There is an apparent contradiction between the sentiments contained in this and the following speech which Shakspeare has put into the mouth of Brutus. In this, Brutus declares his resolution to wait patiently for the determinations of Providence; and in the next, he intimates, that though he should survive the battle, he would never submit to be led in chains to Rome. This sentence in Sir Thomas North's translation, is perplexed, and might be easily misunderstood. Shakspeare, in the first speech, makes that to be the present opinion of Brutus, which in Plutarch, is mentioned only as one he formerly entertained, though he now condemned it.

So, in Sir Thomas North:—"There Cassius beganne to speake first, and sayd: the gods graunt vs, O Brutus, that this day we may winne the field, and euer after to liue all the rest of our life quietly, one with another. But sith the gods haue so ordeyned it, that the greatest & chiefest things amongest men are most vncertayne, and that if the battell fall out otherwise to daye then we wishe or looke for, we shall hardely meete againe, what art thou then determined to doe? to fly, or dye? Brutus aunswered him, being yet but a young man, and not ouer greatly experienced in the world: I trust (I know not how) a certeine rule of philosophie, by the which I did greatly blame and reproue Cato for killing of him selfe, as being no lawfull nor godly acte, touching the gods, nor concerning men, valiant; not to giue place and yeld to diuine prouidence, and not constantly and paciently to take whatsoever it pleaseth him to send vs, but to drawe backe

By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself;—I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life:[7]—arming myself with patience,[8]
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,[9]

and flie: but being nowe in the middest of the daunger, I am of a contrarie mind. For if it be not the will of God, that this battell fall out fortunate for vs, I will looke no more for hope, neither seeke to make any new supply for war againe, but will rid me of this miserable world, and content me with my fortune. For, I gaue vp my life for my contry in the ides of Marche, for the which I shall live in another more glorious worlde." *Steevens.*

I see no contradiction in the sentiments of Brutus. He would not determine to kill himself merely for the loss of *one* battle; but as he expresses himself, (p. 117) would try his fortune in a second fight. Yet he would not submit to be a captive. *Blackstone.*

I concur with Mr Steevens. The words of the text by no means justify Sir W. Blackstone's solution. The question of Cassius relates solely to the event of *this* battle. *Malone.*

There is certainly an apparent contradiction between the sentiments which Brutus expresses in this, and in his subsequent speech; but there is no real inconsistency. Brutus had laid it down to himself as a principle, to abide every chance and extremity of war; but when Cassius reminds him of the disgrace of being led in triumph through the streets of Rome, he acknowledges that to be a trial which he could not endure. Nothing is more natural than this. We lay down a system of conduct for ourselves, but occurrences may happen that will force us to depart from it. *M. Mason.*

This apparent contradiction may be easily reconciled. Brutus is at first inclined to wait patiently for better times; but is roused by the idea of being "led in triumph," to which he will never submit. The loss of the battle would not alone have determined him to kill himself, if he could have lived free. *Ritson.*

[7] —— *so to* prevent

The time of life:] To *prevent* is here used in a French sense—to *anticipate*. By *time* is meant the full and complete time; the period. *Malone.*

To *prevent*, I believe, has here its common signification. Dr. Johnson, in his *Dictionary*, adduces this very instance as an example of it. *Steevens.*

[8] —— *arming myself with patience*, &c.] Dr. Warburton thinks, that in this speech something is lost; but there needed only a parenthesis to clear it. The construction is this: I am determined to act according to that philosophy which directed me to blame the suicide of Cato; arming myself with patience, &c. *Johnson.*

You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work, the ides of March begun;[1]
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewel take:—
For ever, and for ever, farewel, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewel, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we 'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on.—O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business, ere it come!
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. The Field of Battle.

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS *and* MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills[2]
Unto the legions on the other side: [*Loud Alarum.*
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,

[9] *Then, if we lose* this battle,] Cassius, in his last speech, having said—If we do lose *this battle*, the same two words might, in the present instance, be fairly understood, as they derange the metre. I would therefore read only:

Cas. *Then, if we lose,*
You are contented &c.

Thus, in *King Lear:*

"King Lear hath *lost*, he and his daughter ta'en:—."

i. e. hath lost *the battle*. *Steevens.*

[1] —— *the ides of March* begun;] Our author ought to have written—*began*. For this error, I have no doubt, he is himself answerable. *Malone.*

See p. 106, n. 3. *Steevens.*

[2] —— *give these* bills —] So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "In the meane tyme Brutus that led the right winge, sent little *billes* to the collonels and captaines of private bandes, in which he wrote the worde of the battell," &c. *Steevens.*

And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter CASSIUS *and* TITINIUS.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early:
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord!
Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough.[3]—Look, look, Titinius;

[3] *This hill is far enough.* &c.] Thus, in the old translation of Plutarch: "So, Cassius him selfe was at length compelled to flie, with a few about him, vnto a little hill, from whence they might easely see what was done in all the plaine: howbeit Cassius him self sawe nothing, for his sight was verie bad, sauing that he saw (and yet with much a doe) how the enemies spoiled his campe before his eyes. He sawe also a great troupe of horsemen, whom Brutus sent to aide him, and thought that they were his enemies that followed him: but yet he sent Titinius, one of them that was with him, to goe and know what they were. Brutus' horsemen sawe him comming a farre of, whom when they knewe that he was one of Cassius' chiefest frendes, they showted out for joy: and they that were familiarly acquainted with him, lighted from their horses, and went and imbraced him. The rest compassed him in rounde about a horsebacke, with songs of victorie and great rushing of their harnes, so that they made all the field ring againe for joy. But this marred all. For Cassius thinking in deed that Titinius was taken of the enemies, he then spake these wordes: desiring too much to liue, I haue liued to see one of my best frendes taken, for my sake, before my face. After that, he gotte into a tent where no bodye was, and tooke Pindarus with him, one of his freed bondmen, whom he reserued ever for suche a pinche, since the cursed battell of the Parthians, where Crassus was slaine, though he notwithstanding scaped from that ouerthrow; but then casting his cloke ouer his head, & holding out his bare neck vnto Pyndarus, he gaue him his head to be striken off. So the head was

Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire?
Tit. They are, my lord.
Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assur'd,
Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.
Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought.[4] [*Exit.*
Cas. Go, Pindarus,[5] get higher on that hill;[6]
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.— [*Exit* PIN.
This day I breathed first: time is come round,[7]
And, where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?[8]
Pin. [*above*] O my lord![9]
Cas. What news?
Pin. Titinius is

found seuered from the bodie: but after that time Pyndarus was neuer seene more." *Steevens.*

[4] —— *even with a thought.*] The same expression occurs again in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"That, which is now a horse, *even with a thought*
"The rack dislimns, —." *Steevens.*

[5] *Go, Pindarus,*] This dialogue between Cassius and Pindarus, is beautifully imitated by Beaumont and Fletcher in their tragedy of *Bonduca*, Act III, sc. v. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *get* higher *on that hill;*] Our author perhaps wrote on *this* hill; for Cassius is now on a hill. But there is no need of change. He means a hillock somewhat higher than that on which he now is.

The editor of the second folio arbitrarily reads—*thither* for *higher*, and all the subsequent editors adopted his alteration. *Malone.*

Mr. Malone has sufficiently justified the reading in the text; and yet the change offered by the second folio is not undefensible. *Steevens.*

[7] —— *time is come round,*] So, in *King Lear*, the Bastard, dying, says:

"The *wheel* is *come* full *circle*." *Steevens.*

[8] —— Sirrah, *what news?*] *Sirrah*, as appears from many of our old plays, was the usual address in speaking to servants, and children. Mr. Pope, not adverting to this, reads—*Now*, what news? See Vol. VII, p. 185, n. 9. *Malone.*

[9] *O my lord!* &c.] Perhaps this passage, designed to form a single verse, originally stood thus:

Pin. *O my* good *lord!*
Cas. *What news?*
Pin. Titinius is —. Steevens.

Enclosed round about with horsemen, that
Make to him on the spur;—yet he spurs on.—
Now they are almost on him; now, Titinius!—
Now some 'light:—O, he 'lights too:—he 's ta'en;—and, hark! [*Shout.*
They shout for joy.
Cas. Come down, behold no more.—
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath!
Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*
Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.
Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.
Mes. Where did you leave him?
Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.
Mes. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?
Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!
Mes. Is not that he?
Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child!
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.
Tit. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?
Mes. Seek him, Titinius: whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts envenom'd,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As tidings of this sight.
Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [*Exit* MES.
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give 't thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
By your leave, gods:—This is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [*Dies.*

Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, *with* BRUTUS, *young* CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, *and* LUCILIUS.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?
Mes. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.
Bru. Titinius' face is upward.
Cato. He is slain.
Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails.[1] [*Low Alarums.*
Cato. Brave Titinius!
Look, whe'r he have not crown'd dead Cassius!
Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?—
The last of all the Romans,[2] fare thee well!

[1] —— *and turns our swords*
In our own proper entrails.] So, Lucan, Lib. I:
" —— populumque potentem
" In sua victrici conversum viscera dextra." *Steevens.*

It is impossible, that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.—
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—
Come, therefore, and to Tarsos[3] send his body;

[2] *The last of all the Romans,*] From the old translation of Plutarch: "So, when he [Brutus] was come thither, after he had lamented the death of Cassius, calling him THE *last of all the Romans, being impossible that Rome should ever breede againe so noble and valiant a man* as he, he caused his bodie to be buried." &c.

Mr Rowe, and all the subsequent editors, read, as we should now write,—*Thou* last, &c. But this was not the phraseology of Shakspeare's age. See Vol. X, p. 419, n. 5. See also the Letter of Posthumus to Imogen, in *Cymbeline*, Act III, sc. ii: "— as you, O *the* dearest of creatures, would not even renew me with thine eyes." Again, in *King Lear:*

"*The* jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
"Cordelia leaves you."

not *ye* jewels,—as we now should write. *Malone.*

I have not displaced Mr. Malone's restoration from the old copy, because it is of no great importance to our author's meaning; though I am perfectly convinced, that in the instances from *Cymbeline* and *King Lear*, *the* is merely the error of a compositor who misunderstood the abbreviations employed to express *thou* and *ye* in the original MSS. which might not have been remarkable for calligraphy. Both these abbreviations very nearly resemble the one commonly used for *the;* a circumstance which has proved the frequent source of similar corruption. A mistake of the same colour appears to have happened in p. 118. where (see note 8) *thee* had been given instead of *the.* See likewise the volume above referred to by Mr Malone, where *the* is again printed (and, as I conceive, through the same blunder,) instead of *thou.*

The passage cited from Plutarch can have no weight on the present occasion. The biographer is only *relating* what Brutus *had said.* In the text, Brutus is the *speaker*, and is *addressing himself, propria persona*, to Cassius.

Besides, why is not "*Thou* last" &c. the language of Shakspeare? Have we not in *King Richard III:*

"*Thou* slander of thy mother's heavy womb!
"*Thou* loathed issue &c.
"*Thou* rag of honour. *thou* detested ——?"

And again, in *Troilus and Cressida:*

"*Thou* great and wise," &c.

Again, in *Hamlet:*

"—— know *thou* noble youth!"

And fifty more instances to the same purpose might be introduced.

Objectum est Historico (*Cremutio Cordo.* Tacit. Ann. l. iv, 34,) quod Brutum Cassiumque *ultimos Romanorum* dixisset. *Suet. Tiber.* Lib. III, c. 61. *Steevens.*

His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—
Labeo, and Flavius,[4] set our battles on:—
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter fighting, Soldiers of both Armies; then BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, *and Others.*

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!
Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field:—
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato,[5] ho! [*Charges the Enemy.*
Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus.
[*Exit, charging the Enemy.* CATO *is overpowered, and falls.*
Luc. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;
And may'st be honour'd being Cato's son.[6]
1 *Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.
Luc. Only I yield to die:
There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight;[7]
[*Offering Money.*

3 —— *and to* Thassos —] Old copy—*Tharsus.* Corrected by Mr. Theobald. *Malone.*
It is *Thassos* in Sir Thomas North's translation. *Steevens.*

4 *Labeo and* Flavius,] Old copy—*Flavio.* Corrected by the editor of the second folio. *Malone.*

5 *I am the son of Marcus Cato,*] So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "There was the sonne of *Marcus Cato* slaine valiantly fighting, &c. *telling aloud his name and his father's name,*" &c. *Steevens.*

6 —— *being Cato's son,*] i. e. worthy of him. *Warburton.*

7 Luc. *Only I yield to die:*
There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight;] Dr. Warburton has been much inclined to find *lacunæ*, or passages broken by omission, throughout this play. I think he has been always mistaken. The Soldier here says, *Yield, or thou diest.* Lucilius replies, I [illegible]

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.
1 *Sold.* We must not.—A noble prisoner!
2 *Sold.* Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.
1 *Sold.* I 'll tell the news.[8]—Here comes the general:—

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.
Ant. Where is he?
Luc. Safe, Antony;[9] Brutus is safe enough:
I dare assure thee, that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive, or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.
Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
And see whe'r Brutus be alive, or dead:
And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,
How every thing is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*

only on this condition, that I may die; here is so much gold as thou seest in my hand, which I offer thee as a reward for speedy death. What now is there wanting? *Johnson.*

[8] *I'll tell* the *news.*] The old copy reads: *I'll tell* thee *newes.*—*Johnson.*

Corrected by Mr. Theobald. *Malone.*

[9] *Safe, Antony;*] So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "In the mean time Lucilius was brought to him, who stowtly with a bold countenaunce sayd, Antonius, I dare assure thee, that no enemie hath taken, nor shall take Marcus Brutus aliue: and I beseech God keepe him from that fortune. For wheresoeuer he be found, aliue or dead, he will be founde like himselfe. And now for my selfe, I am come vnto thee, hauing deceiued these men of armes here bearing them downe that I was Brutus: and doe not refuse to suffer any torment thou wilt put me to. Lucilius wordes made them all amazed that heard him. Antonius on the other side, looking vpon all them that had brought him, sayd vnto them: my companions, I thinke ye are sorie you have failed of your purpose, & that you thinke this man hath done great wrong: but I doe assure you, you have taken a better bootie, then that you followed. For instead of an enemie, you have brought me a friend," &c. *Steevens.*

SCENE V.

Another Part of the Field.

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, *and* VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cli. Statilius show'd the torch-light;[1] but, my lord,
He came not back; he is or ta'en, or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: Slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.— [*Whispering.*

Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

[1] *Statilius show'd the torch-light;* &c.] So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "Furthermore, Brutus thought that there was no great number of men slaine in battell, and to know the trueth of it, there was one called Statilius, that promised to goe through his enemies (for otherwise it was impossible to goe see their campe,) and from thence if all were well, that he woulde lift vp a *torch-light* in the ayer, and then returne againe with speed to him. The *torche-light* was lift vp as he had promised, for Statilius went thither. Nowe Brutus seeing Statilius tarie long after that, and that he came not again, he say'd: if Statilius be aliue, he will come againe. But his euil fortune was suche, that as he came backe, he lighted in his enemies handes, and was slaine. Now, the night being farre spent, Brutus as he sate, bowed towards Clitus one of his men, and told him somewhat in his eare; the other aunswered him not, but fell a weeping. Thereupon he proued Dardanus, and sayd somewhat also to him: at length he came to Volumnius him selfe, and speaking to him in Græke, prayed him for the studies sake which brought them acquainted together, that he woulde helpe him to put his hande to his sword, to thrust it in him to kill him. Volumnius denied his request, and so did many others: and amongest the rest, one of them sayd, there was no tarrying for them there, but that they must needes flie. Then Brutus rising vp, we must flie in deede, sayd he, but it must be with our hands, not with our feete. Then taking euery man by the hand, he sayd these words vnto them with a chearfull countenance. It rejoyceth my hart that not one of my frends hath failed me at my neede, and I do not complaine of my fortune, but only for my contries sake: for, as for me, I thinke my selfe happier than they that have ouercome, considering that I leaue a perpetuall fame of our corage and manhoode, the which our enemies the conquerors shall neuer attaine vnto by force nor money, neither can let their posteritie to say, that they being naughtie and unjust men, haue slaine good men, to vsurpe tyrannical power not pertaining to them. Hauing sayd so, he prayed euery man to shift for them selues, and then he went a litle aside," &c. *Steevens.*

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius! [*Whispers him.*
Dar. I do such a deed?[2]
Cli. O, Dardanius!
Dar. O, Clitus!
Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?
Dar. To kill him, Clitus: Look, he meditates.
Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.
Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius: list a word.
Vol. What says my lord?
Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night: at Sardis, once;
And, this last night, here in Philippi' fields.
I know, my hour is come.
Vol. Not so, my lord.
Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou see'st the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou knows't that we two went to school together;
Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts,[3] whilst I run on it.
Vol. That 's not an office for a friend, my lord.
[*Alarum still.*
Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.
Bru. Farewel to you;—and you;—and you, Volumnius.—
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;

[2] *I do such a deed?*] Old copy—*Shall* I do &c. *Steevens.*

[3] —— *my* sword-hilts.] So in the old copy, and rightly. So, before, p. 114:

" —— with this good *sword*,
" That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
" Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the *hilts*."

Again, in *The Mirror for Magistrates*, 1587:

" —— a naked sword he had,
" That to the *hilts* was all with blood imbrued."

Mr. Rowe and the other modern editors read, agreeably to the language of the present time,—my *sword's hilt*. *Malone.*

Thus also, in *King Henry V*;

" And hides a sword from *hilts* unto the point" &c.

Falstaff also, in *King Henry IV*, P. I, says: "Seven, by these *hilts*; I am a villain else." *Steevens.*

Farewel to thee too, Strato.[4]—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within;* Fly, fly, fly.

Cli. Fly, my lord, fly.

Bru. Hence; I will follow thee.[5]

[*Exeunt* Cli. Dar. *and* Vol.

I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Stra. Give me your hand first: Fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewel, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still;
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his Sword and dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Octavius, Antony, Messala, Lucilius, *and their Army.*

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.[6]

Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.[7]

[4] *Farewel to thee too, Strato.*] Thus the modern editions: I think, rightly. The old folio reads:

"*Farewel to thee,* to Strato, *countrymen. Johnson.*

The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. *Malone.*

[5] *Hence; I will follow* thee.] *Thee,* which is wanting in the old copy, was supplied, for the sake of metre, by Sir Thomas Hanmer. So, in *Hamlet:* "Go on, I'll follow *thee.*" *Steevens.*

[6] *That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.*] See p. 118.

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?
Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.[8]
Oct. Do so, Messala.[9]
Mes. How died my master, Strato?
Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.
Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.
Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,[1]
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, *This was a man!*[2]

[7] —— entertain *them.*] i. e. receive them into my service. So, in *King Lear:* "You, sir, I *entertain* for one of my hundred." *Steevens.*

[8] *Ay, if Messala will* prefer *me to you.*] To *prefer* seems to have been the established phrase for *recommending a servant.* So, in *The Merchant of Venice,* Act III, sc. ii:

"Shylock thy master, spoke with me this day,
"And hath *preferr'd* thee;"—

Again, in the Countess of Dorset's *Memoirs;* "— wher he & his daughter *preferd* William Pond to searve my lady." Seward's *Anecdotes,* Vol. IV, p. 316. *Reed.*

To *prefer* is to *recommend* in its general sense. Thus, in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy,* edit. 1632, p. 261: "Bessardus Bisantinus *preferres* the smoake of Juniper to melancholy persons, which is in great request with us at Oxford to sweeten our chambers."

The same word is used by Chapman in his version of the 23d *Iliad;* and signifies to *advance:*

"—— Now every way I erre
"About this broad-door'd house of Dis. O helpe then to *preferre*
"My soule yet further."

In the 18th *Iliad,* to *prefer* apparently means, to *patronize:*

"—— she did so still *prefer*
"Their quarrel." *Steevens.*

[9] *Do so, Messala.*] Old copy, neglecting the metre—Do so, *good* Messala. *Steevens.*

[1] —— *save only he,* &c.] So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "For it was sayd that Antonius spake it openly diuers tymes, that he thought, that of all them that had slayne Cæsar, there was none but Brutus only that was moued to do it, as thinking the acte commendable of it selfe: but that all the other conspirators did conspire his death, for some priuate malice or enuy, that they otherwise did beare vnto him." *Steevens.*

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect, and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—

2 —— *the elements*
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, This was a man!] So, in *The Barons' Wars*, by Drayton, Canto III:

" He was a man (then boldly dare to say)
" In whose rich soul the virtues well did suit;
" *In whom so mix'd the elements all lay,*
" That none to one could sov'reignty impute;
" As all did govern, so did all obey:
" He of a temper was so absolute,
" As that it seem'd, when *nature* him began,
" She meant to show *all that might be in man.*"

This poem was published in the year 1598. The play of our author did not appear before 1623. *Steevens.*

Drayton originally published his poem on the subject of *The Barons' Wars*, under the title of MORTIMERIADOS, *the lamentable Civil Warres of Edward the Second and the Barrons:* Printed by J. R. for Humphrey Lownes, and are to be solde at his shop at the west end of Paules Church. It is in seven-line stanzas, and was, I believe, published before 1598. The quarto copy before me has no date. But he afterwards new-modelled the piece entirely, and threw it into stanzas of eight lines, making some retrenchments and many additions and alterations throughout. An edition of his poems was published in 8vo. in 1602; but it did not contain *The Barons' Wars* in any form. They first appeared with that name in the edition of 1608, in the preface to which he speaks of the change of his title, and of his having new-modelled his poem. There, the stanza quoted by Mr. Steevens appears thus:

" Such one he was, (of him we boldly say)
" In whose rich soule all soveraigne powres did sute,
" *In whom in peace the elements all lay*
" *So mixt*, as none could soveraigntie impute;
" As all did govern, yet all did obey;
" His lively temper was so absolute,
" That 't seem'd when *heaven his model first* began,
" *In him it show'd perfection in a man.*"

In the same form is this stanza exhibited in an edition of Drayton's pieces, printed in 8vo. 1610, and in that of 1613. The lines quoted by Mr. Steevens are from the edition in folio printed in 1619, after Shakspeare's death. In the original poem, entitled *Mortimeriados*, there is no trace of this stanza; so that I am inclined to think that Drayton was the copyist, as his verses originally stood. In the *altered* stanza he certainly was. He probably had seen this play when it was first exhibited, and perhaps between 1613 and 1619 had perused the MS. *Malone.*

So, call the field to rest: and let 's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt.*[3]

[3] Of this tragedy many particular passages deserve regard, and the contention and reconcilement of Brutus and Cassius is universally celebrated; but I have never been strongly agitated in perusing it, and think it somewhat cold and unaffecting, compared with some other of Shakspeare's plays: his adherence to the real story, and to Roman manners, seem to have impeded the natural vigour of his genius. *Johnson.*

Gildon has justly observed, that this tragedy ought to have been called *Marcus Brutus*, Cæsar being a very inconsiderable personage in the scene, and being killed in the third Act. *Malone.*

*** The substance of Dr. Warburton's long and erroneous comment on a passage in the second Act of this play: "The genius and the mortal instruments," &c. (see p. 31, n. 7,) is contained in a letter written by him in the year 1726-7, of which the first notice was given to the publick in the following note on Dr. Akenside's *Ode to Mr. Edwards*, which has, I know not why, been omitted in the late editions of that poet's works:

"During Mr. Pope's war with Theobald, Concanen, and the rest of their tribe, Mr. Warburton, the present lord bishop of Gloucester, did with great zeal cultivate their friendship; having been introduced, forsooth, at the meetings of that respectable confederacy: a favour which he afterwards spoke of in very high terms of complacency and thankfulness. At the same time, in his intercourse with them he treated Mr. Pope in a most contemptuous manner, and as a writer without genius. Of the truth of these assertions his lordship can have no doubt, if he recollects his own correspondence with Concanen; a part of which is still in being, and will probably be remembered as long as any of this prelate's writings."

If the letter here alluded to, contained any thing that might affect the moral character of the writer, tenderness for the dead would forbid its publication. But that not being the case, and the learned prelate being now beyond the reach of criticism, there is no reason why this literary curiosity should be longer withheld from the publick:

"—— Duncan is in his grave;
"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
"Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
"Malice domestick, foreign levy, nothing
"Can touch him further."

LETTER FROM MR. W. WARBURTON TO MR. M. CONCANEN.

"Dear Sir,

"having had no more regard for those papers which I spoke of and promis'd to Mr. Theobald, than just what they deserv'd I in vain *sought for* them thro' a number of loose papers that had the same

kind of abortive birth. I used to make it one good part of my amusement in reading the English poets, those of them I mean whose vein flows regularly and constantly, as well as clearly, to trace them to their sources; and observe what ôar, as well as what slime and gravel they brought down with them. Dryden I observe borrows for want of leisure, and Pope for want of genius: Milton out of pride, and Addison out of modesty. And now I speak of this latter, that you and Mr. Theobald may see of what kind these idle collections are, and likewise to give you my notion of what we may safely pronounce an imitation, for it is not I presume the same train of ideas that follow in the same description of an ancient and a modern, where nature when attended to, always supplys the same stores, which will autorise us to pronounce the latter an imitation, for the most judicious of all poets, Terence, has observed of his own science *Nihil est dictum, quod non sit dictum prius:* For these reasons I say I give myselfe the pleasure of setting down some imitations I observed in the Cato of Addison:

Addison. A day, an hour of virtuous liberty
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage. *Act* 2, *Sc* 1.

Tully. Quod si immortalitas consequeretur præsentis periculi fugam, tamen eo magis ea fugienda esse videretur, quo diuturnior esset servitus. *Philipp. Or.* 10a

Addison. Bid him disband his legions
Restore the commonwealth to liberty
Submit his actions to the publick censure,
And stand the judgement of a Roman senate,
Bid him do this and Cato is his friend.

Tully. Pacem vult? arma deponat, roget, deprecetur.
Neminem equiorem reperiet quam me. *Philipp.* 5a

Addison. ——— But what is life?
'Tis not to stalk about and draw fresh air
From time to time——
'Tis to be free. When liberty is gone,
Life grows insipid and has lost its relish. *Sc.* 3.

Tully. Non enim in spiritu vita est: sed ea nulla est omnino servienti. *Philipp.* 10a

Addison. Remember O my friends the laws the rights
The gen'rous plan of power deliver'd down
From age to age by your renown'd forefathers.
O never let it perish in your hands. *Act* 3, *Sc.* 5.

Tully. —— Hanc [libertatem scilt] retinete, quæso, Quirites, quam vobis, tanquam hereditatem, majores nostri reliquerunt. *Philipp.* 4a

Addison. The mistress of the world, the seat of empire,
The nurse of Heros the Delight of Gods.

Tully. Roma domus virtutis, imperii dignitatis, domicilium gloriæ, lux orbis terrarum, *de oratore.*

" The first half of the 5 Sc. 3 Act, is nothing but a transcript of the 9 book of lucan between the 300 and the 700 line. Yes

specimen the exactness of Mr. Addison's judgment who wanting sentiments worthy the Roman Cato sought for them in Tully and Lucan. When he wou'd give his subject those terrible graces which Dion. Halicar: complains he could find no where but in Homer, he takes the assistance of our Shakspeare, who in his *Julius Cæsar* has painted the conspirators with a pomp and terrour that perfectly astonishes. hear our British Homer.

> Between the acting of a dreadful thing
> And the first motion, all the Int'rim is
> *Like a phantasma or a hideous dream,*
> The genius and the mortal *Instruments*
> Are then in *council*, and the state of Man
> like to a little Kingdom, suffers then
> The nature of an insurrection.

Mr. Addison has thus imitated it:

> O think what anxious moments pass between
> The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods
> O 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
> Filled up with horror all, & big with death.

I have two things to observe on this imitation. 1. the decorum this exact Mr. of propriety has observed. In the Conspiracy of Shakespear's description, the fortunes of Cæsar and the roman Empire were concerned. And the magnificent circumstances of

> " The genius and the mortal instruments
> " Are then in council."

is exactly proportioned to the dignity of the subject. But this wou'd have been too great an apparatus to the desertion of Syphax and the rape of Sempronius, and therefore Mr. Addison omits it. II. The other thing more worthy our notice is, that Mr. A. was so greatly moved and affected with the pomp of Sh:s description, *that instead o copying his author's sentiments. he has before he was aware given us only the marks of his own impressions on the reading him.* For,

> " O 'tis a dreadful interval of time
> " Filled up with horror all, and big with death."

are but the affections raised by such lively images as these

> " —— all the Int'rim is
> " Like a phantasma or a hideous dream.
> &,
> " The state of man—like to a little kingdom suffers then
> " The nature of an insurrection."

Again when Mr. Addison would paint the softer passions he has recourse to Lee who certainly had a peculiar genius that way. thus his Juba

> " True she is fair. O how divinely fair!"

coldly imitates Lee in his Alex:

> " Then he wou'd talk: Good Gods how he would talk!

I pronounce the more boldly of this, because Mr. A. in his 39 *Spec. expresses* his admiration of it. My paper fails me, or I should

now offer to Mr. Theobald an objection agt. Shakspeare's acquaintance with the ancients. As it appears to me of great weight, and as it is necessary he shou'd be prepared to obviate all that occur on that head. But some other opportunity will present itselfe. You may now, Sr, justly complain of my ill manners in deferring till now, what shou'd have been first of all acknowledged due to you, which is my thanks for all your favours when in town, particularly for introducing me to the knowledge of those worthy and ingenious Gentlemen that made up our last night's conversation. I am, Sir, with all esteem your most obliged friend and humble servant

W. Warburton.

Newarke Jan. 2. 1726

[The superscription is thus:]

For

Mr. M. Concanen at
Mr. Woodwards at the
half moon in ffleetstrete
London.

The foregoing Letter was found about the year 1750, by Dr. Gawin Knight, first librarian to the British Museum, in fitting up a house which he had taken in Crane Court, Fleet Street. The house had, for a long time before, been let in lodgings, and in all probability, Concanen had lodged there. The original letter has been many years in my possession, and is here most exactly copied, with its several little peculiarities in grammar, spelling, and punctuation. April 30, 1766. M. A.

The above is copied from an indorsement of Dr. Mark Akenside as is the preceding letter from a copy given by him to Mr. Steevens. I have carefully retained all the peculiarities above mentioned.

Malone.

Dr. Joseph Warton, in a note on Pope's *Dunciad*, Book II, observes, that at the time when Concanen published a pamphlet entitled, *A Supplement to the Profund*, (1728) he was intimately acquainted with Dr. Warburton. *Steevens.*

KING LEAR.

KING LEAR.

THE story of this tragedy had found its way into many ballads and other metrical pieces; yet Shakspeare seems to have been more indebted to *The True Chronicle History of King Leir and his Three Daughters, Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordella*, 1605, (which I have already published at the end of a collection of the quarto copies) than to all the other performances together. It appears from the books at Stationers' Hall, that some play on this subject was entered by Edward White, May 14, 1594. "A booke entituled, *The moste famous Chronicle Historie of Leire King of England, and his three Daughters.*" A piece with the same title is entered again, May 8, 1605; and again Nov. 26, 1607. From *The Mirror of Magistrates*, 1587, Shakspeare has, however, taken the hint for the behaviour of the Steward, and the reply of Cordelia to her father concerning her future marriage. The episode of Gloster and his sons must have been borrowed from Sidney's *Arcadia*, as I have not found the least trace of it in any other work. I have referred to these pieces, wherever our author seems more immediately to have followed them, in the course of my notes on the play. For the first *King Lear*, see likewise *Six old Plays on which Shakspeare founded*, &c. published for S. Leacroft, Charing-Cross.

The reader will also find the story of *K. Lear* in the second book and 10th canto of Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, and in the 15th chapter of the third book of Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602.

The whole of this play, however, could not have been written till after 1603. Harsnet's pamphlet to which it contains so many references, (as will appear in the notes) was not published till that year.

Steevens.

Camden, in his *Remains*, (p. 306, ed. 1674,) tells a similar story to this of *Leir* or *Lear*, of Ina king of the West Saxons; which, if the thing ever happened, probably was the real origin of the fable. See under the head of *Wise Speeches*. *Percy.*

The story told by Camden in his *Remaines*, 4to. 1605, is this:

"Ina, king of West Saxons, had three daughters, of whom upon a time he demanded whether they did love him, and so would do during their lives, above all others: the two elder sware deeply they would; the youngest, but the wisest, told her father flatly, without flattery, that albeit she did love, honour, and reverence him, and so would whilst she lived, as much as nature and daughterly dutie at the uttermost could expect, *yet she did think that one day it would come to passe that she should affect another more fervently, meaning her husband, when she were married;* who being made one flesh with her, as God by commandment had told, and nature had taught her, she was to cleave fast to, forsaking father and mother, kiffe and kinne. [Anonymous.] One referreth this to the daughters of king Leir."

It is, I think, more probable that Shakspeare had this passage in his thoughts, when he wrote Cordelia's reply concerning her future marriage, than *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, as Camden's book was published recently before he appears to have composed this play, and that portion of it which is entitled *Wise Speeches*, where the foregoing passage is found, furnished him with a hint in *Coriolanus*.

KING LEAR.

The story of King Leir and his three daughters was originally told by Geoffrey of Monmouth, from whom Holinshed transcribed it; and in his Chronicle Shakspeare had certainly read it, as it occurs not far from that of *Cymbeline;* though the old play on the same subject probably *first* suggested to him the idea of making it the ground-work of a tragedy.

Geoffrey of Monmouth says, that Leir, who was the eldest son of Bladud, "nobly governed his country for sixty years." According to that historian, he died about 800 years before the birth of Christ.

The name of Leir's youngest daughter, which in Geoffrey's history, in Holinshed, *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, and the old anonymous play, is *Cordeilla, Cordila,* or *Corn.ella,* Shakspeare found softened into *Cordelia* by Spenser in his Second Book, Canto X. The names of Edgar and Edmund were probably suggested by Holinshed. See his *Chronicle,* Vol. I, p. 122: "*Edgar* the son of *Edmund,* brother of Athelstane," &c

This tragedy, I believe, was written in 1605.

As the episode of Gloster and his sons is undoubtedly formed on the story of the blind king of Paphlagonia in Sidney's *Arcadia,* I shall subjoin it, at the end of the play. *Malone.*

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Lear, *king of* Britain.
King of France.
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Cornwall.
Duke of Albany.
Earl of Kent.
Earl of Gloster.
Edgar, *son to* Gloster.
Edmund, *bastard son to* Gloster.
Curan, *a courtier.*
Old man, tenant to Gloster.
Physician.
Fool.
Oswald, *steward to* Goneril.
An officer, employed by Edmund.
Gentleman, attendant on Cordelia.
A herald.
Servants to Cornwall.

Goneril,
Regan,
Cordelia,
} *daughters to* Lear.

Knights attending on the king, officers, messengers, soldiers, and attendants.

SCENE, Britain.

KING LEAR.

ACT I.....SCENE I.

A Room of State in King Lear's *Palace.*

Enter KENT, GLOSTER, *and* EDMUND.

Kent. I thought, the king had more affected the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

Glo. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom,[1] it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities[2] are so weighed, that curiosity in neither[3] can make choice of either's moiety.[4]

[1] —— *in the division of the kingdom,*] There is something of obscurity or inaccuracy in this preparatory scene. The king has already divided his kingdom, and yet when he enters he examines his daughters, to discover in what proportion he should divide it. Perhaps Kent and Gloster only were privy to his design, which he still kept in his own hands, to be changed or performed as subsequent reasons should determine him. *Johnson.*

[2] —— *equalities* —] So, the first quartos; the folio reads—*qualities. Johnson.*

Either may serve; but of the former I find an instance in the *Flower of Friendship,* 1568: After this match made, and *equalities* considered," &c. *Steevens.*

[3] —— *that* curiosity *in neither* —] *Curiosity,* for exactest scrutiny. The sense of the whole sentence is, The qualities and properties of the several divisions are so weighed and balanced against one another, that the exactest scrutiny could not determine in preferring one share to the other. *Warburton.*

Curiosity is scrupulousness, or captiousness. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew,* Act IV. sc. iv:

" For *curious* I cannot be with you." *Steevens.*

See *Timon of Athens.* Act IV, sc. iii; and my note on the fourth line of *Edmund's* speech in sc. ii, of this tragedy. *Malone.*

[4] —— *of either's* moiety.] The strict sense of the word *moiety* is *half, one of two equal parts;* but Shakspeare commonly uses it for *any part* or *division:*

" Methinks my *moiety* north from Burton here,
" In quantity equals not one of yours:"

and here the *division* was into *three* parts. *Steevens.*

Heywood likewise uses the word *moiety* as synonymous to *any part*

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glo. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blushed to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could: whereupon she grew round-wombed; and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.[5]

Glo. But I have, sir, a son by order of law, some year elder than this,[6] who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came somewhat saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again:—The king is coming. [*Trumpets sound within.*

Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, *and Attendants.*

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

Glo. I shall, my liege. [*Exeunt* GLO. *and* EDM.

or *portion.* "I would unwillingly part with the greatest *moiety* of my own means and fortunes." *History of Women*, 1624. See Vol. VIII, p. 258, n. 1. *Malone*

[5] —— *being so* proper.] i. e. handsome. See Vol. IV, p. 322, n. 1. *Malone.*

[6] —— some year *elder than this.*] *Some year*, is an expression used when we speak *indefinitely*. *Steevens*

I do not agree with Mr. Steevens that *some year* is an expression used when we speak indefinitely. I believe it means *about a year*; and accordingly Edmund says, in the 154th page—

"For that I am *some twelve or fourteen* moonshines

"Lag of a brother." *M. Mason.*

Lear. Mean-time we shall express our darker purpose.[7]
Give me the map there.[8]—Know, that we have divided,
In three, our kingdom: and 'tis our fast intent[9]
To shake all cares and business from our age;[1]
Conferring them on younger strengths,[2] while we[3]
Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall,
And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will[4] to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,
Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughters,
(Since now[5] we will devest us, both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state,)

[7] —— *express our* darker *purpose.*] *Darker,* for more secret; not for indirect, oblique. *Warburton.*

This word may admit a further explication. *We shall express our darker purpose:* that is, we have already made known in some measure our desire of parting the kingdom; we will now discover what has not been told before, the reasons by which we shall regulate the partition. This interpretation will justify or palliate the exordial dialogue. *Johnson.*

[8] Give me *the map there.*] So the folio. The quartos, leaving the verse defective, read—*The map there. Steevens.*

[9] —— *and 'tis our* fast *intent* —] *Fast* is the reading of the first folio, and, I think, the true reading. *Johnson.*

Our *fast intent* is our determined resolution. The quartos have—our *first* intent. *Malone.*

[1] ——*from our age;*] The quartos read—*of our state. Steevens.*

[2] Conferring *them on younger* strengths,] is the reading of the folio; the quartos read, *Confirming* them on younger *years. Steevens.*

[3] —— *while we* &c.] From *while we,* down to *prevented now,* is omitted in the quartos. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *constant will* —] Seems a confirmation of *fast* intent. *Johnson.*

Constant is *firm, determined. Constant will* is the *certa voluntas* of Virgil. The same epithet is used with the same meaning in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" ——— else nothing in the world
" Could turn so much the constitution
" Of any *constant* man." *Steevens.*

[5] *Since now* &c.] These two lines are omitted in the quartos. *Steevens.*

Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where merit doth most challenge it.[6]—Goneril,
Our eldest-born, speak first.
Gon. Sir, I
Do love you more than words can wield the matter,
Dearer than eye-sight, space and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No less than life,[7] with grace, health, beauty, honour:
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found.
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;
Beyond all manner of so much[8] I love you.
Cor. What shall Cordelia do?[9] Love, and be silent.
[*Aside.*
Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,

[6] *Where merit doth most challenge it.*] The folio reads:
" *Where* nature *doth* with *merit challenge:*
i. e. where the claim of *merit* is superadded to that of *nature;* or where a superior degree of *natural filial affection* is joined to the claim of other *merits*. *Steevens.*

[7] Gon. *Sir, I*
Do love you more than words can wield the matter, ——
No less than life,] So, in Holinshed: " — he first asked Gonerilla the eldest, how well she loved him; who calling hir gods to record, protested that *she loved him more than her own life*, which by right and reason should be most deere unto hir. With which answer the father being well pleased, turned to the second, and demanded of hir how well she loved him; who answered (confirming hir saieings with great othes,) that she loved him more than toong could expresse, and farre above all other creatures of the world.
" Then called he his youngest daughter Cordeilla before him, and asked hir, what account she made of him; unto whom she made this answer as followeth: Knowing the great love and fatherlie zeale that you have alwaies born towards me, (for the which I maie not answere you otherwise than I thinke and as my conscience leadeth me,) I protest unto you that I have loved you ever, and will continuallie (while I live) love you as my natural father. And if you would more understand of the love I bear you, ascertain your selfe, that so much as you have, so much you are worth, and so much I love you, and no more." *Malone.*

[8] *Beyond all manner of so much* —] Beyond all assignable quantity. I love you beyond limits, and cannot say it is *so much*, for how much soever I should name, it would be yet more. *Johnson.*
Thus Rowe, in his *Fair Penitent*, sc. i:
" —— I can only
" Swear you reign here, *but never tell how much.*" *Steevens.*

[9] —— *do?*] So the quarto; the folio has *speak*. *Johnson.*

With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,
With plenteous rivers[1] and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady: To thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.[2]
Reg. I am made[3] of that self metal as my sister,
And prize me[4] at her worth. In my true heart
I find, she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short,—that I profess[5]
Myself an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious square of sense possesses;[6]

[1] —— *and with champains* rich'd,
With plenteous rivers —] These words are omitted in the quartos. To *rich* is an obsolete verb. *Steevens.*
Rich'd is used for *enriched*, as *'tice* for *entice*, *'bate* for *abate, strain* for *constrain*, &c. *M. Mason.*

[2] —— *Speak.*] Thus the quartos. This word is not in the folio. *Malone.*

[3] *I am made* &c.] Thus the folio. The quarto reads, *Sir*, I am made of *the self same* metal *that my sister is*. *Steevens.*

[4] *And prize me at her worth.* &c.] I believe this passage should rather be pointed thus:
And prize me at her worth, in my true heart
I find, she names &c.
That is, *And* so may you *prize me at her worth*, as *in my true heart I find*, that *she names*, &c. *Tyrwhitt.*
I believe we should read:
And prize you *at her worth.*
That is, set the same high value upon you that she does. *M. Mason.*
Prize me at her worth, perhaps means, *I think myself as worthy of your favour as she is*. *Henley.*

[5] *Only she comes too short,*—that *I profess* &c.] *That* seems to stand without relation, but is referred to *find*, the first conjunction being inaccurately suppressed. I find *that* she names my deed, I *find* that I profess, &c. *Johnson.*
The true meaning is this:—"My sister has equally expressed my sentiments, only she comes short of me in this, that I profess myself an enemy to all joys but you."—*That I profess*, means, *in that I profess*. *M. Mason.*
In that, i. e. *inasmuch as*, I profess myself, &c. Thus the folio. The quartos read:
"Only she *came short*, that I profess," &c. *Malone.*

[6] *Which the most precious* square *of sense possesses;*] Perhaps *square* means only *compass, comprehension*. *Johnson.*
So, in a *Paræneis to the Prince*, by Lord Sterline, 1604:
"The *square* of reason, and the mind's clear eye."

And find, I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.
Cor. Then poor Cordelia! [*Aside.*
And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love 's
More richer than my tongue.[7]
Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity,[8] and pleasure,
Than that confirm'd[9] on Goneril.—Now, our joy,[1]
Although the last, not least;[2] to whose young love

Golding, in his version of the 6th Book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, translates—

"—— quotiesque rogabat
"*Ex justo* —"
"As oft as he demanded *out of square*."

i. e. what was unreasonable. *Steevens.*

I believe that Shakspeare uses *square* for the full complement of all the senses. *Edwards.*

[7] *More* richer *than* my *tongue.*] The quartos thus: the folio—more *ponderous. Steevens.*

We should read—*their tongue*, meaning her sisters. *Warburton.*

I think the present reading right. *Johnson.*

[8] *No less in space, validity,*] *Validity*, for worth, value; not for integrity, or good title. *Warburton.*

So, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607: "The countenance of your friend is of less value than his councel, yet both of very small *validity*." *Steevens.*

[9] —— *confirm'd* —] The folio reads, *conferr'd. Steevens.*

Why was not this reading adhered to? It is equally good sense and better English. We confer *on* a person, but we confirm *to* him.
M. Mason.

[1] —— *Now, our joy,* &c.] Here the true reading is picked out of two copies. Butter's quarto reads:

"—— *But* now our joy,
"Although the last, not least in our dear love,
"What can you say to win a third," &c.

The folio:

"—— Now our joy,
"Although our last, *and* least; to whose young love
"The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
"Strive to be int'ress'd. *What can you say.*" &c. *Johnson.*

[2] *Although the last, not least;* &c.] So, in the old anonymous play, King Leir speaking to Mumford:

"—— to thee last of all;
"Not greeted last, 'cause thy desert was small." *Steevens.*

Again, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, written before 1593:

"The *third* and *last, not least*, in our account." *Malone.*

The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
Strive to be interess'd;[3] what can you say, to draw[4]
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.
Cor. Nothing, my lord.
Lear. Nothing?
Cor. Nothing.[5]
Lear. Nothing can come of nothing: speak again.
Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty
According to my bond; nor more, nor less.
Lear. How, how, Cordelia?[6] mend your speech a little,
Lest it may mar your fortunes.
Cor. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care, and duty:
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.[7]
Lear. But goes this with thy heart?[8]

[3] *Strive to be* interess'd;] To *interest* and to *intercsse,* are not, perhaps, different spellings of the same verb, but are two distinct words though of the same import; the one being derived from the Latin, the other from the French *interesser*. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *to draw* —] The quarto reads—what can you say, *to win.* *Steevens.*

[5] Lear. *Nothing?*
Cor. *Nothing.*] These two speeches are wanting in the quartos. *Steevens.*

[6] How, how, *Cordelia?*] Thus the folio. The quartos read—*Go to, go to.* *Steevens.*

[7] *To love my father all.*] These words are restored from the first edition, without which the sense was not complete. *Pope.*

[8] *But goes this with thy heart?*] Thus the quartos, and thus I have no doubt Shakspeare wrote, this kind of inversion occurring often in his plays, and in the contemporary writers. So, in *King Henry VIII:*

"—— and make your house our Tower."

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

"—— That many may be meant
"By the fool multitude."

See Vol. IV, p. 358, n. 7.

The editor of the folio, not understanding this kind of

Cor. Ay; good my lord.
Lear. So young, and so untender?[9]
Cor. So young, my lord, and true.
Lear. Let it be so,—Thy truth then be thy dower:
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun;
The mysteries of Hecate,[1] and the night;
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this,[2] for ever. The barbarous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation[3] messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou my sometime daughter.
Kent. Good my liege,—
Lear. Peace, Kent!
Come not between the dragon and his wrath:
I lov'd her most,[4] and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight!—
[*To* CORDELIA.[5]

substituted the more common form—But goes *thy heart with this?* as in the next line he reads, Ay, *my good* lord, instead of—Ay, *good my lord*, the reading of the quartos, and the constant language of Shakspeare. *Malone.*

[9] *So young, and so untender?*] So, in Shakspeare's *Venus and Adonis*: "An me, quoth Venus, *young, and so unkind?*" *Malone.*

[1] *The* mysteries *of Hecate,*] The quartos have *mistress*, the folio—*miseries*. The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio, who likewise substituted *operations* in the next line for *operation*, the reading of the original copies. *Malone.*

[2] *Hold thee from this,*] i. e. from this time. *Steevens.*

[3] —— *generation* —] i. e. his children. *Malone.*

[4] *I lov'd her most,*] So, in Holinshed: "— which daughters he greatly loved, but especially Cordeilla, the youngest, farre above the two elder." *Malone.*

[5] [*To Cordelia.*] As Mr. Heath supposes, *to Kent*. For in the next words Lear sends for France and Burgundy to offer Cordelia without a dowry. *Steevens.*

Mr. M. Mason observes, that Kent did not yet deserve such treatment from the King, as the only words he had uttered were "Good my liege." *Reed.*

Surely such quick transitions or inconsistencies, which ever they are called, are perfectly suited to Lear's character. I have no doubt that

So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her!—Call France;—Who stirs?
Call Burgundy.—Cornwall, and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest this third:
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty. Ourself, by monthly course,
With reservation of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns. Only we still retain[6]
The name, and all the additions to a king;[7]
The sway,
Revenue, execution of the rest,[8]
Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm,
This coronet part between you. [*Giving the Crown.*
Kent. Royal Lear
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,[9] —
Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.
Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly
When Lear is mad. What would'st thou do, old man?
Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak,[1]

the direction now given is right. Kent has hitherto said nothing that could extort even from the choleric king so harsh a sentence, having only interposed in the mildest manner. Afterwards indeed, when he remonstrates with more freedom, and calls Lear a madman, the king exclaims—"Out of my sight!" *Malone.*

6 —— *Only we* still *retain* —] Thus the quarto. Folio: we *shall* retain. *Malone.*

7 —— *all the* additions *to a king;*] All the titles belonging to a king. See Vol. XII, p. 85. n. 5. *Malone.*

8 —— *execution of the rest,*] The *execution of the rest* is, I suppose, *all the other business. Johnson.*

9 *As my great patron thought on in my prayers,*] An allusion to the custom of clergymen praying for their patrons, in what is commonly called the bidding prayer. *Henley.*

See also note to the epilogue to *King Henry IV,* Part II, Vol. IX, p. 193, n. 1. *Reed.*

1 *Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak,* &c.] I have given this passage according to the old folio, from which the modern edi[illegible] tions have silently departed, for the sake of better numbers, [illegible]

When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour's bound,
When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom;
And, in thy best consideration, check
This hideous rashness: answer my life my judgment,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound
Reverbs[2] no hollowness.

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies;[3] nor fear to lose it,

degree of insincerity, which, if not sometimes detected and censured, must impair the credit of ancient books. One of the editors, and perhaps only one, knew how much mischief may be done by such clandestine alterations. The quarto agrees with the folio, except that for *reserve thy state*, it gives *reverse thy doom*, and has *stoops*, instead of *falls to folly*. The meaning of *answer my life my judgment*, is, *Let me, life be answerable for my judgment*, or *I will stake my life on my opinion*. The reading which, without any right, has possessed all the modern copies, is this:

——*to plainness honour*
Is bound, when majesty to folly falls.
Reserve thy state; with better judgment check
This hideous rashness; with my life I answer
Thy youngest daughter, &c.

I am inclined to think that *reverse thy doom* was Shakspeare's first reading, as more apposite to the present occasion, and that he changed it afterwards to *reserve thy state*, which conduces more to the progress of the action. *Johnson.*

I have followed the quartos. *Reserve* was formerly used for *preserve*. So, in our poet's 52d Sonnet:

"*Reserve* them for my love, not for their rhymes."

[2] *Reverbs* —] This is perhaps a word of the poet's own making; meaning the same as *reverberates*. *Steevens.*

[3] ——— *a pawn*
To wage against *thine enemies;*] i. e. I never regarded my life, as my own, but merely as a thing of which I had the possession, not the property; and which was entrusted to me as a *pawn* or pledge, to be employed in *waging* war against your enemies.

To *wage against* is an expression used in a Letter from Guil. Webbe to Robt. Wilmot, prefixed to *Tancred and Gismund*, 1592: "— you shall not be able to *wage against* me in the charges growing upon this action." *Steevens.*

My life &c.] That is, I never considered my life as of more value than that of the commonest of your subjects. A *pawn* in chess, is a *common man*, in contradistinction to the *knight*; and Shakspeare has several allusions to this game, particularly in *King John*:

Thy safety being the motive.
Lear. Out of my sight!
Kent. See better, Lear; and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.[4]
Lear. Now, by Apollo,[5] —
Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.
Lear. O, vassal! miscreant!
[*Laying his Hand on his Sword.*
Alb. Corn. Dear sir, forbear.[6]
Kent. Do;
Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;[7]
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I 'll tell thee, thou dost evil.
Lear. Hear me, recreant!
On thine allegiance hear me!—
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,
(Which we durst never yet) and, with strain'd pride,[8]
To come betwixt our sentence and our power;[9]
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear)

"Who painfully with much expedient march,
"Have brought a *counter-check* before your gates."
Again, in *King Henry V.*:
"Therefore take heed how you *impawn* our person." *Henley.*

[4] *The true* blank *of thine eye.*] The *blank* is the *white* or exact mark at which the arrow is shot. *See better*, says Kent, *and keep me always in your view.* *Johnson.*
See Vol VI, p. 150, n. 9. *Malone.*

[5] —— *by* Apollo, —] Bladud, Lear's father, according to Geoffrey of Monmouth, attempting to fly, fell on *the temple of Apollo*, and was killed. This circumstance our author must have noticed, both in Holinshed's *Chronicle* and *The Mirrour for Magistrates.* *Malone.*
Are we to understand from this circumstance, that the *son* swears by *Apollo*, because the *father* broke his neck on the temple of that deity? *Steevens.*

[6] *Dear sir, forbear.*] This speech is omitted in the quartos. *Steevens.*

[7] —— *thy gift;*] The quartos read—*thy doom.* *Steevens.*

[8] —— strain'd *pride,*] The oldest copy reads—*strayed pride;* that is, *pride exorbitant;* pride passing due bounds. *Johnson.*

[9] *To come betwixt our sentence and our* power;] *Power*, for execution of the sentence. *Warburton.*
Rather, as Mr. Edwards observes, *our power to execute that sentence.* *Steevens.*

Our potency made good,[1] take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee, for provision
To shield thee from diseases of the world;[2]
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back

1 (*Which nor our nature nor our place can bear*)
Our potency made *good,*] *As thou hast come with unreasonable pride between the* sentence *which I had passed, and the* power *by which I shall execute it,* take thy reward *in another sentence which shall* make good, *shall establish, shall maintain,* that power.

Mr. Davies thinks, that *our potency made good,* relates only to *our place.* Which our nature cannot bear, nor our *place,* without departure from the *potency* of that place. This is easy and clear.—Lear, who is characterized as hot, heady, and violent, is, with very just observation of life made to entangle himself with vows, upon any sudden provocation to vow revenge, and then to plead the obligation of a vow in defence of implacability. *Johnson.*

In my opinion, *made,* the reading of all the editions, but one of the quartos. (which reads *make good*) is right. Lear had just delegated his power to Albany and Cornwall, contenting himself with only the name and all the additions of a king. He could, therefore have *no power* to inflict on Kent the punishment which he thought he deserved. *Our potency made good* seems to me only this: *They to whom I have yielded my power and authority, yielding me the ability to dispense it in this instance take thy reward. Steevens.*

The meaning, I think, is,—As a proof that I am not a mere threatner, that I have power as well as will to punish, take the due reward of thy demerits; hear thy sentence. The words *our potency made good* are in the absolute case.

In *Othello* we have again nearly the same language:

" My *spirit* and my *place* have in them *power*
" To make this bitter to thee." *Malone.*

2 *To shield thee from* diseases *of the world;*] Thus the quartos. The folio has *disasters.* The alteration, I believe, was made by the editor, in consequence of his not knowing the meaning of the original word. *Diseases* in old language meant the slighter inconveniencies, troubles, or distresses of the world. So, in *King Henry VI,* P. I, Vol. X, p. 55, n. 2:

" And in that ease I 'll tell thee my *disease.*"

Again, in *A Woman kill'd with Kindness,* by T. Heywood, 1617:

" Fie, fie, that for my private businesse
" I should *disease* a friend, and be a trouble
" To the whole house."

The provision that Kent could make in five days, might in some measure guard him against the *diseases* of the world, but could not shield him from its *disasters. Malone.*

Which word be retained is, in my opinion, quite immaterial. Such recollection as an interval of five days will afford to a considerate person, may surely enable him in some degree to provide against the *disasters,* (i. e. the calamities) *of the* world. *Steevens.*

Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following,
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death: Away! By Jupiter,[3]
This shall not be revok'd.

Kent. Fare thee well, king: since thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence,[4] and banishment is here.—
The gods to their dear shelter[5] take thee, maid, [*To* Cor.
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said![6]—
And your large speeches may your deeds approve,
[*To* Reg. *and* Gon.
That good effects may spring from words of love.—
Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;
He 'll shape his old course[7] in a country new. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Gloster; *with* France, Burgundy, *and Attendants.*

Glo. Here 's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

Lear. My lord of Burgundy,
We first address towards you, who with this king
Hath rivall'd for our daughter; What, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?[8]

Bur. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.

[3] —— *By Jupiter,*] Shakspeare makes his Lear too much a mythologist: he had Hecate and Apollo before. *Johnson.*

[4] Freedom *lives hence,*] So the folio: the quartos concur in reading—*Friendship* lives hence. *Steevens.*

[5] —— *dear shelter* —] The quartos read—*protection. Steevens.*

[6] *That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!*] Thus the folio. The quartos read:

"That *rightly* thinks, and hast most *justly* said. *Malone.*

[7] *He 'll shape his old course* —] He will follow his old maxims; he will continue to act upon the same principles. *Johnson.*

—————— adieu;

He 'll shape his *old* course *in a country* new.] There is an odd coincidence between this passage, and another in *The Battell of Alcazar*, &c. 1594:

"—————— *adue;*

"For here Tom Stukley *shapes his course anue.*" *Steevens.*

[8] —— quest *of love?*] *Quest of love* is *amorous expedition.* The term originated from Romance. A quest was the expedition in which a knight was engaged. This phrase is often to be met with in *The Fairy Queen. Steevens.*

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;[9]
But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there she stands;
If aught within that little, seeming[1] substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She 's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Sir,
Will you, with those infirmities she owes,[2]
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon me, royal sir;
Election makes not up on such conditions.[3]

[9] —— *we did hold her* so;] We esteemed her worthy of that dowry, which, as you say, we promised to give her. *Malone.*

[1] —— *seeming* —] is *beautiful. Johnson.*

Seeming rather means *specious.* So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor:* " —pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so *seeming* mistress Page."

Again, in *Measure for Measure:*

" —— hence shall we see,
" If power change purpose, what our *seemers* be." *Steevens.*

[2] —— *owes,*] i. e. is possessed of. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream:*

" All the power this charm doth *owe.*" *Steevens.*

[3] *Election makes* not up *on such conditions.*] To *make up* signifies to complete, to conclude; as, *they made up the bargain;* but in this sense it has, I think, always the subject noun after it. To *make up,* in familiar language, is neutrally, *to come forward,* to *make advances,* which, I think, is meant here. *Johnson.*

I should read the line thus:—

Elcction makes not, *upon* such conditions. *M. Mason.*

Election makes not up, I conceive, means, *Election comes not to a decision;* in the same sense as when we say, " I have *made up* my mind on that subject."

In *Cymbeline* this phrase is used, as here, for *finished, completed:*

" —— Being scarce *made up,*
" I mean, to man,"—&c.

Again, in *Timon of Athens:*

" —— remain assur'd,
" That he 's a *made up* villain."

In all these places the allusion is to a piece of work completed by a tradesman.

The passages just cited show that the text is right, and that our poet did not write, as some have proposed to read:

Election makes not, upon *such conditions. Malone.*

Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that made me,
I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king,
[*To* FRANCE.
I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you
To avert your liking a more worthier way,
Than on a wretch whom nature is asham'd
Almost to acknowledge hers.
France. This is most strange!
That she, that even but now was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
Most best, most dearest,[4] should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour! Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it,[5] or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall into taint:[6] which to believe of her,

[4] Most *best*, most *dearest*;] Thus the quartos. The folios read—
The *best*, the *dearest* ———. *Steevens.*
We have just had *more worthier*, and in a preceding passage *more richer*. The same phraseology is found often in these plays and in the contemporary writings. *Malone.*

[5] —— such *unnatural degree*,
That *monsters it*,] This was the phraseology of Shakspeare's age. So, in *Coriolanus:*
" But with *such* words *that* are but rooted in
" Your tongue."
Again, *ibidem:*
" —— No, not with *such* friends,
" *That* thought them sure of you."
Three of the modern editors, however, in the passage before us, have substituted *As* for *That*. *Malone.*
That monsters *it*,] This uncommon verb occurs again in *Coriolanus*, Act II, sc. ii:
" To hear my nothings *monster'd*." *Steevens.*

[6] —— *or your fore*-vouch'd affection
Fall into taint:] The common books read:
—— or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall'n into taint: ——
This line has no clear or strong sense, nor is this reading authorised by any copy, though it has crept into all the late editions. The early quarto reads:
—— or *you, for* vouch'd *affections*,
Fall'n into taint.
The folio:

Must be a faith, that reason without miracle
Could never plant in me.
Cor. I yet beseech your majesty,
(If for I want[7] that glib and oily art,

—— or *your fore*-vouch'd *affection*
Fall into taint.

Taint is used for *corruption* and for *disgrace*. If therefore we take the oldest reading it may be reformed thus:

—— *sure her offence*
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it; or you for vouch'd affection
Fall into taint.

Her offence must be prodigious, or *you* must *fall into reproach* for having *vouched affection* which you did not feel. If the reading of the folio be preferred, we may, with a very slight change, produce the same sense:

—— *sure her offence*
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Falls into taint.

That is, *falls into reproach* or *censure*. But there is another possible sense. *Or* signifies *before*, and *or ever* is *before ever*; the meaning in the folio may therefore be, *Sure her crime must be monstrous*, before *your affection can be affected with hatred*. Let the reader determine.—As I am not much a friend to conjectural emendation, I should prefer the latter sense, which requires no change of reading. *Johnson.*

The meaning of the passage as I have printed it [*fall'n* into taint] is, I think, Either her offence *must be* monstrous, or, if she has not committed any such offence, the affection which you always professed to have for her *must be tainted* and *decayed*, and is now without reason alienated from her.

I once thought the reading of the quartos right—or *you, for* vouch'd affections, &c. i. e. on account of the extravagant professions made by her sisters: but I did not recollect that France had not heard these. However, Shakspeare might himself have forgot this circumstance. The plural *affections* favours this interpretation.

The interpretation already given, appears to me to be supported by our author's words in another place:

"When *love* begins to sicken and *decay*," &c. *Malone.*

The present reading which is that of the folio, is right; and the sense will be clear, without even the slight amendment proposed by Johnson, to every reader who shall consider the word *must*, as referring to *fall* as well as to *be*. Her offence *must* be monstrous, or the former affection which you professed for her, must *fall* into taint; that is, become the subject of reproach. *M. Mason.*

Taint is a term belonging to falconry. So, in *The Booke of Haukyng*, &c. bl. l. no date: "A *taint* is a thing that goeth overthwart the fethers, &c. like as it were eaten with wormes." *Steevens.*

[7] *If* for *I want* &c.] If this be my offence, that I want the glib and oily art, &c. *Malone.*

To speak and purpose not; since what I well intend,
I 'll do 't before I speak,) that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour:
But even for want of that, for which I am richer;
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it,
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Hadst not been born, than not to have pleas'd me better.

France. Is it but this?[8] a tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke,
That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love is not love,
When it is mingled with respects,[9] that stand
Aloof from the entire point.[1] Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.[2]

Bur. Royal Lear,[3]
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry then, you have so lost a father,
That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!
Since that respects of fortune are his love,

For has the power of—*because*. Thus, in p. 154:

" *For* that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines
" Lag of a brother." *Steevens.*

[8] *Is it but this?* &c.] Thus the folio. The quartos, disregarding metre—

Is it no more *but this?* &c. *Steevens.*

[9] ——*with* respects,] i. e. with cautious and prudential considerations. See Vol. XII, p. 66, n. 3.

Thus the quartos. The folio has—*regards*. *Malone.*

[1] ——*from the entire point.*] Single, unmixed with other considerations. *Johnson.*

Dr. Johnson is right. The meaning of the passage is, that his love wants something to mark its sincerity:

" Who seeks for aught in love but love alone." *Steevens.*

[2] *She is herself* a dowry.] The quartos read:

She is herself and dower. *Steevens.*

[3] *Royal Lear,*] So the quarto; the folio has—*Royal king*. *Steevens.*

I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being poor;
Most choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, despis'd!
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:
Be it lawful, I take up what 's cast away.
Gods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st neglect
My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.—
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
Not all the dukes of wat'rish Burgundy
Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.—
Bid them farewel, Cordelia, though unkind:
Thou losest here,[4] a better where to find.

Lear. Thou hast her, France: let her be thine; for we
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again:—Therefore be gone,
Without our grace, our love, our benizon.—
Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish. Exeunt* LEAR, BUR. CORN. ALB. GLO. *and Attendants.*

France. Bid farewel to your sisters.

Cor. The jewels[5] of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;
And, like a sister, am most loth to call
Your faults, as they are nam'd. Use well our father:[6]
To your professed bosoms[7] I commit him:
But yet, alas! stood I within his grace,

[4] *Thou losest here,*] *Here* and *where* have the power of nouns. Thou losest this residence to find a better residence in another place. *Johnson.*

So, in Churchyard's *Farewel to the World*, 1592:

"That growes no here, takes roote in other *where*."

See Vol. VI, p. 341, n. 9. *Steevens.*

[5] The *jewels* —] As this reading affords sense, though an awkward one, it may stand: and yet *The* instead of *The*, a change adopted by former editors, may be justified; it being frequently impossible, in ancient MSS. to distinguish the one word from the customary abbreviation of the other. *Steevens.*

[6] —— Use *well our father:*] So the quartos. The folio reads—*Love* well *Malone.*

[7] —— professed *bosoms* —] All the ancient editions read—*professed.* Mr. Pope—*professing;* but, perhaps, unnecessarily, as Shakspeare often uses one participle for the other;—*longing* for *longed* in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and *all obeying* for *all-obeyed* in *Antony and Cleopatra. Steevens.*

I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewel to you both.

Gon. Prescribe not us our duties.[8]

Reg. Let your study
Be, to content your lord; who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms.[9] You have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.[1]

Cor. Time shall unfold what plaited cunning[2] hides;
Who cover faults,[3] at last shame them derides.

[8] Prescribe *not us our duties.*] *Prescribe* was used formerly without *to* subjoined. So, in Massinger's *Picture:*

" ——— Shall I *prescribe you,*
" Or blame your fondness." *Malone.*

[9] *At* fortune's alms.] The same expression occurs again in *Othello:*

" And shoot myself up in some other course,
" To *fortune's alms.*" *Steevens.*

[1] *And well are worth the want that you have wanted.*] You are well deserving of the want of dower that you are without. So, in *The Third Part of King Henry VI,* Act. IV, sc. i: " Though I *want* a kingdom," i. e. though I am without a kingdom. Again, in Stowe's *Chronicle,* p. 137: " Anselm was expelled the realm, and *wanted* the whole profits of his bishoprick," i. e. he did not receive the profits, &c. *Tollet.*

Thus the folio In the quartos the transcriber or compositor inadvertently repeated the word *worth.* They read:

" And well are worth the *worth* that you have wanted."

This, however, may be explained by understanding the second *worth* in the sense of *wealth.* *Malone.*

[2] ——— plaited *cunning* —] i. e. *complicated, involved* cunning. *Johnson.*

I once thought that the author wrote *plated:*—cunning *superinduced,* thinly spread over. So, in this play:

" ——— *Plate* sin with gold,
" And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks."

But the word *unfold,* and the following lines in our author's *Rape of Lucrece,* show, that *plaited,* or (as the quartos have it) *pleated,* is the true reading:

" For that he colour'd with his high estate,
" Hiding base sin in *pleats* of majesty." *Malone.*

[3] *Who cover faults,* &c.] The quartos read:

Who covers *faults, at last* shame them *derides.*

The former editors read with the folio:

Who covers *faults at last with shame derides. Steevens.*

Mr. M. Mason believes the folio, with the alteration of a letter, to be the right reading:

Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides,
Who covert *faults at last with shame derides.*

The word *who* referring to *time.*

Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt* FRANCE *and* COR.

Gon. Sister, it is not a little I have to say, of what most nearly appertains to us both. I think, our father will hence to-night.

Reg. That 's most certain, and with you; next month with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is; the observation we have made of it hath not been little: he always loved our sister most; and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off, appears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition,[4] but, therewithal, the unruly waywardness that infirm and cholerick years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, let us hit[5] together: If our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i' the heat.[6] [*Exeunt.*

In the third Act, Lear says:

" ——— Caitiff, shake to pieces,
" That under *covert*, and convenient seeming,
" Hast practis'd on man's life." *Reed.*

In this passage Cordelia is made to allude to a passage in Scripture —*Prov.* xxviii, 13: "He that *covereth* his sins shall not *prosper*: but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them, shall have mercy." *Henley.*

[4] —— *of long-engrafted* condition,] i. e. of *qualities* of mind, confirmed by long habit. So, in *Othello*: "— a woman of so gentle a *condition!*" See also Vol. IX, p. 312, n. 6; p. 361, n. 2; and p. 374, n. 9. *Malone.*

[5] —— *let us* hit —] So the old quarto. The folio, *let us* sit. *Johnson.*

—— *let us* hit —] i. e. let us *agree*. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *i' the heat.*] i. e. We must *strike while the iron 's hot.* So, in Chapman's version of the 12th Book of Homer's *Odyssey*:

" —— and their iron strook
" *At highest heat.*" *Steevens.*

SCENE II.

A Hall in the Earl of Gloster's *Castle.*

Enter EDMUND *with a Letter.*

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess;[7] to thy law
My services are bound: Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom;[8] and permit
The curiosity of nations[9] to deprive me,[1]

[7] *Thou, nature, art my goddess;*] Edmund speaks of *nature* in opposition to *custom*, and not (as Dr. Warburton supposes) to the existence of a *God*. Edmund means only, as he came not into the world as *custom* or *law* had prescribed, so he had nothing to do but to follow *nature* and her laws, which make no difference between legitimacy and illegitimacy, between the eldest and the youngest.

To contradict Dr. Warburton's assertion yet more strongly, Edmund concludes this very speech by an invocation to heaven:

"Now *gods* stand up for bastards!" *Steevens.*

Edmund calls *nature* his goddess, for the same reason that we call a bastard a *natural* son: one, who according to the law of nature, is the child of his father, but according to those of civil society is *nullius filius*. *M. Mason.*

[8] *Stand in the* plague *of custom;*] The word *plague* is in all the old copies: I can scarcely think it right, nor can I yet reconcile myself to *plage*, the emendation proposed by Dr. Warburton, though I have nothing better to offer. *Johnson.*

The meaning is plain, though oddly expressed. Wherefore should I acquiesce, submit tamely to the plagues and injustice of custom?

Shakspeare seems to mean by the *plague of custom*,—Wherefore should I remain in a situation where I shall be plagued and tormented only in consequence of the contempt with which custom regards those who are not the issue of a lawful bed? Dr. Warburton defines *plage* to be *the place, the country, the boundary* of custom; a word, I believe, to be found only in Chaucer. *Steevens.*

[9] *The* curiosity *of nations*—] *Curiosity*, in the time of Shakspeare, was a word that signified *an over-nice scrupulousness* in manners, dress, &c. In this sense it is used in *Timon*: "When thou wast (says Apemantus) in thy gilt and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much *curiosity*." Barrett, in his *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, interprets it, *piked diligence: something too curious, or too much affected*: and again in this play of *King Lear*, Shakspeare seems to use it in the same sense, "which I have rather blamed as my own jealous *curiosity*." *Curiosity* is the old reading, which Mr. Theobald changed into *courtesy*, though the former is used by Beaumont and Fletcher, with the meaning for which I contend.

It is true, that Orlando, in *As you Like it*, says: "The *courtesy* of nations allows you my better;" but Orlando is not there inveighing against the law of primogeniture, but only against the unkind advantage his brother takes of it, and *courtesy* is a word that fully will suit

For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines
Lag of a brother?[2] Why bastard? wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature,[3] take

occasion. Edmund, on the contrary, is turning this law into ridicule; and for such a purpose, the *curiosity of nations*, (i. e. the idle, nice distinctions of the world) is a phrase of contempt much more natural in his mouth, than the softer expression of—*courtesy of nations*. *Steevens.*

Curiosity is used before in the present play, in this sense:—"For *equalities* are so weighed, that *curiosity* in neither can make choice of either's moiety."

Again, in *All 's Well that Ends Well:*

"Frank nature, rather *curious* than in haste,
"Hath well compos'd thee."

In THE ENGLISH DICTIONARY *or Interpreter of hard Words*, by H. Cockeram, 8vo. 1655, *curiosity* is defined—"More diligence than needs." *Malone.*

By "the *curiosity* of nations" Edmund means the *nicety*, the *strictness* of civil institution. So, when Hamlet is about to prove that the dust of Alexander might be employed to stop a bung-hole, Horatio says, "that were to consider the matter too *curiously*. *M. Mason.*

[1] —— *to* deprive *me*,] To *deprive* was, in our author's time, synonymous to *disinherit*. The old dictionary renders *exhæredo* by this word: and Holinshed speaks of *the line of Henry before* deprived.

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. III, ch. xvi:

"To you, if whom ye have *depriv'd* ye shall restore again."

Again, *ibid:*

"The one restored, for his late *depriving* nothing mov'd." *Steevens.*

[2] *Lag of a brother?*] Edmund inveighs against the tyranny of custom, in two instances, with respect to younger brothers, and to bastards. In the former he must not be understood to mean himself, but the argument becomes general by implying more than is said, *Wherefore should I or any man.* *Hanmer.*

[3] *Who, in the lusty stealth of nature*, &c.] How much the following lines are in character, may be seen by that monstrous wish of Vanini, the Italian atheist, in his tract *De admirandis Naturæ*, &c. printed at Paris, 1616, the very year our poet died. "*O utinam extra legitimum et connubialum thorum essem procreatus! Ita enim progenitores mei* in venerem incaluissent ardentius, *ac* cumulatim affatimque generosa semina contulissent, *è quibus ego formæ blanditiam et elegantiam, robustas corporis vires, mentemque innubilem, consequutus fuissem. At quia* conjugatorum sum soboles, his orbatus sum bonis." Had the book been published but ten or twenty years sooner, who would not have believed that Shakspeare alluded to this passage?

More composition and fierce quality,
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and wake?—Well then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,
As to the legitimate: Fine word,—legitimate!
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base,
Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:—
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! And France in choler parted!
And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd his power![4]
Confin'd to exhibition![5] All this done
Upon the gad![6]——Edmund! How now? what news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none.
[*Putting up the Letter.*

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

But the divinity of his genius foretold, as it were, what such an atheist as Vannini would say, when he wrote upon such a subject. *Warburton.*

4 —— subscrib'd *his power!*] To subscribe, is, to transfer by signing or *subscribing* a writing of testimony. We now use the term, He *subscribed* forty pounds to the new building. *Johnson.*

To *subscribe* in Shakspeare is to *yield*, or *surrender*. So, afterwards: "You owe me no *subscription*." Again, in *Troilus and Cressida:*

"For Hector in his blaze of wrath *subscribes*
"To tender objects." *Malone.*

The folio reads—*prescribed*. *Steevens.*

5 —— *exhibition!*] is *allowance*. The term is yet used in the universities. *Johnson.*

So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"What maintenance he from his friends receives,
"Like *exhibition* thou shalt have from me." *Steevens.*

6 —— *All this done*
Upon the gad!] *To* do upon the *gad*, is, to act by the sudden stimulation of caprice, as cattle run madding when they are stung by the gad fly. *Johnson.*

Done upon the gad is done suddenly, or, as before, while the *iron is hot* A *gad* is an *iron bar*. So, in *I'll never leave thee*, a Scottish song, by Allan Ramsay:

"Bid iceshogles hammer red *gads* on the studdy."

The statute of 2 and 3 Eliz. 6, c. 27, is a "Bill against false forg[illegible] of iron *gadds*, instead of *gadds* of steel." *Ritson.*

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No? What needed then that terrible despatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let 's see; Come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your over-looking.

Glo. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let 's see, let 's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.[7]

Glo. [reads] *This policy, and reverence of age,*[8] *makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond*[9] *bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his reve-*

[7] —— taste of *my virtue.*] Though *taste* may stand in this place, yet I believe we should read—*assay* or *test* of my virtue: they are both metallurgical terms, and properly joined. So, in *Hamlet:*

"Bring me to the *test.*" *Johnson.*

Essay and *Taste,* are both terms from royal tables. See note on Act V, sc. iii. Mr. Henley observes, that in the eastern parts of this kingdom the word *say* is still retained in the same sense. So, in Chapman's version of the nineteenth *Iliad:*

"Atrides with his knife took *say,* upon the part before;"—. *Steevens.*

Both the quartos and folio have *essay,* which may have been merely a mis-spelling of the word *assay,* which in Cawdrey's *Alphabetical Table,* 1604, is defined—"a proof or trial." But as *essay* is likewise defined by Bullokar in his *English Expositor,* 1616, "a trial," I have made no change.

To *assay* not only signified to make trial of coin, but to *taste* before another; *prælibo.* In either sense the word might be used here. *Malone.*

[8] *This policy, and reverence of age,*] Butter's quarto has, *this policy of age;* the folio, *this policy* and reverence *of age. Johnson.*

The two quartos published by Butter, concur with the folio in reading *age.* Mr. Pope's duodecimo is the only copy that has *ages. Steevens.*

[9] —— *idle and fond* —] Weak and foolish. *Johnson.*

nue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, Edgar.—Humph—Conspiracy!—*Sleep till I waked him,—you should enjoy half his revenue,*—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? Who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord, there 's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but, I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord: But I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain!—His very opinion in the letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek him! I 'll apprehend him:—Abominable villain!—Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where, if you[1] violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence[2] of danger.

[1] —— where, *if you* —] *Where* was formerly often used in the sense of *whereas*. See Vol. X, p. 211, n. 1. *Malone.*

So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre,* Vol. XVII, Act I, sc. i:

" *Where* now you 're both a father and a son."

See also Act II, sc. iii. *Steevens.*

[2] —— *pretence* —] *Pretence* is design, purpose. So, afterwards in this play:

" *Pretence* and purpose of unkindness. *Johnson.*

So, in *Macbeth:*

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

Edm.[3] Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him,[4] I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom: I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.[5]

"Against the undivulg'd *pretence* I fight
"Of treasonous malice."

But of this, numberless examples can be shown; and I can venture to assert, with some degree of confidence, that Shakspeare never uses the word *pretence*, or *pretend*, in any other sense. *Steevens.*

[3] *Edm.*] From *Nor is*, to *heaven and earth!* are words omitted in the folio. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *wind* me *into him*,] I once thought it should be read, *you* into him; but, perhaps, it is a familiar phrase, like *do* me *this*. *Johnson.*

So, in *Twelfth Night*: "—challenge *me* the duke's youth to fight with him." Instances of this phraseology occur in *The Merchant of Venice*, *King Henry IV*, Part I, and in *Othello*. *Steevens.*

[5] —— *I would* unstate *myself, to be in a due resolution.*] i. e. I will throw aside all consideration of my relation to him, that I may act as justice requires. *Warburton.*

Such is this learned man's explanation. I take the meaning to be rather this, *Do you frame the business*, who can act with less emotion; *I would unstate myself*; it would in me be a departure from the paternal character, *to be in a due resolution*, to be settled and composed on such an occasion. The words *would* and *should* are in old language often confounded. *Johnson.*

The same word occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
"*Unstate* his happiness, and be stag'd to show
"Against a sworder." ——

To *unstate*, in both these instances, seems to have the same meaning. Edgar has been represented as wishing to possess his father's fortune, i. e. to *unstate* him; and therefore his father says he would *unstate* himself to be sufficiently resolved to punish him. *Steevens.*

It seems to me, that *I would unstate myself*, in this passage, means simply *I would give my estate*, (including rank as well as fortune). *Tyrwhitt.*

Both Warburton and Johnson have mistaken the sense of this passage, and their explanations are such as the words cannot possibly imply. Gloster cannot bring himself thoroughly to believe what Ed-

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently; convey the business[6] as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: Though the wisdom of nature[7] can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked between son and father. *This villain[8] of mine comes under the prediction; there 's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there 's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: Machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves!*—Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall

mund told him of Edgar. He says, "Can he be such a monster?" He afterwards desires Edmund to sound his intentions, and then says, he would give all he possessed to be certain of the truth; for that is the meaning of the words *to be in a due resolution.*

Othello uses the word *resolved* in the same sense more than once:

"—— to be once in doubt,

"Is—once to be *resolved.* —"

In both which places, *to be resolved* means, *to be certain* of the fact. *M. Mason.*

Though to *resolve*, in Shakspeare's time, certainly sometimes meant to *satisfy, declare*, or *inform*, I have never found the substantive *resolution* used in that sense; and even had the word ever borne that sense, the author could not have written—to be *in* a due resolution, but must have written, "—*to attain* a due resolution." Whoever wished "to be *in* due information" on any point? *Malone.*

Mr. Malone says, that he has never found the substantive *resolution* used in the sense which I have attributed to it in my explanation of this passage: but in the fifth scene of the third act of Massinger's *Picture*, Sophia says—

"—— I have practis'd

"For my certain *resolution* with these courtiers."

And, in the last Act, she says to Baptista—

"—— what should work on my lord

"To doubt my loyalty? Nay, more, to take

"For the *resolution* of his fears, a course

"That is, by holy writ, denied a Christian." *M. Mason.*

[6] —— convey *the business* —] To *convey* is to *carry through*; in this place it is to *manage artfully*: we say of a juggler, that he has a clean *conveyance*. *Johnson.*

[7] —— *the wisdom of nature* —] That is, though natural philosophy can give account of eclipses, yet we feel their consequences. *Johnson.*

[8] *This villain* —] All from asterisk to asterisk is omitted in the quartos. *Steevens.*

lose thee nothing; do it carefully:—And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty!—Strange! strange! [*Exit.*

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world![9] that,

9 *This is the excellent foppery of the world!* &c] In Shakspeare's best plays, besides the vices that arise from the subject, there is generally some peculiar prevailing folly, principally ridiculed, that runs through the whole piece. Thus, in *The Tempest* the lying disposition of travellers, and, in *As you Like it* the fantastick humour of courtiers, is exposed and satirized with infinite pleasantry. In like manner, in this play of *Lear*, the dotages of judicial astrology are severely ridiculed. I fancy, was the date of its first performance well considered, it would be found that something or other happened at that time which gave a more than ordinary run to this deceit, as these words seem to intimate; *I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.* However this be, an impious cheat, which had so little foundation in nature or reason, so detestable an original, and such fatal consequences on the manners of the people, who were at that time strangely besotted with it, certainly deserved the severest lash of satire. It was a fundamental in this noble science, that whatever seeds of good dispositions the infant unborn might be endowed with either from nature or traductively from its parents, yet if, at the time of its birth, the delivery was by any casualty so accelerated or retarded, as to fall in with the predominancy of a malignant constellation, that momentary influence would entirely change its nature, and bias it to all the contrary ill qualities: so wretched and monstrous an opinion did it set out with. But the Italians, to whom we owe this, as well as most other unnatural crimes and follies of these latter ages, fomented its original impiety to the most detestable height of extravagance. Petrus Aponensis, an Italian physician of the 13th century, assures us that those prayers which are made to God when the moon is in conjunction with Jupiter in the Dragon's tail, are infallibly heard. The great Milton, with a just indignation of this impiety, hath, in his *Paradise Regained*, Book IV, v. 383, satirized it in a very beautiful manner, by putting these reveries into the mouth of the devil. Nor could the licentious Rabelais himself forbear to ridicule this impious dotage, which he does with exquisite address and humour, where, in the fable which he so agreeably tells from Æsop, of the man who applied to Jupiter for the loss of his hatchet, he makes those who, on the poor man's good success, had projected to trick Jupiter by the same petition, a kind of astrologick atheists, who ascribed this good fortune, that they imagined they were now all going to partake of, to the influence of some rare conjunction and configuration of the stars. "Hen, hen, disent ils—Et doncques, telle est au temps present la revolution des Cieulx, la constellation des Astres, & aspect des Planetes, que quiconque coignée perdra, soubdain deviendra ainsi riche!" ——*Nou. Prol. du IV, Livre.*——But to return to Shakspeare. So blasphemous a delusion, therefore, it became the honesty of our poet to expose. But it was a tender point, and required managing. For

when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of our own behaviour) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers,[1] by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: An admirable evasion of whore-master man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under *ursa major*; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous.—Tut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar—

Enter EDGAR.

and pat he comes,[2] like the catastrophe of the old comedy:[3] My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like

this impious juggle had in his time a kind of religious reverence paid to it. It was therefore to be done obliquely; and the circumstances of the scene furnished him with as good an opportunity as he could wish. The persons in the drama are all Pagans, so that as, in compliance to custom, his good characters were not to speak ill of judicial astrology, they could on account of their religion give no reputation to it. But in order to expose it the more, he with great judgment, makes these Pagans fatalists; as appears by these words of Lear:

"By all the operations of the orbs,
"From whom we do exist and cease to be."

For the doctrine of fate is the true foundation of judicial astrology. Having thus discredited it by the very commendations given to it, he was in no danger of having his direct satire against it mistaken, by its being put (as he was obliged, both in paying regard to custom, and in following nature) into the mouth of the villain and atheist, especially when he has added such force of reason to his ridicule, in the words referred to in the beginning of the note. *Warburton.*

[1] —— *and treachers,*] The modern editors read *treacherous;* but the reading of the first copies, which I have restored to the text, may be supported from most of the old contemporary writers. So, in *Doctor Dodypoll*, a comedy, 1600:

"How smooth the cunning *treacher* look'd upon it!"

Chaucer, in his *Romaunt of the Rose*, mentions "the false *treacher*," and Spenser often uses the same word. *Steevens.*

[2] —— *pat he comes,*] The quartos read—
—— and *out* he comes. —— *Steevens.*

[3] —— *he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy:*] I think [illegible] passage was intended to ridicule the very awkward conclusion

Tom o' Bedlam.—O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi.[4]

Edg. How now, brother Edmund? What serious contemplation are you in?

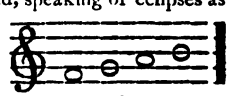
Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you,[5] the effects he writes of, succeed unhappily; *as of[6] unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts,[7] nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

our old comedies, where the persons of the scene make their entry inartificially, and just when the poet wants them on the stage. *Warner.*

[4] —— *O. these eclipses do portend these divisions!* fa, sol, la, mi.] The commentators, not being musicians, have regarded this passage perhaps as unintelligible nonsense, and therefore left it as they found it, without bestowing a single conjecture on its meaning and import. Shakspeare however shews by the context that he was well acquainted with the property of these syllables in solmisation, which imply a series of sounds so unnatural, that ancient musicians prohibited their use. The monkish writers on musick say, *mi contra fa est diabolus:* the interval *fa mi*, including a *tritonus*, or sharp 4th, consisting of three tones without the intervention of a semi-tone, expressed in the modern scale by the letters F G A B, would form a musical phrase extremely disagreeable to the ear. Edmund, speaking of eclipses as portents and prodigies, compares the dislocation of events, the *times being out of joint*, to the unnatural and offensive sounds, *fa sol la mi*. *Dr. Burney.*



The words *fa, sol,* &c. are not in the quarto. The folio, and all the modern editions, read corruptly *me* instead of *mi*. Shakspeare has again introduced the gamut in *The Taming of the Shrew*, Vol. VI, p 80. *Malone.*

[5] *I promise you,*] The folio edition commonly differs from the first quarto, by augmentations, or insertions, but in this place it varies by omission, and by the omission of something which naturally introduces the following dialogue. It is easy to remark, that in this speech, which ought, I think, to be inserted as it now is in the text, Edmund, with the common craft of fortune-tellers, mingles the past and future, and tells of the future only what he already foreknows by confederacy, or can attain by probable conjecture. *Johnson.*

[6] —— *as of*—] All from this asterisk to the next, is omitted in the folio. *Steevens.*

Edg. How long have you[8] been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come; * when saw you my father last?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you on good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word, or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty, forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person[9] it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That 's my fear.[1] *I pray you, have a continent forbearance, till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: Pray you, go; there 's my key:—If you do stir abroad, go armed.

Edg. Armed, brother?*

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best; go armed; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it: Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business.— [*Exit* EDG.

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty

[7] —— *dissipation of* cohorts,] Thus the old copy. Dr. Johnson reads—of *courts*. *Steevens*.

[8] *How long have you* —] This line I have restored from the two eldest quartos, and have regulated the following speech according to the same copies. *Steevens*.

[9] —— *that* with *the mischief of your person* —] This reading is in both copies; yet I believe the author gave it, *that* but *with the mischief* of your person it would scarce allay. *Johnson*.

I do not see any need of alteration. He could not express the violence of his father's displeasure in stronger terms than by saying it was so great that it would scarcely be appeased by the destruction of his son. *Malone*.

[1] *That's my fear.*] All between this and the next asterisk omitted in the quartos. *Steevens*.

That still would manage those authorities,
That he hath given away!—Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd
With checks, as flatteries,—when they are seen abus'd.*[5]
Remember what I have said.

Stew. Very well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you;
What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so:
I would breed[6] from hence occasions, and I shall,

[3] *Not to be over-rul'd.* &c.] This line, and the four following lines, are omitted in the folio. *Malone.*

[4] — *Idle old man,* &c.] The lines from one asterisk to the other as they are fine in themselves. and very much in character for Goneril, I have restored from the old quarto. The last verse, which I have ventured to amend. is there printed thus:

"With checks, like flatt'ries when they are seen abus'd."
Theobald.

[5] *Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd*
With checks as flatteries,—when they are seen abus'd.] The sense seems to be this· *Old men must be treated with checks,* when as *they are seen to be deceived with flatteries:* or, *when they are weak enough to be* seen abused by flatteries they are then weak enough to be *used with checks.* There is a play of the words *used* and *abused.* To *abuse* is, in our author, very frequently the same as to *deceive.* This construction is harsh and ungrammatical; Shakspeare perhaps thought it vicious, and chose to throw away the lines rather than correct them, nor would now thank the officiousness of his editors, who restore what they do not understand. *Johnson.*

The plain meaning, I believe is—old fools must be used with checks, as flatteries must be checked when they are made a bad use of. *Tollet.*

I understand this passage thus *Old fools—must be used with checks,* as well *as flatteries, when they* [i. e. flatteries] *are seen* to be *abused.*
Tyrwhitt.

The objection to Dr. Johnson's interpretation is, that he supplies the word *with* or *by,* which are not found in the text. "— when as they are seen to be deceived *with* flatteries," or, "when they are weak enough to be seen abused *by* flatteries," &c. and in *his* mode of construction the word *with* preceding *checks,* cannot be understood before *flatteries.*

I think Mr. Tyrwhitt's interpretation the true one. *Malone.*

The sentiment of Goneril is obviously this· "When old fools will not yield to the appliances of persuasion, harsh treatment must be employed to compel their submission." When *flatteries are seen to be abused* by them, *checks must be used,* as the only means left to subdue them. *Henley.*

[6] *I would breed* &c.] This line and the first four words of the [illegible] are found in the quartos, but omitted in the folio. *Malone.*

That I may speak:—I 'll write straight to my sister,
To hold my very course:—Prepare for dinner. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Hall in the same.

Enter KENT, *disguised.*

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse,[7] my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I raz'd my likeness.—Now, banish'd Kent,
If thou can'st serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
(So may it come!) thy master, whom thou lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter LEAR, *Knights, and Attendants.*

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go, get it ready. [*Exit an Attendant.*] How now, what art thou?

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What wouldest thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve

[7] *If but as well I other accents borrow,*
That can my speech diffuse.] We must suppose that Kent advances looking on his disguise This circumstance very naturally leads to his speech, which otherwise would have no very apparent introduction. *If I can change my speech as well as I have changed my dress.* To *diffuse* speech, signifies to *disorder* it, and so to *disguise* it; as in *The Merry Wives of Windsor,* Act IV, sc. vii:

"—— rush at once
"With some *diffused* song."——

Again, in the *Nice Valour,* &c by Beaumont and Fletcher, Cupid says to the *Passionate Man,* who appears disordered in his dress:

"—— Go not so *diffusedly.*"

Again, in our author's *King Henry V.*:

"—— swearing and stern looks, *diffus'd* attire."

Again, in a book entitled, *A Green Forest, or a Natural History,* &c. by John Maplet, 1567:—"In this stone is apparently seene verie often the verie forme of a tode, with bespotted and coloured feete, but those uglye and *defusedly*"——To *diffuse speech* may, however, mean to *speak broad* with a clownish accent. *Steevens.*

Diffused certainly meant, in our author's time, wild, irregular, heterogeneous. So, in Greene's *Farewell to Follie,* 1617: "I have seen an English gentleman so *defused* in his suits, his doublet being for the weare of Castile, his hose for Venice, his hat for France, his cloak for Germany, that he seemed no way to be an Englishman but by the face." *Malone.*

him truly, that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise, and says little;[8] to fear judgment; to fight, when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.[9]

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldest thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who wouldest thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call master.

Lear. What 's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message blunt-

[8] —— *to* converse *with him that is wise*, and says *little;* To *converse* signifies immediately and properly to *keep company*, not to *discourse* or *talk*. His meaning is, that he chooses for his companions men of reserve and caution; men who are not tatlers nor tale-bearers. *Johnson.*

We still say in the same sense—he had criminal *conversation* with her—meaning *commerce*.

So, in *King Richard III:*

"His apparent open guilt omitted,

"I mean his *conversation* with Shore's wife." *Malone.*

[9] —— *and to eat no fish.*] In Queen Elizabeth's time the Papists were esteemed, and with good reason, enemies to the government. Hence the proverbial phrase of, *He 's an honest man, and eats no fish;* to signify he 's a friend to the government and a Protestant. The eating fish, on a religious account, being then esteemed such a badge of popery, that when it was enjoined for a season by act of parliament, for the encouragement of the fish-towns, it was thought necessary to declare the reason; hence it was called *Cecil's fast*. To this disgraceful badge of popery Fletcher alludes in his *Woman-hater*, who makes the courtezan say, when Lazarillo, in search of the umbrano's head was seized at her house by the intelligencers for a traytor: "Gentlemen I am glad you have discovered him. He should not have eaten under my roof for twenty pounds. And sure I did not like him, when he *called for fish*." And Marston's *Dutch Courtezan:* "I trust I am none of the wicked that *eat fish a Fridays*." *Warburton.*

ly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing; nor so old, to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me: if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner!—Where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither:

Enter Steward.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Stew. So please you,— [*Exit.*

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back.—Where's my fool, ho?—I think the world's asleep.—How now? where's that mongrel?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me, when I called him?

Knight. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not!

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness[1] appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! sayest thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your highness is wronged.

Lear. Thou but rememberest me of mine own conception; I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity,[2] than as a very pretence[3] and purpose of unkindness: I will

[1] —— *of kindness* —] These words are not in the quartos. *Malone.*

[2] —— *jealous curiosity,*] By this phrase King Lear means, I believe, a *punctilious jealousy*, resulting from a scrupulous watchfulness of his own dignity. *Steevens.*

[3] —— *a very* pretence —] *Pretence* in Shakspeare generally signifies *design*. So, in a foregoing scene in this play. "—to no other *pretence* of danger." Again, in Holinshed, p. 648: "—the *pretensed evill purpose* of the queene." Steevens.

look further into 't.—But where 's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.[4]

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well.—Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her.—Go you, call hither my fool.—

Re-enter Steward.

O, you sir, you sir, come you hither: Who am I, sir?

Stew. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father! my lord's knave: you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

Stew. I am none of this, my lord;[5] I beseech you, pardon me.

Lear. Do you bandy looks[6] with me, you rascal? [*Striking him.*

Stew. I 'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripped neither; you base foot-ball player. [*Tripping up his Heels.*

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I 'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away; I 'll teach you differences; away, away: If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away: go to; Have you wisdom?[7] so. [*Pushes the* Steward *out.*

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there 's earnest of thy service. [*Giving* KENT *Money.*

[4] *Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.*] This is an endearing circumstance in the Fool's character, and creates such an interest in his favour, as his wit alone might have failed to procure for him. *Steevens.*

[5] *I am none of this, my lord;* &c.] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—I am none of *these,* my lord; I beseech *your pardon. Malone.*

[6] —— bandy *looks* —] A metaphor from *Tennis:*

" Come in, take this *bandy* with the racket of patience."
Decker's Satiromastix, 1602.

Again:

" —— buckle with them hand to hand,
" And *bandy* blows as thick as hailstones fall."
Wily Beguiled, 1606. *Steevens.*

" To *bandy* a ball," Cole defines, *clava pilum torquere:* " to *bandy* at tennis," *reticulo pellere.* Dict. 1679. *Malone.*

[7] *Have you wisdom?*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—my wisdom. *Malone.*

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too;—Here 's my coxcomb.

[*Giving* KENT *his Cap.*

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, fool?[8]

Fool. Why? For taking one's part that is out of favour: Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou 'lt catch cold shortly:[9] There, take my coxcomb:[1] Why, this fellow has banished two of his daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle?[2] 'Would I had two coxcombs,[3] and two daughters![4]

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living,[5] I 'd keep my coxcombs myself: There 's mine; beg another of thy daughters.[6]

Lear. Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

[8] *Why*, fool?] The folio reads—*why, my boy?* and gives this question to Lear. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *thou 'lt catch cold shortly:*] i. e. be turned out of doors, and exposed to the inclemency of the weather. *Farmer.*

[1] —— *take my coxcomb:*] Meaning his cap, called so, because on the top of the fool or jester's cap was sewed a piece of red cloth, resembling the comb of a cock. The word afterwards, was used to denote a vain, conceited, meddling fellow. *Warburton.*

[2] —— *How now*, nuncle?] *Aunt* is a term of respect in France. So, in *Lettres D Eliz. De Baviere Duchesse D'Orleans*, Tom. II p 65 66: "C'etoit par un espece de plaisanterie de badinage sans consequence, que la Dauphine appelloit Madame de Maintenon *ma tante*. Les filles d'honneur appelloient toujours leur gouvernante *ma tante*." And it is remarkable at this day that the lower people in Shropshire call the Judge of assize—"my *nuncle* the Judge." *Vaillant.*

[3] —— *two coxcombs,*] Two fools caps, intended, as it seems, to mark double folly in the man that gives all to his daughters *Johnson.*

[4] —— and *two daughters.*] Perhaps we should read—*an'* two daughters; i. e. *if. Farmer.*

[5] —— *all my* living,] *Living* in Shakspeare's time signified estate, or property. So, in *Friar Bacon* and *Friar Bungay*, by R. Greene, 1594:

"In Laxfield here my land and *living* lies." *Malone.*

[6] —— beg *another of thy daughters.*] The Fool means to say, that it is by *begging* only that the old king can obtain any thing from his daughters, even a badge of folly in having reduced himself to such a situation. *Malone.*

Fool. Truth 's a dog that must to kennel; he must be whipped out, when Lady, the brach,[7] may stand by the fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I 'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle:—

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,[8]
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest,[9]
Set less than thou throwest;
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

Lear. This is nothing, fool.[1]

[7] —— *Lady the* brach,] *Brach* is a bitch of the hunting kind. "Nos quidem hodie *brach* dicimus de cane fœminea, quæ leporem ex odore persequitur. Spelm. Gloss. in voce *Bracco*."

Dr Letherland, on the margin of Dr. Warburton's edition, proposed *lady's brach*, i. e. *favour'd animal*. The third quarto has a much more unmannerly reading, which I would not wish to establish but the other quarto editions concur in reading *lady o' the brach*. *Lady* is still a common name for a hound. So Hotspur:

"I had rather hear *Lady*, my *brach*, howl in Irish."

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Poem to a Friend*, &c.:

"D. all the tricks of a salt *lad*, batch."

In the old black letter *Booke of Huntyng*, &c. no date, the list of dogs concludes thus: "—— and small *lady popies* that bere awai the fleas and divers small fautes." We might read—"when *lady*, the *brach*," &c *Steevens*.

Both the quartos of 1608 read—when Lady *oth'e* brach. I have therefore printed—lady, *the* brach, grounding myself on the reading of those copies, and on the passage quoted by Mr Steevens from *King Henry IV*, P. I. The folio and the late editions, read—when *the lady* brach, &c *Malone*.

[8] *Lend less than thou owest*] That is, *do not lend all that thou hast*. To *owe*, in old English, is *to possess*. If *owe* be taken for *to be in debt*, the more prudent precept would be:

Lend *more* than thou owest. *Johnson*.

[9] *Learn more than thou* trowest,] To *trow*, is an old word which signifies to *believe*. The precept is admirable. *Warburton*.

[1] *This is nothing fool.*] The quartos give this speech to *Lear*. *Steevens*.

In the folio these words are given to Kent. *Malone*.

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer; you gave me nothing for 't: Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to; he will not believe a fool. [*To* KENT.

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

Lear. No, lad;[2] teach me.

Fool. That lord, that counsel'd thee
To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me,—
Or do thou[3] for him stand:
The sweet and bitter fool
Will presently appear;
The one in motley here,
The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, 'faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on 't:[4] and

[2] *No, lad;*] This dialogue, from *No, lad; teach me*, down to *Give me an egg*, was restored from the first edition by Mr. Theobald. It is omitted in the folio, perhaps for political reasons, as it seemed to censure the monopolies. *Johnson.*

[3] Or *do thou*—] The word *or*, which is not in the quartos, was supplied by Mr. Steevens. *Malone.*

[4] —— *if I had a* monopoly *out, they would have part on 't:*] A satire on the gross abuses of monopolies at that time; and the corruption and avarice of the courtiers, who commonly went shares with the patentee. *Warburton.*

The modern editors, without authority, read—

—— a monopoly *on 't*, ——

Monopolies were in Shakspeare's time the common objects of satire. So, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631: "—Give him a court loaf, stop his mouth with a *monopoly*."

Again, in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611: "A knight that never heard of Smock fees! I would I had a *monopoly* of them, so there was no impost set on them."

Again, in *The Birth of Merlin*, 1662: "—— So foul a monster *would be a fair monopoly* worth the begging."

ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they 'll be snatching.—Give me an egg, nuncle, and I 'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back over the dirt: Thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that firsts find it so.

Fools had ne'er less grace in a year;[5] [Singing.
For wise men are grown foppish;
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mother;[6] for when thou gavest them the rod, and put'st down thine own breeches,

Then they for sudden joy did weep,[7] [Singing.
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,[8]
And go the fools among.

In the books of the Stationers' Company, I meet with the following entry. "John Charlewoode, Oct. 1 587: lycensed unto him by the whole consent of the assistants, the *only* ymprynting of all manner of billes for plaiers." Again, Nov. 6, 1615, The liberty of printing *all* billes for fencing was granted to Mr. Purfoot. *Steevens.*

5 *Fools had ne'er less grace in a year;*] There never was a time when fools were less in favour; and the reason is, that they were never so little wanted, for wise men now supply their place. Such I think is the meaning. *Johnson.*

—— *less grace* —] So the folio. Both the quartos read—*less wit.* *Steevens.*

In *Mother Bombie*, a comedy by Lyly, 1594, we find, "I think gentlemen *had never less wit in a year.*' I suspect therefore the original to be the true reading. *Malone.*

6 —— *since thou madest thy daughters thy* mother:] i. e. when you invested them with the authority of *a* mother. Thus the quartos. The folio reads, with less propriety,—thy *mothers.* *Malone.*

7 *Then they for sudden joy did weep,* &c.] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*, by Heywood, 1630:

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a school-master that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. If you lie, sirrah, we 'll have you whipped.

Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are: they 'll have me whipped for speaking true, thou 'lt have me whipped for lying; and, sometimes, I am whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing, than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing in the middle: Here comes one o' the parings.

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. How now, daughter? what makes that frontlet[9] on? Methinks, you are too much of late i' the frown.

" When Tarquin first in court began,
" And was approved King,
" So men *for sudden joy did weep,*
" *But I for sorrow sing.*"

I cannot ascertain in what year T. Heywood first published this play, as the copy in 1630, which I have used, was the *fourth* impression. *Steevens.*

[8] *That such a king should play* bo-peep.] Little more of this game, than its mere denomination, remains. It is mentioned, however, in Churchyard's *Charitie*, 1593, in company with two other childish plays, which it is not my office to explain:

" Cold parts men plaie, much like old plaine *bo-peepe,*
" Or counterfait, in-dock-out-nettle, still." *Steevens.*

[9] —— *that frontlet* —] Lear alludes to the *frontlet*, which was anciently part of a woman's dress. So, in a play called *The Four P's*, 1569:

" Forsooth, women have many lets,
" And they be masked in many nets:
" As *frontlets*, fillets, partlets, and bracelets:
" And then their bonets and their pionets."

Again, in Lyly's *Midas*, 1592: " — Hoods, *frontlets*, wires, caules, curling-irons, perriwigs, bodkins, fillets, hair-laces, ribbons, roles, knotstrings, glasses," &c.

Again, and more appositely, in *Zepheria*, a collection of sonnets, 4to. 1594:

" But now, my sunne, it fits thou take thy set,
" And vayle thy face with *frownes* as with a *frontlet.*" *Steevens.*

A *frontlet* was a forehead-cloth, used formerly by ladies at night to render that part smooth. Lear, I suppose, means to say, that Goneril's brow was as completely covered by a frown, as it would be by a frontlet.

So, in Lyly's *Euphues and his England*, 4to. 1580: " The next day I coming to the gallery where she was solitarily walking, with her *frowning cloth*, as sicke lately of the sullens," &c. *Malone.*

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure:[1] I am better than thou[2] art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face [*to* GON.] bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum,

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,
Weary of all, shall want some.—

That 's a shealed peascod.[3] [*Pointing to* LEAR.

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool,
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known unto you,
To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,
By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on[4]
By your allowance;[5] which if you should, the fault
Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep;
Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,

[1] —— *now thou art an* O without a figure:] The Fool means to say, that Lear, "having pared his wit on both sides, and left nothing in the middle," is become a mere cypher; which has no arithmetical value, unless preceded or followed by some figure. In *The Winter's Tale* we have the same allusion reversed:

"—— and therefore, like a cypher,
"Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,
"With one—we thank you,—many thousands more
"Standing before it." *Malone.*

[2] —— *I am better than thou* &c.] This bears some resemblance to Falstaff's reply to the Prince, in *King Henry IV*, P. I: "A better than thou; I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer." *Steevens.*

[3] *That 's a shealed peascod.*] i. e. Now a mere husk, which contains nothing. The outside of a king remains, but all the intrinsick parts of royalty are gone: he has nothing to give. *Johnson.*

That 's a shealed peascod.] The robing of Richard IId's effigy in Westminster Abbey is wrought with *peascods open*, and the *peas out*; perhaps an allusion to his being once in full possession of sovereignty, but soon reduced to an empty title. See Camden's *Remains*, 1674, p. 453, edit. 1657, p. 340. *Tollet.*

[4] —— *put it on* —] i. e. promote, push it forward. So, in *Macbeth*:

"—— the powers above
"*Put on* their instruments." —— *Steevens.*

[5] *By your* allowance;] By your *approbation. Malone.*

Might in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you trow, nuncle,
The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its young.
So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.[6]

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come, sir, I would, you would make use of that good wisdom whereof I know you are fraught; and put away these dispositions, which of late transform you[7] from what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse?—Whoop, Jug![8] I love thee.

[6] —— *were left* darkling.] This word is used by Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Book I:

"—— as the wakeful bird
"Sings *darkling*." ——

and long before, as Mr. Malone observes, by Marston, &c.

Dr. Farmer concurs with me in supposing, that the words—*So out went the candle*, &c. are a fragment of some old song. *Steevens.*

Shakspeare's Fools are certainly copied from the life. The originals whom he copied were no doubt men of quick parts; lively and sarcastick. Though they were licensed to say any thing it was still necessary to prevent giving offence, that every thing they said should have a playful air: we may suppose therefore that they had a custom of taking off the edge of too sharp a speech by covering it hastily with the end of an old song, or any glib nonsense that came into the mind. I know no other way of accounting for the incoherent words with which Shakspeare often finishes this Fool's speeches.
Sir J. Reynolds.

In a very old dramatick piece, entitled *A very mery and pythie Comedy, called The longer thou livest the more Foole thou art*, printed about the year 1580, we find the following stage-direction: "Entreth Moros, counterfaiting a vaine gesture and a foolish countenaunce, *synging the foote of many songs, as fools were wont.*" *Malone.*

See my note on Act III, sc. vi, in which this passage was brought forward long ago, [1778] for a similar purpose of illustration.
Steevens.

[7] —— transform *you*—] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—*transport* you. *Steevens.*

[8] —— *Whoop, Jug!* &c.] There are in the Fool's speeches several passages which seem to be proverbial allusions, perhaps not now to be understood. *Johnson*

—— *Whoop. Jug! I love thee.*] This, as I am informed, is a quotation from the burthen of a old song. *Steevens.*

Whoop, Jug, I'll do thee no harm, occurs in *The Winter's Tale.*
Malone.

Lear. Does any here know me?—Why this is not Lear: does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes? Either his notion weakens, or his discernings are lethargied.—Sleeping or waking?—Ha! sure 'tis not so.[9] —Who is it that can tell me who I am?—Lear's shadow?[1] I would learn that; for by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters.[2]—

9 —— *sleeping or waking?—Ha! sure 'tis not so.*] Thus the quartos. The folio: Ha! waking? 'Tis not so. *Malone.*

1 —— *Lear's shadow?*] The folio gives these words to the Fool. *Steevens.*

And, I believe, rightly. *M. Mason.*

2 ——*for by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason,* &c.] His daughters prove so unnatural, that, if he were only to judge by the reason of things, he must conclude they cannot be his daughters. This is the thought. But how does his kingship or sovereignty enable him to judge of this matter? The line, by being false pointed, has lost its sense. We should read:

Of sovereignty, of *knowledge.* ——

i.e. the understanding. He calls it, by an equally fine phrase, in *Hamlet,—Sovereignty of reason.* And it is remarkable that the editors had depraved it there too. See note, Act I, sc. vii, of that play. *Warburton.*

The contested passage is wanting in the folio. *Steevens.*

The difficulty, which must occur to every reader, is, to conceive how *the marks of sovereignty, of knowledge, and of reason,* should be of any use to *persuade Lear that he had,* or had not, daughters. No logick, I apprehend, could draw such a conclusion from such premises. This difficulty, however, may be entirely removed, by only pointing the passage thus:—*for by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded—I had daughters.—Your name, fair gentlewoman?*

The chain of Lear's speech being thus untangled, we can clearly trace the succession and connection of his ideas. The undutiful behaviour of his daughter so disconcerts him, that he doubts, by turns, whether she is Goneril, and whether he himself is Lear. Upon her first speech he only exclaims,

——*Are you our daughter?*

Upon her going on in the same style, he begins to question his own sanity of mind, and even his personal identity. He appeals to the bystanders,

Who is it that can tell me who I am?

I should be glad to be told *For* (if I was to judge myself) *by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason,* which once distinguished Lear, (but which I have now lost) *I should be false* (against my own consciousness) *persuaded* (that I am not Lear). He then slides to the examination of another distinguishing mark of Lear;

—— *I had daughters.*

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father.[3]

But not able, as it should seem, to dwell upon so tender a subject, he hastily recurs to his first doubt concerning Goneril,——

Your name, fair gentlewoman? Tyrwhitt.

This note is written with confidence disproportionate to the conviction which it can bring Lear might as well know by the marks and tokens arising from sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, that he had or had not daughter , as he could know by any thing else. But, says he, if I judge by these tokens, I find the persuasion false by which I long thought myself the father of daughters. *Johnson.*

I cannot approve of Dr. Warburton's manner of pointing his passage as I do not think that *sovereignty of knowledge* can mean *understanding;* and if it did, what is the difference between understanding and reason? In the passage he quotes from Hamlet, *sovereignty of reason* appears to me to mean the ruling power the governance of reason; a sense that would not answer in this place.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's observations are ingenious, but not satisfactory; and as for Dr. Johnson's explanation, though it would be certainly just had Lear expressed himself in the past, and said "I have been false persuaded I had daughters," it cannot be the just explanation of the passage as it stands. The meaning appears to me to be this:

"Were I to judge from the marks of sovereignty, of knowledge, or of reason, I should be induced to think I had daughters, yet that must be a false persuasion;—It cannot be."

I could not at first comprehend why the tokens of sovereignty should have any weight in determining his persuasion that he had daughters; but by the marks of sovereignty he means those tokens of royalty which his daughters then enjoyed as derived from him.

M. Mason.

Lear, it should be remembered, has not parted with all *the marks of sovereignty.* In the midst of his prodigality to his children he reserved to himself *the name and all the additions to a king.*—Shakspeare of every means more than he expresses. Lear has just asked whether he is a shadow. I wish, he adds, to be resolved on this point; for if I were to judge by the marks of sovereignty, and the consciousness of reason, I should be persuaded that I am not a shadow *but a man, a king,* and a father. But this latter persuasion is false; for those whom I thought my daughters, are *unnatural hags,* and never proceeded from these loins.

As therefore I am not a father, so neither may I be an embodied being; I may yet be a shadow. However, let me be certain. *Your name, fair gentlewoman?*

All the late editions, without authority, read—by the marks of sovereignty, *of* knowledge, and *of* reason.—The words—*I would learn that,* &c to—*an obedient father,* are omitted in the folio. *Malone.*

[3] Which *they will make an obedient father.*] *Which,* is on this occasion used with two deviations from present language It is referred, contrary to the rules of grammarians to the pronoun *I,* and is employed, according to a mode now obsolete, for *whom,* the accusative case of *who. Steevens.*

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?
Gon. Come, sir;
This admiration is much o' the favour[4]
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright:
As you are old and reverend, you should be wise:[5]
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;
Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd, and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern, or a brothel,
Than a grac'd palace.[6] The shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy: Be then desired
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train;[7]

[4] —— *o' the* favour —] i. e. of the complexion. So, in *Julius Cæsar:*

" In *favour 's* like the work we have in hand." *Steevens.*

[5] *As you are old and reverend* you should *be wise:*] The redundancy of this line convinces me of its interpolation. What will the reader lose by the omission of the words—*you should?* I would print:

As you are old and reverend, be wise:

In the fourth line from this, the epithet—*riotous.* might for the same reason be omitted. *To make an inn* of a private house, by taking unwarrantable liberties in it, is still a common phrase. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *a grac'd palace.*] A palace graced by the presence of a sovereign. *Warburton.*

[7] *A* little *to disquantity your train;*] A *little* is the common reading; but it appears, from what Lear says in the next scene, that this number *fifty* was required to be cut off, which (as the editions stood) is no where specified by Goneril. *Pope.*

Mr. Pope for—*A little* substituted—*Of fifty.* *Malone.*

If Mr. Pope had examined the old copies as accurately as he pretended to have done, he would have found, in the *first folio,* that Lear had an *exit* marked for him after these words—

To have a thankless child.—Away, away,

and goes out, while Albany and Goneril have a short conference of two speeches; and then returns in a still greater passion, having been informed (as it should seem) of the express number, without:

" What? *fifty* of my followers at a clap!"

This renders all change needless; and *away, away,* being restored, prevents the repetition of *go, go, my people;* which, as the text stood before this regulation, concluded both that and the foregoing speech. Goneril, with great art, is made to avoid mentioning the limited number; and leaves her father to be informed of it by accident, which she knew would be the case as soon as he left her presence. *Steevens.*

And the remainder, that shall still depend,[8]
To be such men as may besort your age,
And know themselves and you.
Lear. Darkness and devils!—
Saddle my horses; call my train together.—
Degenerate bastard! I 'll not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a daughter.
Gon. You strike my people; and your disorder'd rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents,[9]—O, sir, are you come?[1]
Is it your will? [*to* ALB.] Speak, sir.—Prepare my horses.
Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster![2]
Alb. Pray, sir, be patient.[3]
Lear. Detested kite! thou liest: [*To* GON.
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know;
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name.—O most small fault,

[8] —— *still* depend,] *Depend* for continue in service. *Warburton.* So, in *Measure for Measure:*

"Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
"So stinkingly *depending?*" *Steevens.*

[9] Woe, *that too late repents,*] This is the reading of the folio. Both the quartos, for *Woe,* have *We,* and that of which the first signature is B, reads—*We* that too late *repent 's*—; i. e. repent *us:* which I suspect is the true reading. Shakspeare might have had *The Mirrour for Magistrates* in his thoughts:

"They call'd him doting foole, all his requests debarr'd,
"Demanding if with life he were not well content:
"Then he *too late his rigour did repent*
"'Gainst me,—." *Story of Queen Cordila. Malone.*

My copy of the quarto, of which the first signature is A, reads—*We* that too late *repent 's us. Steevens.*

[1] —— *O, sir, are you come?*] These words are not in the folio. *Malone.*

[2] *Than the sea-monster!*] Mr. Upton observes, that the sea-monster is the *Hippotamus,* the hieroglyphical symbol of impiety and ingratitude. Sandy's, in his *Travels,* says—"that he killeth his sire, and ravisheth his own dam." *Steevens.*

[3] *Pray, sir, be patient.*] The quartos omit this speech. *Steevens.*

How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!
Which, like an engine,[4] wrench'd my frame of nature
From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in, [*Striking his Head.*
And thy dear judgment out!—Go, go, my people.[5]

Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath mov'd you.[6]

Lear. It may be so, my lord.—Hear, nature, hear;
Dear goddess, hear! Suspend thy purpose, if
Thou didst intend to make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increase;
And from her derogate body[7] never spring

[4] —— *like an* engine,] Mr. Edwards conjectures that by an engine is meant the *rack*. He is right. To *engine* is, in Chaucer, to *strain* upon the *rack*; and in the following passage from *The Three Lords of London*, 1590, *engine* seems to be used for the same instrument of torture:

"From Spain they come with *engine* and intent
"To slay, subdue, to triumph, and *torment*."

Again, in *The Night-Walker*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Their souls shot through with adders, torn on *engines*."

Steevens.

[5] —— *Go, go, my people.*] Perhaps these words ought to be regulated differently:

Go, go:—my people!

By Albany's answer it should seem that he had endeavoured to appease Lear's anger; and perhaps it was intended by the author that he should here be put back by the king with these words,—"Go, go;" and that Lear should then turn hastily from his son-in-law, and call his train: "My people!" Mes Gens, *Fr.* So, in a former part of this scene:

"You strike *my people*; and your disorder'd rabble
"Make servants of their betters."

Again, in *Othello*, Act I, sc. i:

"—— Call up *my people*."

However the passage be understood, these latter words must bear this sense. The meaning of the whole, indeed, may be only—"Away, away, my followers!" *Malone.*

With Mr. Malone's last explanation I am perfectly satisfied. *Steevens.*

[6] *Of what hath mov'd you.*] Omitted in the quartos. *Steevens.*

[7] —— *from her* derogate *body* —] *Derogate* for *unnatural*. *Warburton.*

Rather, I think, *degraded; blasted.* *Johnson.*

A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart[8] disnatur'd[9] torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears[1] fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
To laughter and contempt;[2] that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!—Away, away! [*Exit.*

Alb. Now, gods, that we adore, whereof comes this?

Her shrunk and wasted body. See Bullokar's *English Expositor*, 1616: "*Derogate*. To impaire, diminish, or take away." *Malone.*

Degraded (Dr. Johnson's first explanation) is surely the true one. So, in *Cymbeline*: "Is there no *derogation* in't?—You cannot *derogate*, my lord," i. e. *degrade* yourself. *Steevens.*

8 —— *thwart* —] *Thwart*, as a noun adjective, is not frequent in our language It is, however, to be found in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578: "Sith fortune *thwart* doth crosse my joys with care." *Henderson.*

9 —— *disnatur'd* —] *Disnatur'd* is wanting natural affection. So Daniel, in *Hymen's Triumph*, 1623:

"I am not so *disnatured* a man." *Steevens.*

1 —— cadent *tears* —] i. e. Falling tears. Dr. Warburton would read *candent*. *Steevens.*

The words—*these hot tears*, in Lear's next speech, may seem to authorize the amendment; but the present reading is right. It is a more severe imprecation to wish, that tears by constant flowing may fret channels in the cheeks, which implies a long life of wretchedness, than to wish that those channels should be made by scalding tears, which does not mark the same continuation of misery.

The same thought occurs in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act V, sc. iii:

"Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
"Their eyes o'er-galled with *recourse* of tears,"

should prevent his going to the field. *M. Mason.*

2 *Turn all her mother's* pains, and benefits,
To laughter and contempt;] "Her *mother's pains*" here signifies, not bodily sufferings, or the throes of child-birth, (with which this "disnatured babe" being unacquainted, it could not *deride* or *despise* them) but *maternal cares*; the solicitude of a mother for the welfare of her child. So, in *King Richard III*:

"'Tis time to speak; my *pains* are quite forgot."

Benefits mean *good offices*; her kind and *beneficent* attention to the education of her offspring, &c. Mr. Roderick has, in my opinion, explained both these words wrong. He is equally mistaken in supposing that the sex of this child is ascertained by the word *her*; which clearly relates, not to Goneril's issue, but to herself. "*Her* mother's *pains*" means—the pains which she (*Goneril*) takes *as a mother*. *Malone.*

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause;
But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers, at a clap!
Within a fortnight?

Alb. What 's the matter, sir?

Lear. I 'll tell thee;—Life and death! I am asham'd
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus:
[*To* GON.
That these hot tears,[3] which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and fogs upon thee!
The untented woundings[4] of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,
Beweep this cause again, I 'll pluck you out;
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,[5]
To temper clay.—Ha! is it come to this?
Let it be so:[6]—Yet have I left a daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable;
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She 'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,
That I 'll resume the shape which thou dost think

[3] *That these hot tears,* &c.] I will transcribe this passage from the first edition, that it may appear to those who are unacquainted with old books, what is the difficulty of revision, and what indulgence is due to those that endeavour to restore corrupted passages.—*That these hot tears, that breake from me perforce, should make the worst blasts and fogs upon the untender woundings of a father's curse, peruse every sense about the old fond eyes, beweep this cause again,* &c. *Johnson.*

[4] *The* untented *woundings* —] *Untented* wounds, means wounds in their worst state, not having a *tent* in them to digest them; and *untented* possibly signify here such as will not admit of having a tent put into them for that purpose. Our author quibbles on this practice in surgery, in *Troilus and Cressida:*

"*Patr.* Who keeps the *tent* now?

"*Ther.* The surgeon's box, or the patient's *wound.*"

One of the quartos reads, *untender. Steevens.*

[5] —— *that you* lose,] The quartos read—that you *make. Steevens.*

[6] *Let it be so:* &c.] The reading is here gleaned up, part from the first, and part from the second edition. *Johnson.*

Let it be so, is omitted in the quartos. *Steevens.*

And *is it come to this* is omitted in the folio. *Yet have I left a daughter* is the reading of the quartos; the folio has, *I have another daughter. Malone.*

I have cast off for ever; thou shalt, I warrant thee.[7]

[*Exeunt* LEAR, KENT, *and Attendants.*

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you,—

Gon. Pray you, content.—What, Oswald, ho!
You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

[*To the* Fool.

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and take the fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter;
So the fool follows after. [*Exit.*

**Gon.*[8] This man hath had good counsel:—A hundred knights!
'Tis politick, and safe, to let him keep
At point,[9] a hundred knights. Yes, that on every dream,
Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy.[1]—Oswald, I say!—

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than trust:[2]
Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart:
What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sister;
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have show'd the unfitness,*—How now, Oswald?[3]

[illegible] *thou shalt, I warrant thee.*] These words are omitted in the folio. *Malone.*

[8] **Gon.*] All from this asterisk to the next is omitted in the quartos. *Steevens.*

[9] *At point,*] I believe, means completely armed, and consequently ready at appointment or command on the slightest notice. *Steevens.*

[1] *And hold our lives* in *mercy.*] Thus the old copies. Mr. Pope who could not endure that the language of Shakspeare's age should not correspond in every instance with that of modern times, reads—*at* mercy; and the subsequent editors have adopted his innovation. *Malone.*

[2] *Safer than trust:*] Here the old copies add—*too far;* as if these words were not [illegible]ed in the answer of Goneril. The redundancy of the metre authorizes the present omission. Steevens.

Enter Steward.

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse:
Inform her full of my particular fear;
And thereto add such reasons of your own,
As may compact it more.[4] Get you gone;
And hasten your return. [*Exit* Stew.] No, no, my lord,
This milky gentleness, and course of yours,
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more attask'd[5] for want of wisdom,

[3] —— *How now, Oswald?* &c.] The quartos read—*what Oswald, ho!*

Osw. *Here, madam.*

Gon. *What, have you writ this letter,* &c. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *compact it more.*] Unite one circumstance with another, so as to make a consistent account. *Johnson.*

More is here used as a dissyllable. *Malone.*

I must still withhold my assent from such new dissyllables. Some monosyllable has in this place been omitted. Perhaps the author wrote—

Go, *get you gone.* *Steevens.*

[5] —— *more* attask'd —] It is a common phrase now with parents and governesses: *I'll take you to task,* i. e. *I will reprehend and correct you. To be at task,* therefore, is to be liable to *reprehension and correction. Johnson.*

Both the quartos instead of *at task*—read, *alapt.* A late editor of *King Lear,* [Mr. Jennens] says, that the first quarto reads—*attask'd;* but unless there be a third quarto which I have never seen or heard of, his assertion is erroneous. *Steevens.*

The quarto printed by N. Butter, 1608, of which the first signature is B, reads—*attask'd* for want of wisdom, &c. The other quarto printed by the same printer, in the same year, of which the first signature is A, reads—*alapt* for want of wisdom, &c. Three copies of the quarto first described, (which concur in reading *attask'd*) and one copy of the other quarto, are now before me. The folio reads—*at task*—The quartos have *praise* instead of *prais'd. Attask'd* I suppose, means, *charged, censured.* So, in *King Henry IV:*

"How show'd his *tasking?* seem'd it in contempt?"

See Vol. VIII, p. 319, n. 6.

In the notes on this play I shall hereafter call the quarto first mentioned quarto B: the other, quarto A. *Malone.*

Both the quartos described by Mr. Malone are at this instant before me, and they concur in reading—*alapt.* I have left my two copies of Butter's publication (which I had formerly the honour of lending to Mr. Malone) at the shop of Messieurs White, Booksellers in *Fleet Street.*

Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we mar what 's well.[6]

Gon. Nay, then —

Alb. Well, well; the event. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Court before the same.

Enter LEAR, KENT, *and* Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these letters: acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter: If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there before you.[7]

I have no doubt, however, but that Mr. Malone and myself are equally justifiable in our assertions, though they contradict each other; for it appears to me that some of the quartos (like the folio 1623) must have been partially corrected while at press. Consequently the copies first worked off, escaped without correction. Such is the case respecting two of the three quartos (for three there are) of *King Henry IV*, P. II. 1600. *Steevens*

The word *task* is frequently used by Shakspeare, and indeed by other writers of his time, in the sense of *tax*. Goneril means to say, that he was more taxed for want of wisdom, than praised for mildness.

So, in *The Island Princess*, of Beaumont and Fletcher, Quisana says to Ruy Dias:

"You are too saucy, too impudent,
"To *task* me with those errors." *M. Mason.*

[6] *Striving to better, oft we mar what 's well.*] So, in our author's 103d Sonnet:

"Were it not sinful then, *striving to mend*,
"*To mar the subject that before was well?*" *Malone.*

[7] —— *there before you.*] He seems to intend to go to his daughter, but it appears afterwards that he is going to the house of Gloster. *Steevens.*

The word *there* in this speech shows, that when the king says, "Go you before to *Gloster*," he means the town of Gloster, which, as Mr. Tyrwhitt has observed, Shakspeare chose to make the residence of the Duke of Cornwall and Regan, in order to give a probability to their setting out late from thence, on a visit to the Earl of Gloster, whose castle our poet conceived to be in the neighbourhood of that city. Our old English earls usually resided in the counties from whence they took their titles. Lear, not finding his son-in-law and his wife at home, follows them to the Earl of Gloster's castle. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, in Act II, sc. iv. *Malone.*

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. [*Exit.*

Fool. If a man's brains were in his heels, were 't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry; thy wit shall not go slip-shod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee kindly:[8] for though she 's as like this as a crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. Why, what canst thou tell, my boy?[9]

Fool. She will taste as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell, why one's nose stands i' the middle of his face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep his eyes on either side his nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong:[1] —

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!—Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed: Thou wouldest make a good fool.

Lear. To take it again perforce![2]—Monster ingratitude!

[8] —— *thy other daughter will use thee* kindly:] The *Fool* uses the word *kindly* here in two senses; it means *affectionately*, and like the rest of her *kind*. *M. Mason.*

[9] Why, *what canst* thou *tell*, my *boy?*] So, the quartos. The folio reads—What canst tell, boy? *Malone.*

[1] *I did her wrong:*] He is musing on Cordelia *Johnson.*

[2] *To take it again perforce!*] He is meditating on the resumption of his royalty. *Johnson.*

He is rather meditating on his daughter's having in so violent a

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I 'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How 's that?

Fool. Thou should'st not have been old, before thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven! Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!—

Enter Gentleman.

How now! Are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that is maid now, and laughs at my departure, Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.[3]

[*Exeunt.*

number deprived him of those privileges which before she had agreed to grant him. *Steevens.*

The subject of Lear's meditation is the resumption of that moiety of the kingdom which he had given to Goneril. This was what Albany apprehended, when he replied to the upbraidings of his wife: —"Well, well; the event:"—what Lear himself projected when he left Goneril to go to Regan:

" —— Yet I have left a daughter,
" Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable;
" When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
" She 'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,
" That *I 'll resume the shape, which thou dost think*
" *I have cast off for ever;* thou shalt, I warrant thee."

And what Curan afterwards refers to, when he asks Edmund: "Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?" *Henley.*

[3] —— *unless things be cut shorter.*] This idle couplet is apparently addressed to the females present at the performance of the play; and, not improbably, crept into the playhouse copy from the mouth of some buffoon actor, who "spoke more than was set down for him."

It should seem, from Shakspeare's speaking in this strong manner, that he had suffered the injury he describes. Indecent jokes, which the applause of the *groundlings* might occasion to be repeated, would, at last, find their way into the prompter's books, &c.

I am aware, that such liberties were exercised by the authors of *Locrine*, &c; but can such another offensive and extraneous address to the audience be pointed out among all the dramas of Shakspeare? *Steevens.*

ACT II.....SCENE I.

A Court within the Castle of the Earl of Gloster.

Enter EDMUND *and* CURAN, *meeting.*

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father; and given him notice, that the duke of Cornwall, and Regan his duchess, will be here with him to-night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not: You have heard of the news abroad; I mean, the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?[4]

Edm. Not I; 'Pray you, what are they?

Cur.[5] Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may then, in time. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*

Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better! Best!
This weaves itself perforce into my business!
My father hath set guard to take my brother;
And I have one thing, of a queazy question,[6]
Which I must act:—Briefness, and fortune, work!—
Brother, a word;—descend:—Brother, I say;

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches:—O sir, fly this place;
Intelligence is given where you are hid;
You have now the good advantage of the night:—
Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall?

[4] —— ear-kissing *arguments?*] *Ear-kissing arguments* means that they are yet in reality only *whisper'd ones. Steevens.*

[5] *Cur.*] This, and the following speech, are omitted in one of the quartos. *Steevens.*

[6] —— queazy *question,*] Something of a *suspicious, questionable, and uncertain nature.* This is, I think, the meaning. *Johnson.*

Queazy, I believe, rather means *delicate, unsettled,* what requires to be handled nicely. So, Ben Jonson, in *Sejanus:*

" Those times are somewhat *queazy* to be touch'd.—
" Have you not seen or read part of his book?"

Again, in *Much Ado about Nothing:*

" Despight of his quick wit, and *queazy* stomach."

Queazy is still used in Devonshire, to express that [illegible] stomach which the slightest disgust is apt to pro[illegible]

He 's coming hither; now i' the night, i' the haste,[7]
And Regan with him; Have you nothing said
Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany?[8]
Advise yourself.[9]

Edg. I am sure on 't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming.—Pardon me:—
In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you:—
Draw: Seem to defend yourself: Now quit you well.
Yield:—come before my father;—Light, ho, here!—
Fly, brother;—Torches! torches!—So, farewel.—
[*Exit* EDG.
Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion
[*Wounds his Arm.*
Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards
Do more than this in sport.[1]—Father! father!
Stop, stop! No help?

Enter GLOSTER, *and Servants with Torches.*

Glo. Now, Edmund, where 's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon[2]

[7] —— *i' the haste,*] I should have supposed we ought to read only —*in haste*, had I not met with our author's present phrase in *XII merry Jests of the Widdow Edyth*, 1573:

"To London they tooke in all *the* haste
"They wolde not once tarry to breake their faste." *Steevens.*

[8] —— *Have you nothing said*
Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany?] The meaning is, *have you said nothing upon the party formed by him against the duke of Albany?* *Hanmer.*

I cannot but think the line corrupted, and would read:
Against his party, *for* the duke of Albany? *Johnson.*
Upon his party—] i. e. on his behalf. *Henley.*

[9] Advise *yourself.*] i. e. consider, recollect yourself. So, in *Twelfth Night*: "*Advise* you what you say." *Steevens.*

[1] —— *I have seen drunkards*
Do more than this in sport.] So, in a passage already quoted in a note on *The Winter's Tale*, Act II, sc. ii. "Have I not been *drunk* for your health, eat glasses, drunk urine, *stabbed arms*, and done all offices of protested gallantry for your sake?"—Marston's *Dutch Courtezan*. *Steevens.*

[2] *Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon* —] This was a proper circumstance to urge to Gloster; who appears, by what passed between him and his bastard son in a foregoing scene, to be very superstitious with regard to this matter. *Warburton.*

The quartos read, *warbling* instead of *mumbling*. *Steevens.*

To stand his auspicious mistress:[3] —
Glo. But where is he?
Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.
Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?
Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could —
Glo. Pursue him, ho!—Go after.— [*Exit* Serv.] By no means,—what?
Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;
But that I told him, the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders[4] bend;
Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father;—Sir, in fine,
Seeing how lothly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his prepared sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm:
But when he saw my best alarum'd spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,
Or whether gasted[5] by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.
Glo. Let him fly far:
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
And found—Despatch.—The noble duke[6] my master,
My worthy arch[7] and patron, comes to-night:
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he, which finds him, shall deserve our thanks,

[3] —— *conjuring the moon*
To stand his auspicious mistress:] So, in *All's Well that Ends Well:*
"And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
"As *thy auspicious mistress.*" *Malone.*

[4] —— *their thunders* —] First quarto; the rest have it *the thunder.* *Johnson.*

[5] —— *gasted* —] Frighted. *Johnson.*
So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit at several Weapons:* "—either the sight of the lady has *gasted* him, or else he 's drunk." *Steevens.*

[6] *Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;*
And found—Despatch.—The noble duke &c.] The sense is interrupted. He shall be caught—and found, *he shall be punish'd.* Despatch. *Johnson.*

[7] —— *arch* —] i. e. *Chief;* a word now used only in composition, as *arch-angel, arch-duke.*
So, in Heywood's *If you know not me, you know Nobody,* 1613:
"Poole, that *arch* for truth and honesty." *Steevens.*

Bringing the murderous coward[8] to the stake;
He, that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curst speech[9]
I threaten'd to discover him: He replied,
Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal[1]
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should deny,
(*As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce*
My very character,[2]) *I'd turn it all*
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice:
And thou must make a dullard of the world,[3]
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs[4]
To make thee seek it.

Glo. Strong and fasten'd villain![5]
Would he deny his letter?—I never got him.[6]
[*Trumpets within.*
Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why he comes:—

[8] —— *murderous coward* —] The first edition reads *caitiff*. *Johnson.*

[9] *And found him* pight *to do it, with curst speech* —] *Pight* is *pitched*, fixed, settled. *Curst* is severe, harsh, vehemently angry. *Johnson.*

So, in the old morality of *Lusty Juventus*, 1561:

" Therefore my heart is surely *pyght*
" Of her alone to have a sight."

Thus, in *Troilus and Cressida:*

" —— tents
" Thus proudly *pight* upon our Phrygian plains." *Steevens.*

[1] —— *would the reposal* —] i. e. Would any opinion that men have reposed in thy trust, virtue, &c. *Warburton.*

The old quarto reads, *could the reposure*. *Steevens.*

[2] —— *though thou didst produce*
My very character, —] i. e. my very handwriting. *Malone.*

[3] —— *make a* dullard *of the world,*] So, in *Cymbeline:*

" What, maks't thou me a *dullard* in this act?" *Steevens.*

[4] —— *pregnant and potential* spurs —] Thus the quartos. Folio: potential *spirits*. *Malone.*

[5] Strong *and fasten'd villain!*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads —*O strange* and fasten'd villain. *Malone.*

[6] *Would he deny his letter?—I never got him.*] Thus the quartos. The folio omits the words—*I never got him;* and, instead of them, substitutes—*said he?* *Malone.*

All ports I 'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;
The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him; and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I 'll work the means
To make thee capable.[7]

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, *and Attendants.*

Corn. How now, my noble friend? since I came hither,
(Which I can call but now) I have heard strange news.[8]

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short,
Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord?

Glo. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, is crack'd!

Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your life?
He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?

Glo. O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid!

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous knights
That tend upon my father?

Glo. I know not, madam:
It is too bad, too bad. —

Edm. Yes, madam, he was.[9]

Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill affected;
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the waste and spoil of his revenues.[1]

[7] —— *of my land,* ——
To make thee capable.] i. e. capable of succeeding to my land, notwithstanding the legal bar of thy illegitimacy.
So, in *The Life and Death of Will Summers*, &c.—"The king next demanded of him (he being a fool) whether he were *capable* to inherit any land," &c. *Steevens.*

[8] —— *strange news.*] Thus the quartos. Instead of these words the folio has—*strangeness*. *Malone.*

[9] *Yes, madam, he was.*] Thus the quartos. The folio deranges the metre by adding—
—— *of that consort*. *Steevens.*

[1] *To have the* waste *and* spoil *of his revenues.*] Thus quarto B. The other quarto reads—
To have *these*—and waste of *this* his revenues.
The folio:
To have *the expense and waste* of his revenues.
These in quarto A was, I suppose, a misprint for—*the use*. *Malone.*
The remark made in p. 186, n. 5. is confirmed by the present circumstance; for both my quartos read with Mr. Malone's quarto A:
To have *these*—and waste of *this* his revenues.
It is certain therefore that there is a third quarto which I have never seen. *Steevens.*

I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions,
That, if they come to sojourn at my house,
I 'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—
Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practice;[2] and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued?

Glo. Ay, my good lord, he is.[3]

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please.—For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth[4] this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours;
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;
You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.

Glo. For him I thank your grace.[5]

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you,—

Reg. Thus out of season; threading dark-eyed night.[6]

[2] *He did* bewray *his practice;*] i. e. *Discover, betray.* So, in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

"We were *bewray'd*, beset, and forc'd to yield."

Again, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607:

"Thy solitary passions should *bewray*
"Some discontent." ——

Practice is always used by Shakspeare for *insidious mischief* So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book II: "—his heart fainted and gat a conceit, that with *bewraying* this *practice*, he might obtaine pardon."

The quartos read—*betray*. *Steevens.*

See Minsheu's Dict. 1617, in v. "To *bewraie*, or disclose, a Goth. bewrye." *Malone.*

[3] —— *he is.*] These words were supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer to complete the measure. *Steevens.*

[4] *Whose virtue and obedience doth* —] i. e. whose virtuous obedience. *Malone.*

[5] For him *I thank your grace.*] Sir Thomas Hanmer, judiciously, in my opinion, omits—*For him*, as needless to the sense, and injurious to the metre. *Steevens.*

[6] —— threading *dark-ey'd night.*] The quarto reads:

—— *threat'ning* dark-ey'd night. *Johnson.*

Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poise,[7]
Wherein we must have use of your advice:—
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home;[8] the several messengers
From hence attend despatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our business,[9]
Which craves the instant use.
Glo. I serve you, madam:
Your graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before Gloster's *Castle.*

Enter KENT *and* Steward, *severally.*

Stew. Good dawning to thee, friend:[1] Art of the house?[2]

Shakspeare uses the former of these expressions in *Coriolanus*, Act III:

"They would not *thread* the gates." *Steevens.*

[7] —— *of some* poize,] i. e. of some weight or moment. So, in *Othello:*

"—— full of *poize* and difficulty,
"And fearful to be granted."

Thus the quarto B. The other quarto of 1608, and the folio, have *prize.* *Malone.*

Here again both my quartos read with Mr. Malone's quarto A.—*prize;* though *poize* is undoubtedly the preferable reading. *Steevens.*

[8] ——*from our home;*] Not at home, but at some other place. *Johnson.*

Thus the folio. The quarto B reads—which I *lest* thought it fit to answer from our *home.* The other quarto:—which I *best* thought it fit to answer from our *hand.* *Malone.*

Both my quartos—*best,*—and—from our *hand.* *Steevens.*

[9] —— *to our* business,] Thus the quartos. Folio:—to our *businesses.* *Malone.*

[1] *Good* dawning *to thee, friend:*] Thus the folio. The quartos—Good *even.* *Steevens.*

We should read with the folio—"Good *dawning* to thee, friend." The latter end of this scene shows that it passed in the morning; for when Kent is placed in the stocks, Cornwall says, "There he shall sit 'till noon;" and Regan replies, "'Till noon, 'till night:" and it passed very early in the morning; for Regan tells Gloster, in the preceding page, that she had been *threading dark-ey'd night* to come to him. *M. Mason.*

Dawning is again used in *Cymbeline* as a substantive, for morning.

Kent. Ay.

Stew. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I' the mire.

Stew. Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why, then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold,[3] I would make thee care for me.

" —— that *dawning*
" May bare the raven's eye."

It is clear from various passages in this scene, that the morning is now just beginning to dawn, though the moon is still up, and though Kent early in the scene calls it still night. Towards the close of it, he wishes Gloster *good morrow*, as the latter goes out, and immediately after calls on the *sun* to shine, that he may read a letter. *Malone.*

[2] —— *of* the *house?*] So the quartos. Folio—of *this* house. *Malone.*

[3] —— *Lipsbury pinfold,*] The allusion which seems to be contained in this line I do not understand. In the violent eruption of reproaches which bursts from Kent in this dialogue, there are some epithets which the commentators have left unexpounded, and which I am not very able to make clear. Of a *three-suited knave* I know not the meaning, unless it be that he has different dresses for different occupations. *Lily-liver'd* is *cowardly; white-blooded* and *white-liver'd* are still in vulgar use. An *one-trunk-inheriting slave*, I take to be a wearer of old cast-off clothes, an inheritor of torn breeches. *Johnson.*

I do not find the name of *Lipsbury*: it may be a cant phrase, with some corruption, taken from a place where the fines were arbitrary. *Three-suited* should, I believe, be *third-suited*, wearing clothes at the *third hand*. Edgar, in his pride, had *three suits* only. *Farmer.*

Lipsbury pinfold may be a cant expression importing the same as *Lob's pound*. So, in Massinger's *Duke of Milan*:

" To marry her and say he was the party
" Found in *Lob's Pound*."

A *Pinfold* is a *pound*. Thus, in Gascoigne's *Dan Bartholemew of Bathe*, 1587:

" In such a *pin-folde* were his pleasures pent."

Three-suited knave might mean, in an age of ostentatious finery like that of Shakspeare, one who had no greater change of raiment than *three suits* would furnish him with; so, in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*: " — were a pitiful fellow, and hadst nothing but *three suits of* apparel:" or it may signify a fellow *thrice-sued* at *law*, who has *three suits* for debt standing out against him. A *one-trunk-inheriting slave* may be a term used to describe a fellow, the whole of whose possessions are confined to *one coffer*, and that too *inherited* from his father, who was no better provided, or had nothing more to bequeath to his *successor in poverty; a poor rogue hereditary*, as *Timon* calls *Apemantus*. *A worsted-stocking knave* is another reproach of the same kind. The stockings in England, in the reign of queen Elizabeth, (as I learn

Stew. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave; a rascal, an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound,[4] filthy worsted-stocking knave; a lily-liver'd, action-taking knave;[5] a whorson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue;[6] one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that would'st be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deny'st the least syllable of thy addition.[7]

from Stubbs's *Anatomie of Abuses*, printed in 1595) were remarkably expensive, and scarce any other kind than silk were worn, even (as this author says) by those who had not above forty shillings a year wages.—So, in an old comedy, called *The Hog hath lost its Pearl*, 1614, by R. Tailor: "—good parts are no more set by in these times, than a good leg in a *woollen stocking*."

Again, in *The Captain*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Green sicknesses and serving-men light on you,
"With greasy breeches, and in *woollen stockings*."

Again, in *The Miseries of inforc'd Marriage*, 1607, two sober young men come to claim their portion from their elder brother who is a spendthrift, and tell him: "Our birth-right, good brother: this town craves maintenance; *silk stockings* must be had," &c.

Silk stockings were not made in England till 1560, the second year of queen Elizabeth's reign. Of this extravagance Drayton takes notice in the 16th song of his *Polyolbion:*

"Which our plain fathers erst would have accounted sin,
"Before the costly coach and *silken stock* came in." *Steevens.*

This term of reproach also occurs in *The Phœnix*, by Middleton, 1607: "Mettreza Auriola keeps her love with half the cost that I am at; her friend can go afoot, like a good husband; walk in *worsted stockings*, and inquire for the sixpenny ordinary." *Malone.*

[4] —— *hundred-pound,*] A *hundre l-pound gentleman* is a term of reproach used in Middleton's *Phœnix*, 1607. *Steevens.*

[5] —— *action-taking knave;*] i. e. a fellow, who, if you beat him, would bring an action for the assault, instead of resenting it like a man of courage. *M. Mason.*

[6] —— *a whorson, glass-gazing — rogue;*] This epithet none of the commentators have explained; nor am I sure that I understand it. In *Timon of Athens*, "the *glass-fac'd* flatterer" is mentioned, that is, says Dr. Johnson, "he that shows in his own look, as by reflection, the looks of his patron."—*Glass-gazing* may be licentiously used for one enamoured of himself; who gazes often at his own person in a glass. *Malone.*

Stew. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee?

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou know'st me? Is it two days ago, since I tripp'd up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night, the moon shines; I 'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you:[8] Draw, you whoreson cullionly barber-monger,[9] draw. [*Drawing his Sword.*

[7] —— *addition.*] i. e. titles. The Statute 1 Hen. V, ch. 5, which directs that in certain writs a description should be *added* to the name of the defendant, expressive of his estate, mystery, degree, &c. is called the statute of *Additions*. *Malone.*

Kent is not only boisterous in his manners, but abusive in his language. His excessive ribaldry proceeds from an over solicitude to prevent being discovered: like St. Peter's swearing from a similar motive. *Henley.*

[8] —— *I 'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you:*] This is equivalent to our modern phrase of making *the sun shine through any one*. But, alluding to the natural philosophy of that time, it is obscure. The Peripatetics thought, though falsely, that the rays of the moon were cold and moist. The speaker therefore says, he would make a sop of his antagonist, which should absorb the humidity of the moon's rays, by letting them into his guts. For this reason Shakspeare, in *Romeo and Juliet*, says:

" —— the moonshine's *watry* beams."

And, in *The Midsummer Night's Dream:*

" Quench'd in the chaste beams of the *watry* moon."

Warburton.

I much question if our author had so deep a meaning as is here imputed to him by his more erudite commentator. *Steevens.*

I 'll make a sop o' the moonshine *of you.*] Perhaps here an equivoque was intended. In *The Old Shepherd's Kalendar*, among the dishes recommended for *Prymetyne*, " One is *egges* in *moneshine*." *Farmer.*

Again, in some verses within a letter of Howell's, to Sir Thomas How:

" Could I those whitely stars go nigh,
" Which make the milky way i' th' skie,
" I 'd poach them, and as *moonshine* dress,
" To make my Delia a curious mess." *Steevens.*

I suppose he means, that after having beaten the Steward sufficiently, and made his flesh as soft as moistened bread, he will lay him flat on the ground, like a sop in a pan, or a tankard. So, in *Troilus and Cressida:*

" And make a *sop* of all this solid globe." *Malone.*

[9] —— *barber-monger,*] Of this word I do not clearly see the force. *Johnson.*

Barber-monger may mean, dealer in the lower tradesmen: a slur

Stew. Away; I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king; and take vanity the puppet's part,[1] against the royalty of her father: Draw, you rogue, or I 'll so carbonado your shanks:—draw, you rascal; come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave,[2] strike. [*Beating him.*

Stew. Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter EDMUND, CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, *and* Servants.

Edm. How now? What 's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you please; come, I 'll flesh you; come on, young master.

Glo. Weapons! arms! What 's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives;
He dies, that strikes again:[3] What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Stew. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirr'd your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee;[4] a tailor made thee.

upon the steward, as taking fees for a recommendation to the business of the family. *Farmer.*

A *barber-monger;* i. e. a fop, who deals much with barbers, to adjust his hair and beard. *M. Mason.*

Barber-monger perhaps means one who consorts much with barbers. *Malone.*

1 —— *vanity the puppet's part,*] Alluding to the mysteries or allegorical shows, in which vanity, iniquity, and other vices, were personified. *Johnson.*

So, in *Volpone, or the Fox:*

"Get you a cittern, Lady *Vanity.*" *Steevens.*

The description is applicable only to the old *moralities,* between which and the *mysteries* there was an essential difference. *Ritson.*

2 —— *neat slave,*] You mere slave, you very slave. *Johnson.*

You neat slave, I believe, means no more than *you finical rascal,* you who are an assemblage of *foppery and poverty.* Ben Jonson uses the same epithet in his *Poetaster:*

"By thy leave, my *neat* scoundrel." *Steevens.*

3 *He dies, that strikes again:*] So, in *Othello:*

"*He* that stirs next to carve for his own rage,
"*He dies* upon the motion." *Steevens.*

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spar'd, At suit of his grey beard,—

Kent. Thou whorson zed! thou unnecessary letter![5]— My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain[6] into mortar,[7] and daub the wall of a jakes with him.—Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?

Corn. Peace, sirrah!
You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, sir; but anger has a privilege.[8]

[4] —— *nature* disclaims in *thee;*] So the quartos and the folio. The modern editors read, without authority:

—— nature disclaims *her share* in thee.

The old reading is the true one. So, in R. Brome's *Northern Lass*, 1633:

"—— I will *disclaim in* your favour hereafter."

Again, in *The Case is Alter'd*, by Ben Jonson, 1609:

"Thus to *disclaim in* all th' effects of pleasure."

Again:

"No, I *disclaim in* her, I spit at her." *Steevens.*

[5] *Thou whorson zed! thou unnecessary letter!*] Zed is here probably used as a term of contempt, because it is the last letter in the English alphabet, and as its place may be supplied by S, and the Roman alphabet has it not; neither is it read in any word originally Teutonick. In Barret's *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, it is quite omitted, as the author affirms it to be rather a syllable than a letter. C (as Dr. Johnson supposed) cannot be the unnecessary letter, as there are many words in which its place will not be supplied with any other, as *charity, chastity*, &c. *Steevens.*

This is taken from the grammarians of the time. Mulcaster says, "Z is much harder amongst us, and seldom seen:—S is become its *lieutenant-general*. It is lightlie expressed in English, saving in foren enfranchisements." *Farmer.*

[6] —— *this unbolted villain*—] i. e. unrefined by education, the bran yet in him. Metaphor from the bakehouse. *Warburton.*

[7] —— *into mortar,*] This expression was much in use in our author's time. So, Massinger, in his *New Way to pay old Debts*, Act I, sc. i:

"—— I will help your memory,
"And *tread thee into mortar.*" *Steevens.*

Unbolted mortar is mortar made of unsifted lime, and therefore to break the lumps it is necessary to tread it by men in wooden shoes. *This unbolted* villain is therefore this *coarse* rascal. *Tollet.*

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,[9]
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain
Which are too intrinse t' unloose:[1] smooth every passion[2]

[8] *Yes, sir; but anger has a privilege.*] So, in *King John:*
"Sir, sir, impatience hath its privilege." *Steevens.*

[9] —— *Such smiling rogues* as these,] The words—*as these*, are, in my opinion, a manifest interpolation, and derange the metre without the least improvement of the sense. *Steevens.*

[1] *Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain*
Which are too intrinse *t' unloose:*] By these *holy cords* the poet means the natural union between parents and children. The metaphor is taken from the *cords of the sanctuary;* and the fomenters of family differences are compared to these sacrilegious rats. The expression is fine and noble. *Warburton.*

The quartos read—*to intrench.* The folio—*t' intrince. Intrinse*, for so it should be written, I suppose was used by Shakspeare for *intrinsecate*, a word which, as Theobald has observed, he has used in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"—— Come, mortal wretch,
"With thy sharp teeth this knot *intrinsecate*
"Of life at once untie."

We have had already in this play *reverbs* for *reverberates.* Again, in *Hamlet:*

"Season your admiration for a while
"With an *attent* ear."

The word *intrinsecate* was but newly introduced into our language, when this play was written. See the preface to Marston's *Scourge of Villanie*, 1598: "I know he will vouchsafe it some of his new-minted epithets; as *real*, intrinsecate, *Delphicke*," &c.

I doubt whether Dr. Warburton has not, as usual, seen more in this passage than the poet intended. In the quartos the word *holy* is not found, and I suspect it to be an interpolation made in the folio edition. We might perhaps better read, with the elder copy:

Like rats, oft bite *those* cords in twain, *which are*
Too, &c. *Malone.*

[2] —— smooth *every passion* —] So the old copies; for which Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors substituted *sooth.* The verb to *smooth* occurs frequently in our elder writers. So, in Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit*, 1592:

"For since he learn'd to use the poet's pen,
"He learn'd likewise with *smoothing* words to feign."

Again, in *Titus Andronicus:*

"Yield to his humour, *smooth*, and speak him fair."

Again, in our poet's *King Richard III:*

"Smile in men's faces, *smooth*, deceive, and cog." *Malone.*

That in the natures of their lords rebels;
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters,[3]
As knowing nought,[4] like dogs, but following.—
A plague upon your epileptick visage![5]
Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I 'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.[6]

Mr. Holt White has observed, in a note on *Pericles*, that in some counties they say—"*smooth* the cat," instead of "*stroke* the cat." Thus also Milton:

"—— *smoothing* the raven down
"Of darkness —"

Thus also in Stubbes's *Anatomie of Abuses*, 8vo. 1583: "If you will learn to deride, scoffe, mock, and flowt, to flatter and *smooth*," &c. *Steevens*.

[3] —— *and turn their* halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters,] The *halcyon* is the bird otherwise called the *king-fisher*. The vulgar opinion was, that this bird, if hung up, would *vary* with the wind, and by that means show from what point it blew. So, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

"But how now stands the wind?
"Into what corner peers my *halcyon's bill?*"

Again, in Storer's *Life and Death of Thomas Wolsey, Cardinall*, a poem, 1599:

"Or as a *halcyon* with her turning brest,
"Demonstrates wind from wind, and east from west."

Again, in *The Tenth Booke of Notable Thinges*, by Thomas Lupton, 4to. bl. l: "A lytle byrde called the *Kings Pysher*, being hanged up in the ayre by the neck, his nebbe or byll wyll be alwayes dyrect or strayght against ye winde." *Steevens*.

[4] As *knowing nought*,] *As* was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer, for the sake of connection as well as metre. *Steevens*.

[5] —— *epileptick visage!*] The frighted countenance of a man ready to fall in a fit. *Johnson*.

[6] —— *Camelot*.] Was the place where the romances say king Arthur kept his court in the West; so this alludes to some proverbial speech in those romances. *Warburton*.

So, in *The Birth of Merlin*, 1662:

"—— raise more powers
"To man with strength the castle *Camelot*."

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song III:

"Like *Camelot*, what place was ever yet renown'd?
"Where, as at Carlion, of the kept the table round." *Steevens*.

In Somersetshire, near Camelot, are many large moors, where are bred great quantities of geese, so that many other places are from hence supplied with quills and feathers. *Hanmer*.

Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow?
Glo. How fell you out? Say that.
Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Than I and such a knave.[7]
Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What 's his offence?
Kent. His countenance likes me not.[8]
Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, or his, or hers.
Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain;
I have seen better faces in my time,
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.
Corn. This is some fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb,
Quite from his nature:[9] He cannot flatter, he!—
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth:
An they will take it, so; if not, he 's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty silly ducking observants,[1]
That stretch their duties nicely.

[7] *No contraries hold more antipathy,*
Than I and such a knave.] Hence Mr. Pope's expression:
"The strong antipathy of good to bad" *Tollet.*

[8] —— likes *me not.*] i. e. pleases me not. So in *Every Man out of his Humour:*
"I did but cast an amorous eye, e'en now,
"Upon a pair of gloves that somewhat *lik'd* me."
Again, in *The Sixth Booke of Notable Thinges*, by Thomas Lupton, 4to. bl. l: "— if the wyne have gotten his former strength, the water will smell, and then the wyne will *lyke* thee." *Steevens.*

[9] —— *constrains the* garb,
Quite from his nature:] Forces his *outside* or his *appearance* to something totally *different from* his natural disposition. *Johnson.*

[1] *Than twenty* silly *ducking observants,*] *Silly* means *simple*, or rustick. So, in *Cymbeline*, Act V, sc. iii:
"There was a fourth man in a *silly* habit," meaning Posthumus in the dress of a peasant. *Nicely* is with *punctilious folly*. Niais. Fr. *Steevens.*
See *Cymbeline*, Act V, sc. iii. *Nicely* is, I think, with the utmost exactness, with an attention to the most *minute trifle*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
"The letter was not *nice*, but full of charge." *Malone.*

Kent. Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,
Under the allowance of your grand aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phœbus' front,[2] —
Corn. What mean'st by this?
Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer: he that beguiled you, in a plain accent, was a plain knave; which, for my part, I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to it.[3]
Corn. What was the offence you gave him?
Stew. Never any:[4]
It pleas'd the king his master, very late,
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he, conjunct,[5] and flattering his displeasure,
Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthy'd him, got praises of the king

2 *On* flickering *Phœbus' front,*] Dr. Johnson, in his *Dictionary*, says this word means to *flutter*. I meet with it in *The History of Clyomon, Knight of the Golden Shield*, 1599:

"By flying force of *flickering* fame your grace shall understand."

Again, in *The Pilgrim* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"—— some castrel
"That hovers over her, and dares her daily;
"Some *flickring* slave."

Stanyhurst, in his translation of the fourth Book of Virgil's *Æneid*, 1582, describes Iris—

"From the sky down *flickering*," &c.

And again, in the old play, entitled, *Fuimus Troes*, 1633:

"With gaudy pennons *flickering* in the air." *Steevens.*

Dr. Johnson's interpretation is too vague for the purpose. To *flicker* is indeed to *flutter*; but in a particular manner, which may be better exemplified by the motion of a *flame*, than explained by any verbal description. *Henley.*

3 —— *though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to it.*] Though I should win you, displeased as you now are, to like me so well as to entreat me to be a knave. *Johnson.*

4 *Never any:*] Old copy:

I *never* gave him *any*.

The words here omitted, which are unnecessary to sense and injurious to metre, were properly extruded by Sir T. Hanmer as a manifest interpolation. *Steevens.*

5 —— *conjunct,*] is the reading of the old quartos; *compact*, of the folio. *Steevens.*

For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;
And, in the fleshment[6]† of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here.[7]

Kent. None of these rogues, and cowards,
But Ajax is their fool.[8]

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks, ho!
You stubborn ancient knave,[9] you reverend braggart,
We 'll teach you —

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king;
On whose employment I was sent to you:
You shall do small respect, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks:

6 —— *fleshment* —] A young soldier is said to flesh his sword, the first time he draws blood with it. *Fleshment*, therefore, is here metaphorically applied to the first act of service, which Kent, in his new capacity, had performed for his master; and, at the same time, in a sarcastick sense, as though he had esteemed it an heroick exploit to trip a man behind, that was actually falling. *Henley.*

† So, in *The First Part of King Henry IV*, Vol. VIII, p. 332:

P. Hen. "*Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou* flesh'd
"*Thy maiden sword.*" *Am. Ed.*

7 *Drew on me here.*] Old copy:
Drew on me here again.
But as Kent *had not drawn on him before*, and as the adverb—*again*, corrupts the metre, I have ventured to leave it out. *Steevens.*

8 *But Ajax is* their fool.] Meaning, as we should now express it. Ajax is a fool to them, there are none of these knaves and cowards, that if you believe themselves, are not so brave, that Ajax is a fool compared to them; alluding to the Steward's account of their quarrel, where he says of Kent, "This ancient ruffian, whose life I have spared in pity to his gray beard." When a man is compared to one who excels him very much in any art or quality—it is a vulgar expression to say, "He is but *a fool to him.*" *M. Mason.*

The foregoing explanation of this passage was suggested also by Mr. Malone, in his *Second Appendix to the Supplement to Shakspeare*, 8vo. 1783, in opposition to an idea of mine, which I readily allow to have been erroneous. *Steevens.*

Our poet has elsewhere employed the same phraseology. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew:*

"Tut, she 's a lamb, a dove, *a fool to him.*"

The phrase in this sense is yet used in low language. *Malone.*

9 —— ancient *knave*,] Two of the quartos read—miscreant knave, and one of them—*unreverent*, instead of reverend. Steevens.

As I 've life and honour, there shall he sit till noon.

Reg. Till noon! till night, my lord; and all night too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.

[*Stocks brought out.*[1]

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour[2]
Our sister speaks of:—Come, bring away the stocks.

Glo. Let me beseech your grace not to do so:
*His fault[3] is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for 't: your purpos'd low correction
Is such, as basest and contemned'st wretches,[4]
For pilferings and most common trespasses,
Are punish'd with:* the king must take it ill,
That he 's so slightly valued in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I 'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
For following her affairs.[5]—Put in his legs.—

[KENT *is put in the stocks.*[6]

Come, my good lord; away. [*Exeunt* REG. *and* CORN.

Glo. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,

[1] *Stocks* &c.] This is not the first time that stocks had been introduced on the stage. In *Hick Scorner*, which was printed early in the reign of King Henry VIII, *Pity* is put into them, and left there till he is freed by *Perseverance* and *Contemplacyon*. *Steevens.*

[2] —— *colour* —] The quartos read, *nature*. *Steevens.*

[3] *His fault* —] All between the asterisks is omitted in the folio. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *and* contemned'st *wretches,*] The quartos read—and *temnest* wretches. This conjectural emendation was suggested by Mr. Steevens. *Malone.*

I found this correction already made in an ancient hand in the margin of one of the quarto copies. *Steevens.*

[5] *For following her affairs.* &c.] This line is not in the folio. *Malone.*

[6] I know not whether this circumstance of putting Kent in the *stocks* be not ridiculed in the punishment of Numps, in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair.*

It should be remembered, that formerly in great houses, as still in some colleges, there were moveable *stocks* for the correction of the servants. *Farmer.*

Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd:[7] I 'll entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, sir: I have watch'd, and travell'd hard;

Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I 'll whistle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:
Give you good morrow!

Glo. The duke 's to blame in this; 'twill be ill taken. [*Exit.*

Kent. Good king, that must approve the common saw![8]
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm sun!
Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter!—Nothing almost sees miracles,[9]
But misery;—I know, 'tis from Cordelia;[1]

[7] *Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd:*] Metaphor from bowling. *Warburton.*

[8] *Good king, that must approve the common* saw! &c.] That art now to exemplify the common proverb, *That out of*, &c. That changest better for worse. Hanmer observes, that it is a proverbial saying, applied to those who are turned out of house and home to the open weather. It was perhaps used of men dismissed from an hospital, or house of charity, such as was erected formerly in many places for travellers. Those houses had names properly enough alluded to by *heaven's benediction*. *Johnson.*

The *saw* alluded to, is in Heywood's *Dialogues on Proverbs*, Book II, chap. v:

"In your running from him to me, *ye runne*,
"*Out of God s blessing into the warme sunne.*" *Tyrwhitt.*

Kent was not thinking of the king's being *turned out of house and home to the open weather*, a misery which he has not yet experienced, but of his being likely to receive a worse reception from Regan than that which he had already experienced from his elder daughter Goneril. Hanmer therefore certainly misunderstood the passage.

A quotation from Holinshed's *Chronicle*, may prove the best comment on it. "This Augustine after his arrival converted the Saxons indeed from Paganisme, but, as the proverb sayth, bringing them *out of Goddes blessing into the warme sunne*, he also imbued them with no lesse hurtful superstition than they did know before."

See also Howell's Collection of English proverbs, in his *Dictionary*, 1660: "He goes out of God's blessing to the warm sun, viz. *from good to worse.*" *Malone.*

[9] —— *Nothing almost sees miracles,*] Thus the folio. The quartos read—Nothing almost sees *my wrack*. *Steevens.*

[1] —— *I know, 'tis from Cordelia;* &c.] This passage, which some of the editors have degraded as spurious to the margin, and others have silently altered, I have faithfully printed according to the quarto,

Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscured course; and shall find time
From this enormous state,—seeking to give
Losses their remedies:[2]—All weary and o'er-watch'd,

from which the folio differs only in punctuation. The passage is very obscure, if not corrupt. Perhaps it may be read thus:

—— *Cordelia* —— *has been* —— *informed*
Of my obscured course, and shall find time ——
From this enormous state-seeking, to give
Losses their remedies. ——

Cordelia is informed of our affairs, and when the *enormous* care of *seeking her fortune* will allow her time, she will employ it in remedying losses. This is harsh; perhaps something better may be found. I have at least supplied the genuine reading of the old copies. *Enormous* is unwonted, out of rule, out of the ordinary course of things. *Johnson.*

So, Holinshed, p. 647: "The maior perceiving this *enormous* doing," &c. *Steevens.*

[2] —— *and shall find time*
From this enormous state,—seeking to give
Losses their remedies:] I confess I do not understand this passage, unless it may be considered as *divided parts of Cordelia's letter*, which he is reading to himself by moonlight: it certainly conveys the sense of what she would have said. In reading a letter, it is natural enough to dwell on those circumstances in it that promise the change in our affairs which we most wish for; and Kent having read Cordelia's assurances that she will find a time to free the injured from the *enormous* misrule of Regan, is willing to go to sleep with that pleasing reflection uppermost in his mind. But this is mere conjecture. *Steevens.*

Dr. Johnson's explanation of this passage cannot be right; for although in the old ballad from whence this play is supposed to be taken, Cordelia is forced to seek her fortune, in the play itself she is Queen of France, and has no fortune to seek; but it is more difficult to discover the real meaning of this speech, than to refute his conjecture. It seems to me, that the verb, *shall find*, is not governed by the word Cordelia, but by the pronoun *I*, in the beginning of the sentence; and that the words *from this enormous state*, do not refer to Cordelia, but to Kent himself, dressed like a clown, and condemned to the stocks,—an enormous state indeed for a man of his high rank.

The difficulty of this passage has arisen from a mistake in all the former editors, who have printed these three lines, as if they were a quotation from Cordelia's letter, whereas they are in fact the words of Kent himself; let the reader consider them in that light, as part of Kent's own speech, the obscurity is at an end, and the meaning is clearly this: "I know that the letter is from Cordelia, (who hath been informed of my obscured course) and shall gain time, by this strange disguise and situation, which I shall employ in seeking to remedy our present losses." *M. Mason.*

Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold

Notwithstanding the ingenuity and confidence of Mr. M. Mason, (who has not however done justice to his own idea) I cannot but concur with Mr. Steevens, in ascribing these broken expressions to the letter of Cordelia. For, if the words were Kent's, there will be no intimation from the letter that can give the least insight to Cordelia's design; and the only apparent purport of it will be, to tell Kent that she knew his situation. But exclusive of this consideration, what hopes could Kent entertain, in a condition so deplorable as his, unless Cordelia should take an opportunity from the anarchy of the kingdom, and the broils subsisting between Albany and Cornwall, of *finding a time, to give losses their remedies?* Curan had before mentioned to Edmund, the rumour of *wars toward*, between these dukes. This report had reached Cordelia, who, having also discovered the situation and fidelity of Kent, writes to inform him, that she should avail herself of the first opportunity which the enormities of the times might offer, of restoring him to her father's favour, and her father to his kingdom. [See Act III, sc. i; Act IV, sc. iii.] *Henley.*

In the old copies these words are printed in the same character as the rest of the speech. I have adhered to them, not conceiving that they form any part of Cordelia's letter, or that any part of it is or can be read by Kent. He wishes for the rising of the sun, that he *may* read it. I suspect that two half lines have been lost between the words *state* and *seeking*. This *enormous state* means, I think, the confusion subsisting in the state, in consequence of the discord which had arisen between the Dukes of Albany and Cornwall; of which Kent hopes Cordelia will avail herself. He says, in a subsequent scene—

" ——— There is division,
" Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
" With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall."

In the modern editions, after the words *under globe*, the following direction has been inserted: " *Looking up to the moon.*" Kent is surely here addressing, not the moon, but the sun, which he has mentioned in the preceding line, and for whose rising he is impatient, that he may read Cordelia's letter. He has just before said to Gloster, " Give you *good morrow!*" The *comfortable* beams of the moon, no poet, I believe, has mentioned. Those of the sun are again mentioned by Shakspeare in *Timon of Athens:*

" Thou *sun*, that *comfort'st*, burn!" *Malone.*

My reason for concurring with former editors in a supposition that the *moon*, not the *sun*, was meant by the *beacon*, arose from a consideration that the term, *beacon*, was more applicable to the *moon*, being, like that planet, only designed for night-service.

As to the epithet—*comfortable*, it suits with either luminary; for he who is compelled to travel, or sit abroad, in the night, must surely have derived *comfort* from the lustre of the *moon.*

The mention of the sun in the preceding proverbial sentence is quite accidental, and therefore ought not, in my opinion, to have weight on the present occasion.—By what is here urged, however, I do not mean to insinuate that Mr. Malone's opinion is indefensible. *Steevens.*

This shameful lodging.
Fortune, good night; smile once more; turn thy wheel!
[*He sleeps.*

SCENE III.

A Part of the Heath.

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd;
And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place,
That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
Does not attend my taking. While I may scape,
I will preserve myself: and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape,
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast: my face I 'll grime with filth;
Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots;[3]
And with presented nakedness out-face
The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars,[4] who, with roaring voices,

[3] —— *elf all my hair in knots;*] Hair thus knotted, was vulgarly supposed to be the work of *elves* and fairies in the night. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" —— plats the manes of horses in the night,
" And bakes the *elf-locks* in foul sluttish hairs,
" Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes." *Steevens.*

[4] *Of Bedlam beggars,*] Randle Holme, in his *Academy of Arms and Blazon*, B. III, c. 3, has the following passage descriptive of this class of vagabonds: " The *Bedlam* is in the same garb, with a long staff, and a cow or ox-horn by his side; but his cloathing is more fantastick and ridiculous; for, being a madman, he is madly decked and dressed all over with rubins, feathers, cuttings of cloth, and what not? to make him seem a mad-man, or one distracted, when he is no other than a dissembling knave."

In *The Bell-man of London*, by Decker, 5th edit. 1640, is another account of one of these characters, under the title of an *Abraham-Man:* " —— he sweares he hath been in Bedlam, and will talke frantickely of purpose: you see *pinnes* stuck in sundry places of his naked flesh, especially in his *armes*, which paine he gladly puts himselfe to, only to make you believe he is out of his wits. He calls himselfe by the name of *Poore Tom*, and comming near any body cries out, *Poor Tom is a-cold.* Of these *Abraham-men*, some be exceeding merry, and doe nothing but sing songs fashioned out of their own braines: some will dance, others will doe nothing but either laugh or

Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks,[5] nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,[6]
Poor pelting villages,[7] sheep-cotes, and mills,
Sometime with lunatick bans,[8] sometime with prayers,

weepe: others are dogged, and so sullen both in loke and speech, that spying but a small company in a house, they boldly and bluntly enter, *compelling* the servants through feare to give them what they demand."

Again, in *O per se O*, &c. *Being an Addition* &c. *to the Bell-man's Second Night-walke* &c. 1612: "Crackers tyed to a dogges tayle make not the poore curre runne faster, than these *Abram* ninnies doe the silly *villagers* of the country, so that when they come to any doore a begging, nothing is denied them."

To *sham Abraham*, a cant term, still in use among sailors and the vulgar, may have this origin. *Steevens.*

[5] —— *wooden pricks,*] i. e. skewers. So, in *The Wyll of the Deuill*, bl. l. no date: "I give to the butchers, &c. *pricks* inough to set up their thin meate, that it may appeare thicke and well fedde." *Steevens.*

Steevens is right: the *euonymous*, of which the best skewers are made, is called *prick*-wood. *M. Mason.*

[6] —— *low* farms,] The quartos read, low *service*. *Steevens.*

[7] *Poor* pelting *villages,*] *Pelting* is used by Shakspeare in the sense of beggarly: I suppose from *pelt* a skin. The poor being generally clothed in leather. *Warburton.*

Pelting is, I believe, only an accidental depravation of *petty*. Shakspeare uses it in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, of *small brooks*. *Johnson.*

Beaumont and Fletcher often use the word in the same sense as Shakspeare. So, in *King and no King*, Act IV:

"This *pelting*, prating peace is good for nothing."

Spanish Curate, Act II, sc. ult.——"To learn the *pelting* law." Shakspeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*,—"every *pelting* river." *Measure for Measure*, Act II, sc. vii:

"And every *pelting* petty officer."

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*, Hector says to Achilles:

"We have had *pelting* wars since you refus'd
"The Grecian cause."

From the first of the two last instances it appears not to be *a corruption of petty*, which is used the next word to it, but seems to be the same as *paltry*: and if it comes from *pelt* a skin, as Dr. Warburton says, the poets have furnished *villages, peace, law, rivers, officers of justice*, and *wars*, all out of one wardrobe. *Steevens.*

[8] —— *lunatick* bans,] To *ban*, is to curse.

So, in *Mother Bombie*, 1594, a comedy by Lyly:

"Well, be as be may, is no *banning*."

Again, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:

"Nay, if those *ban*, let me breathe curses forth." *Steevens.*

Enforce their charity.—Poor Turlygood! poor Tom![9]
That 's something yet;—Edgar I nothing am.[1] [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Before Gloster's *Castle.*[2]

Enter LEAR, Fool, *and* Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange, that they should so depart from home,
And not send back my messenger.
Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in them

[9] —— *poor* Turlygood! *poor Tom!*] We should read *Turlupin.* In the fourteenth century there was a new species of gipsies, called *Turlupins, a fraternity of naked beggars,* which ran up and down Europe. However, the church of Rome hath dignified them with the name of *hereticks,* and actually burned some of them at Paris. But what sort of religionists they were, appears from Genebrard's account of them. "Turlupin Cynicorum sectam suscitantes, de nuditate pudendorum, & publico coitu." Plainly, nothing but a band of *Tom-o'-Bedlams. Warburton.*

Hanmer reads—*poor* Turluru. It is probable the word *Turlygood* was the common corrupt pronunciation. *Johnson.*

[1] —— *Edgar I nothing am.*] As Edgar I am outlawed, dead in law; I have no longer any political existence. *Johnson.*

The critick's idea is both too complex and too puerile for one in Edgar's situation. He is pursued, it seems, and proclaimed; i. e. a reward has been offered for taking or killing him. In assuming this character, says he, I may preserve myself; as Edgar I am inevitably gone. *Ritson.*

Perhaps the meaning is, As poor Tom, I may exist; appearing as Edgar I am lost. *Malone.*

[2] *Before Gloster's Castle.*] It is not very clearly discovered why Lear comes hither. In the foregoing part he sent a letter to Gloster; but no hint is given of its contents. He seems to have gone to visit Gloster while Cornwall and Regan might prepare to entertain him. *Johnson.*

It is plain, I think, that Lear comes to the Earl of Gloster's in consequence of his having been at the Duke of Cornwall's, and having heard there, that his son and daughter were gone to the Earl of Gloster's. His first words show this: "*'Tis strange that* they (Cornwall and Regan) *should so depart from home, and not send back my* messenger (Kent)." It is clear also, from Kent's speech in this scene, that he went directly from Lear to the Duke of Cornwall's, and delivered his letters, but, instead of being sent back with any answer, was ordered to follow the Duke and Duchess to the Earl of Gloster's. But what then is the meaning of Lear's order to Kent, in the pre-

Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!

Lear. How!

Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my lord.[3]

Fool. Ha, ha; look! he wears cruel garters![4] Horses are tied by the heads; dogs, and bears, by the neck; monkies by the loins, and men by the legs: when a man is over-lusty[5] at legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks.[6]

ceding Act, scene v: *Go you before* to Gloster *with these letters.* The obvious meaning, and what will agree best with the course of the subsequent events, is, that the Duke of Cornwall and his wife were then residing at Gloster. Why Shakspeare should choose to suppose them at Gloster, rather than at any other city, is a different question. Perhaps he might think, that Gloster implied such a neighbourhood to the Earl of Gloster's castle, as his story required. *Tyrwhitt.*

See p. 186, n. 7. *Malone.*

[3] *No, my lord.*] Omitted in the quartos. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *he wears* cruel *garters!*] I believe a quibble was here intended. *Crewel* signifies *worsted*, of which stockings, garters, night-caps, &c. are made; and it is used in that sense in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, Act II:

"For who that had but half his wits about him
"Would commit the counsel of a serious sin
"To such a *crewel* night-cap." ——

So, again, in the comedy of *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, printed 1599:

"—— I 'll warrant you, he 'll have
"His *cruell garters* cross about the knee."

So, in *The Birds in a Cage*, 1633:

"I speak the prologue to our silk and *cruel*
"Gentlemen in the hangings."

Again, in *Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612:

"Wearing of *silk*, why art thou still so *cruel*." *Steevens.*

[5] —— *over-lusty* —] *Over-lusty*, in this place, has a double signification. *Lustiness* anciently meant *sauciness.*

So, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play, the Devil is in it*, 1612:

"—— upon pain of being plagued for their *lustyness*."

Again, in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:

"She 'll snarl and bite,
"And take up Nero for his *lustiness*." *Steevens.*

[6] —— *then he wears wooden* nether-stocks.] *Nether-stocks* is the old word for *stockings*. *Breeches* were at that time called "men's *over-stockes*," as I learn from Barrett's *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580.

It appears from the following passage in the second part of The

Lear. What 's he, that hath so much thy place mistook
To set thee here?
Kent. It is both he and she,
Your son and daughter.
Lear. No.
Kent. Yes.
Lear. No, I say.
Kent. I say, yea.
Lear.[7] No, no; they would not.
Kent. Yes, they have.
Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.
Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.[8]
Lear. They durst not do 't;
They could not, would not do 't; 'tis worse than murder,
To do upon respect such violent outrage:[9]
Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
Thou might'st deserve, or they impose, this usage,
Coming from us.
Kent. My lord, when at their home

Map of Mock Beggar Hall, &c. an ancient ballad, that the stockings were formerly sewed to the breeches:

" Their fathers went in homely frees,
" And good plain broad-cloth breeches;
" Their stockings with the same agrees,
" Sew'd on with good strong stitches."

Stubbs, in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, has a whole chapter on *The Diversitie of* Nether-Stockes *worne in England*, 1595. Heywood among his *Epigrams*, 1562, has the following:

" Thy *upper stocks*, be they stuft with silke or flocks,
" Never become thee like *a nether paire of stocks*." *Steevens.*

[7] *Lear.*] This and the next speech are omitted in the folio.—I have left the rest as I found them, without any attempt at metrical division; being well convinced that, as they are collected from discordant copies, they were not all designed to be preserved, and therefore cannot, in our usual method, be arranged. *Steevens.*

[8] *By Juno, I swear, ay.*] Omitted in the quartos. *Steevens.*

[9] *To do upon respect such violent outrage:*] To violate the publick and venerable character of a messenger from the king. *Johnson.*

To do an outrage upon *respect*, does not, I believe, *primarily* mean, to behave outrageously to *persons* of a respectable character, (though that in substance is the sense of the words) but rather to be *grossly deficient in respect* to those who are entitled to it, considering *respect* as personified. So before in this scene:

" You shall do small *respect*, show too bold malice
" Against the grace and person of my master,
" Stocking his messenger." *Malone.*

I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that show'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From Goneril his misress, salutations;
Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,[1]
Which presently they read: on whose contents,
They summon'd up their meiny,[2] straight took horse;
Commanded me to follow, and attend

[1] *Deliver'd letters, spite of* intermission,] *Intermission*, for another message, which they had then before them, to consider of; called *intermission*, because it came between their leisure and the Steward's message. *Warburton.*

Spite of intermission is *without pause, without suffering time to intervene*. So, in *Macbeth:*

" —— gentle heaven,
" Cut short all *intermission*," &c. *Steevens.*

Spite of intermission, perhaps means in spite of, or without regarding, that message which *intervened*, and which was entitled to precedent attention.

Spite of intermission, however, may mean, in spite of being obliged to pause and take breath, after having *panted forth* the salutation from his mistress. In Cawdrey's *Alphabetical Table of hard Words*, 1604, *intermission* is defined, "*foreslowing, a pawsing or breaking off.*" *Malone.*

[2] *They summon'd up their meiny,*] *Meiny*, i. e. people. *Pope.*

Mesne, a house. *Mesnie*, a family, Fr.

So, in *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606:

" —— if she, or her sad *meiny*,
" Be towards sleep, I 'll wake them."

Again, in the bl. l. romance of *Syr Eglamoure of Artoys*, no date:

" Of the emperoure took he leave ywys,
" And of all the *meiny* that was there."

Again:

" Here cometh the king of Israel,
" With a fayre *meinye*." *Steevens.*

So, in Lambard's *Archeion*, 1635, p. 2: " —whilest all the world consisted of a few householders, the elder (or father of the family) exercised authoritie over his *meyney*." *Reed.*

Though the word *meiny* be now obsolete, the word *menial*, which is derived from it, is still in use. On *whose* contents, means the contents of which. *M. Mason.*

Menial is by some derived from servants being *intra mœnia*, or domesticks. An etymology favoured by the Roman termination of the word. *Many*, in Kent's sense, for *train* or *retinue*, was used so late as Dryden's time:

" The *many* rend the skies with loud applause."
Ode on Alexander's Feast. *M.*

The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine,
(Being the very fellow that of late
Display'd so saucily against your highness,)
Having more man than wit about me, drew;[3]
He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries:
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter 's not gone yet,[4] if the wild geese fly that way.

Fathers, that wear rags,
Do make their children blind;
But fathers, that bear bags,
Shall see their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to the poor.—

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours[5] for thy daughters,[6] as thou can'st tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother[7] swells up toward my heart!

[3] *Having more man than wit about me, drew;*] The personal pronoun, which is found in the preceding line, is understood before the word *having*. The same licence is taken by our poet in other places. See Act IV, sc. ii: " — and amongst them *fell'd* him dead;" where *they* is understood. So, in Vol. XI, p. 224:

" —— which if granted,
" As he made semblance of his duty, *would*
" Have put his knife into him."

where *he* is understood before *would*. See also *Hamlet*, Act II, sc. ii: " — whereat griev'd,—*sends* out arrests."—The modern editors, following Sir Thomas Hanmer, read—*I* drew. *Malone.*

[4] *Winter 's not gone yet*, &c.] If this be their behaviour, the king's troubles are not yet at an end. *Johnson.*

This speech is omitted in the quartos. *Steevens.*

[5] —— *dolours* —] Quibble intended between *dolours* and *dollars*. *Hanmer.*

The same quibble had occurred in *The Tempest*, and in *Measure for Measure*. *Steevens.*

[6] —— for *thy daughters*,] i. e. on account of thy daughters' ingratitude. In the first part of the sentence *dolours* is understood in its true sense; in the latter part it is taken for *dollars*. The modern editors have adopted an alteration made by Mr. Theobald,—*from* instead of *for*; and following the second folio, read—thy *dear* daughters. *Malone.*

[7] *O, how this* mother &c.] *Lear* here affects to pass off the swelling of his heart ready to burst with grief and indignation, for the dis-

Hysterica passio! down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element 's below!—Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not;
Stay here. [*Exit.*

Gent. Made you no more offence than what you speak of?

Kent. None.
How chance the king comes with so small a train?

Fool. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We 'll set thee to school to an ant,[8] to teach thee

ease called the *Mother*, or *Hysterica Passio*, which, in our author's time, was not thought peculiar to women only. In Harsnet's *Declaration of Popish Impostures*, Richard Mainy, Gent. one of the pretended demoniacks, deposes, p. 263, that the first night that he came to Denham, the seat of Mr. Peckham, where these impostures were managed, he was somewhat evill at ease, and he grew worse and worse with an old disease that he had, and which the priests persuaded him was from the possession of the devil, viz. "The disease, I spake of was a spice of the *Mother*, wherewith I had bene troubled . . . before my going into Fraunce: whether I doe rightly term it the *Mother* or no I knowe not . . . When I was sicke of this disease in Fraunce, a Scottish doctor of physick then in Paris, called it, as I remember, *Vertiginem Capitis*. It riseth . . . . of a winde in the bottome of the belly, and proceeding with a great swelling, causeth a very painfull collicke in the stomack, and an extraordinary giddiness in the head."

It is at least very probable, that Shakspeare would not have thought of making Lear affect to have the *Hysterick Passion*, or *Mother*, if this passage in Harsnet's pamphlet had not suggested it to him, when he was selecting the other particulars from it, in order to furnish out his character of Tom of Bedlam, to whom this demoniacal gibberish is admirably adapted. *Percy.*

In p. 25 of the above pamphlet it is said "Ma: Maynie had a spice of the *Hysterica passio*, as seems, from his youth, he himselfe termes it the *Moother*." *Ritson.*

[8] *We 'll set thee to school to an ant*, &c.] "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, (says Solomon) learn her ways, and be wise; which having no guide, over-seer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the *summer*, and gathereth her food in the harvest."

By this allusion more is meant than is expressed. If, says the Fool, you had been schooled by the ant, you would have known that the king's train, like that sagacious animal, prefer the summer of prosperity to the colder season of adversity, from which no profit can be derived; and desert him, whose "mellow hangings" have

there 's no labouring in the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there 's not a nose among twenty, but can smell him that 's stinking.[9] Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee[1] better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack, when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.

shaken down, and who by "one winter's brush" has been left "open and bare for every storm that blows." *Malone.*

9 *All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there 's not a nose among* twenty, *but can smell him that 's* stinking.] The word *twenty* refers to the *noses* of the *blind men*, and not to the men in general. *Steevens.*

Mr. M. Mason supposes we should read *sinking*. What the Fool, says he, wants to describe is, the sagacity of mankind, in finding out the man whose fortunes are declining. *Reed.*

Stinking is the true reading. See a passage from *All 's Well that Ends Well*, which I had quoted, before I was aware that it had likewise been selected by Mr. Malone, for the same purpose of illustration, in the following note. Mr. M. Mason's conjecture, however, may be countenanced by a passage in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
" And *sinks* most lamentably." *Steevens.*

Mankind, says the Fool, may be divided into those who can see and those who are blind. All men, but blind men, though they follow their noses, are led by their eyes; and this class of mankind, *seeing* the king ruined, have all deserted him: with respect to the other class, the blind, who have nothing but their noses to guide them, they also fly equally from a king whose fortunes are declining; for of the noses of twenty blind men there is not one but can smell him, who "*being muddy'd in fortune's mood, smells somewhat strongly of her displeasure.*" You need not therefore be surprized at Lear's coming with so small a train.

The quartos read—among *a hundred.* *Malone.*

1 *When a wise man gives thee* &c.] One cannot too much commend the caution which our moral poet uses, on all occasions, to prevent his sentiment from being perversely taken. So here, having given an ironical precept in commendation of perfidy and base desertion of the unfortunate, for fear it should be understood seriously, though delivered by his buffoon or jester, he has the precaution to add this beautiful corrective, full of fine sense—" I would have none *but knaves* follow it, since a fool gives it." *Warburton.*

But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
And let[2] the wise man fly:
The knave turns fool, that runs away;
The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?

Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR, *with* GLOSTER.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick? they are weary?
They have travell'd hard to-night? Mere fetches;[3]
The images of revolt and flying off!
Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the duke;
How unremoveable and fix'd he is
In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—
Fiery? what quality? Why, Gloster, Gloster,
I 'd speak with the duke of Cornwall, and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord,[4] I have inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me, man?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father
Would with his daughter speak, commands her service:
Are they inform'd of this?[5]——My breath and blood!—
Fiery? the fiery duke?—Tell the hot duke, that[6] —

[2] *But I will tarry; the fool will stay,*
And let &c.] I think this passage erroneous, though both the copies concur. The sense will be mended if we read:

But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly;
The fool turns knave, that runs away;
The knave no fool, ——

That I stay with the king is a proof that I am a fool; the wise men are deserting him. There is knavery in this desertion, but there is no folly. *Johnson.*

[3] *Mere fetches;*] Though this line is now defective, perhaps it originally stood thus:

Mere fetches all; —. *Steevens.*

[4] Glo. *Well,* &c.] This, with the following speech, is omitted in the quartos. *Steevens.*

[5] *Are they inform'd of this?*] This line is not in the

No, but not yet:—may be, he is not well:
Infirmity doth still neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves,
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
To suffer with the body: I 'll forbear;
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
For the sound man.—Death on my state! wherefore
[*Looking on* KENT.
Should he sit here? This act persuades me,[7]
That this remotion[8] of the duke and her
Is practice only.[9] Give me my servant forth:
Go, tell the duke and his wife, I 'd speak with them,
Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber door I 'll beat the drum,
Till it cry—*Sleep to death.*[1]

Glo. I 'd have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart!—but, down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney[2] did to the eels,

[6] —— *Tell the hot duke, that* —] The quartos read—Tell the hot duke, that *Lear* —. *Steevens.*

[7] —— *This act persuades me,*] As the measure is here defective, perhaps our author wrote:

—— *This act* almost *persuades me,* —. *Steevens.*

[8] —— *this* remotion —] From their own house to that of the Earl of Gloster. *Malone.*

[9] *Is* practice *only.*] *Practice* is, in Shakspeare, and other old writers, used commonly in an ill sense for *unlawful artifice*. *Johnson.*

[1] *Till it cry*—Sleep to death.] This, as it stands, appears to be a mere nonsensical rhapsody. Perhaps we should read—*Death to sleep,* instead of *Sleep to death*. *M. Mason.*

The meaning of this passage seems to be—I 'll beat the drum till it cries out—*Let them awake no more;—Let their present sleep be their last.*

Somewhat similar occurs in *Troilus and Cressida:*

" —— the death tokens of it
" Cry—*No recovery.*"

The sentiment of Lear does not therefore, in my opinion, deserve the censure bestowed on it by Mr. M. Mason, but is, to the full, as defensible as many other bursts of dramatick passion. *Steevens.*

[2] —— *the* cockney —] It is not easy to determine the exact power of this term of contempt, which, as the editor of *The Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer observes, might have been originally borrowed from the kitchen. From the ancient ballad of *The Turnament of Tottenham*, published by Dr. Percy in his second volume of *Ancient Poetry*, p. 24, it should seem to signify a *cook:*

when she put them i' the paste[3] alive; she rapp'd 'em[4] o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cry'd, *Down, wantons, down:* 'Twas her brother, that, in pure kindness to his horse, buttered his hay.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, *and* Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

" At that feast were they served in rich array;
" Every five and five had a *cokeney.*"

i. e. a *cook*, or *scullion*, to attend them.

Shakspeare, however, in *Twelfth Night*, makes his Clown say—" I am afraid this great lubber the world, will prove a *cockney.*" In this place it seems to have a signification not unlike that which it bears at present; and, indeed, Chaucer, in his *Reve's Tale*, ver. 4205, appears to employ it with such a meaning:

" And when this jape is tald another day,
" I shall be halden a daffe or a *cokenay.*"

Meres, likewise, in the Second Part of his *Wit's Commonwealth*, 1598, observes, that " many *cockney* and wanton women are often sick, but in faith they cannot tell where." Deckar, also, in his *Newes from Hell*, &c. 1606, has the following passage: " 'Tis not their fault, but our mother's, our *cockering* mothers, who for their labour made us to be called *cockneys.*" See the notes on *The Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer, Vol. IV, p. 253, where the reader will meet with more information on this subject. *Steevens.*

Cockenay, as Dr. Percy imagines, cann.: be a cook or scullion, but is some dish which I am unable to ascertain. My authority is the following epigram from Davies:

" He that comes every day, shall have a *cock-nay*,
" And he that comes but now and then, shall have a fat hen."
Epigram on English Proverbs, 179. *Whalley.*

Mr. Malone expresses his doubt whether *cockney* means a *scullion*, &c. in *The Turnament of Tottenham;* and to the lines already quoted from J. Davies's *Scourge of Folly*, adds the two next:

" But cocks that to hens come but now and then,
" Shall have a *cock-nay*, not the fat hen."

I have been lately informed, by an old lady, that, during her childhood, she remembers having eaten a kind of sugar pellets called at that time *cockneys*. *Steevens.*

[3] —— *the* eels, *when she put them* i' the paste —] Hinting that the eel and Lear are in the same danger. *Johnson.*

The Fool does not compare *Lear* himself to the *eels*, but his *rising choler*. *M. Mason.*

This reference is not sufficiently explained. The *paste*, or *crust of a pie*, in Shakspeare's time, was called a *coffin*. *Henley.*

[4] —— *she* rapp'd *'em* —] So the quartos. The folio reads—she *knapt* 'em. *Malone.*

Rapp'd must be the true reading, as the only sense of the verb—to *knap*, is to *snap*, or *break asunder*. *Steevens.*

Corn. Hail to your grace!
[KENT *is set at Liberty.*

Reg. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason
I have to think so: if thou should'st not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepúlch'ring[5] an adultress.—O, are you free? [*To* KENT.
Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan,
Thy sister 's naught: O Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here,[6]—
[*Points to his Heart.*
I can scarce speak to thee; thou 'lt not believe,
Of how deprav'd a quality[7]—O Regan!

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience; I have hope,
You less know how to value her desert,
Than she to scant her duty.[8]

[5] *Sepúlch'ring* —] This word is accented in the same manner by Fairfax and Milton:

"As if his work should his *sepúlcher* be." C. i, st. 25.
"And so *sepúlcher'd* in such pomp dost lie."
Milton on Shakspeare, line 15. *Steevens.*

[6] ——— *she hath tied*
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here,] Alluding to the fable of Prometheus. *Warburton.*

[7] Of *how deprav'd a quality* —] Thus the quarto. The folio reads:
With *how deprav'd a quality* —. *Johnson.*

[8] *Than she to* scant *her duty.*] The word *scant* is directly contrary to the sense intended. The quarto reads:
—— slack *her duty,*
which is no better. May we not change it thus:
You less know how to value her desert,
Than she to scan *her duty.*
To *scan* may be to *measure* or *proportion.* Yet our author uses his negatives with such licentiousness, that it is hardly safe to make any alteration. *Scant* may mean to *adapt*, to *fit*, to *proportion;* which sense seems still to be retained in the mechanical term *scantling.*
Johnson.
Sir Thomas Hanmer had proposed this change of *scant* into *scan;* but surely no alteration is necessary. The other reading—*slack*, would answer as well. You less know how to value her desert, than she (knows) to *scant* her duty, i. e. than she can be capable of being wanting in her duty. I have at least given the *intended* meaning of the passage. *Steevens.*
Shakspeare, without doubt, intended to make Regan say—*I have hope that the fact will rather turn out, that* you *know not how to appreciate her merit, than that* she *knows* how to scant, or be deficient in, *her duty.* But that he has expressed this sentiment inaccurately, will,

Lear. Say,[9] how is that?
Reg. I cannot think, my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation: If, sir, perchance,
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.
Lear. My curses on her!
Reg. O, sir, you are old;

I think, clearly appear from inverting the sentence, without changing a word. "I have hope (says Regan) that she knows *more* [or *better*] how to scant her duty, than you know how to value her desert." i. e. I have hope, that she is *more perfect*, more an adept, (if the expression may be allowed) in the *non performance* of her duty, than you are perfect, or accurate, in the estimation of her merit.

In *The Winter's Tale* we meet with an inaccuracy of the same kind:

"—— I ne'er heard yet,
"That any of these bolder vices *wanted*
"*Less* impudence to gainsay what they did,
"Than to perform it first."

where, as Dr. Johnson has justly observed, "*wanted* should be *had*, or *less* should be *more*." Again, in *Cymbeline*: "— be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without *less* quality." Here also *less* should certainly be *more*.

Again, in *Macbeth*:

"Who *cannot want* the thought how monstrous
"It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
"To kill the gracious Duncan?"

Here unquestionably for *cannot* the poet should have written *can*. See also *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act IV, sc. xii, Vol. XIII.

If Lear is *less* knowing in the valuation of Goneril's desert, than she is in her scanting of her duty, then she knows *better* how to *scant* or be deficient in her duty, than he knows how to appreciate her desert. Will any one maintain, that Regan meant to express a hope that this would prove the case?

Shakspeare perplexed himself by placing the word *less* before *know*; for if he had written, "I have hope that you rather know how to make her *desert less* than it is, (to under-rate it in your estimation) than that she at all knows how to scant her duty," all would have been clear; but, by placing *less* before *know*, this meaning is destroyed.

Those who imagine that this passage is accurately expressed as it now stands, deceive themselves by this fallacy: in paraphrasing it, they always take the word *less* out of its place, and connect it, or some other synonymous word, with the word *desert*. Malone.

[9] *Say, &c.*] This, as well as the following speech, is [redacted] quartos. *Steevens.*

Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine: you should be rul'd, and led
By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better than you yourself: Therefore, I pray you,
That to our sister you do make return;
Say, you have wrong'd her, sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness?
Do you but mark how this becomes the house:[1]
Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;
Age is unnecessary:[2] *on my knees I beg,* [Kneeling.
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.

Reg. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks:
Return you to my sister.

[1] *Do you but mark how this becomes* the house?] The order of families duties of relation. *Warburton.*

In *The Tempest* we have again nearly the same sentiment:

"But O how oddly will it sound that I
"Must ask my child forgiveness?" *Malone.*

Dr. Warburton's explanation may be supported by the following passage in *Milton on Divorce*, B. II. ch xii: "— the restraint whereof, who is not too thick-sighted, may see how hurtful, how destructive, it is to *the house*, the church, and commonwealth!" *Tollet.*

The old reading may likewise receive additional support from the following passage in *The Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, 1598: "Come up to supper; it will *become the house* wonderfull well."

Mr. Tollet has since furnished me with the following extract from Sir Thomas Smith's *Commonwealth of England*, 4to. 1601, chap. II, which has much the same expression, and explains it. "They two together [man and wife] ruleth the *house*. The *house* I call here, the man, the woman, their children, their servants, bond and free," &c. *Steevens.*

Again, in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*:—"The gentleman's wife one day could not refraine (beholding a stagges head set up in the gentleman's house) from breaking into a laughter before his face, saying how that head *became the house* very well." *Henderson.*

[2] *Age is* unnecessary:] i. e. Old age has few wants. *Johnson.*

This usage of the word *unnecessary* is quite without example; and I believe my learned coadjutor has rather improved than explained the meaning of his author, who seems to have designed to say no more than that it seems *unnecessary* to children that the lives of their parents *should be prolonged*. *Age is unnecessary*, may mean, *old people are useless*. So, in *The Old Law*, by Massinger:

"——your laws extend not to desert,
"But to *unnecessary* years; and, my lord,
"His are not such." *Steevens.*

Unnecessary in Lear's speech, I believe, means—*in want of necessaries, unable to procure them.* *Tyrwhitt.*

Lear. Never, Regan:
She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd black upon me;[3] struck me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:—
All the stor'd vengeances of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness!
Corn. Fy, fy, fy!
Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blast her pride[4]†

[3] Look'd black *upon me;*] To *look black*, may easily be explained to *look cloudy* or *gloomy*. See Milton:

"So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell
"Grew *darker* at their frown." *Johnson.*

So, Holinshed, Vol. III, p. 1157: "—the bishops thereat repined, and *looked black*." *Tollet.*

[4] *To* fall *and blast her pride!*] Thus the quarto: The folio reads not so well, *to fall and blister*. *Johnson.*

Fall is, I think, used here as an active verb, signifying to humble or pull down. *Ye fen-suck'd fogs drawn from the earth by the powerful action of the sun, infect her beauty*, so as *to fall and blast*, i. e. humble and destroy, *her pride*. Shakspeare in other places uses *fall* in an active sense. So, in *Othello:*

"Each drop she *falls* will prove a crocodile."

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida:*

"——make him *fall*
"His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends."

In the old play of *King Leir* our poet found—

"I ever thought that *pride* would have a *fall*." *Malone.*

I see no occasion for supposing with Malone, that the word *fall* is to be considered in an active sense, as signifying to *humble* or *pull down;* it appears to me to be used in this passage in its common acceptation; and that the plain meaning is this, "You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn up by the sun in order to fall down again and blast her pride." *M. Mason.*

I once proposed the same explanation to Dr. Johnson, but he would not receive it. *Steevens.*

† A similar passage in *The Tempest*, (see Vol. II, p. 65,) while it confirms the opinion of Mr. Mason, is, a direct proof of the facility with which our author borrows from himself:

Cal. "All the *infections* that the *sun sucks up*
"From *bogs, fens, flats*, on Prosper *fall*, and make him
"By inch-meal a disease!"

Again, p. 34:

"As wicked dew, as ere my mother brush'd,
"With raven's feather, from unwholesome *fen*,

Reg. O the blest gods!
So will you wish on me, when the rash mood 's on.[5]
Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse;
Thy tender-hefted nature[6] shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness; her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burn:[7] 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,[8]
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in: thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,

" *Drop* on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
" *And blister you all o'er!*" *Am. Ed.*

[5] —— *when the rash mood 's on.*] Thus the folio. The quartos read only,—*when the rash mood*——perhaps leaving the sentence purposely unfinished, as indeed I should wish it to be left, rather than countenance the admission of a line so inharmonious as that in the text. *Steevens.*

[6] *Thy* tender hefted *nature* —] *Hefted* seems to mean the same as *heaved. Tender-hefted,* i. e. whose bosom is agitated by tender passions. The formation of such a participle, I believe, cannot be grammatically accounted for. Shakspeare uses *hefts* for *heavings* in *The Winter's Tale,* Act II. Both the quartos however read, " tender-*hested* nature;" which may mean a nature which is governed by gentle dispositions. *Hest* is an old word signifying *command.* So, in *The Wars of Cyrus,* &c. 1594:

" Must yield to *hest* of others that be free."

Hefted is the reading of the folio. *Steevens.*

[7] *Do comfort and* not burn:] The same thought, but more expanded, had already occurred in Sir Philip Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella:*

" She comes with light and warmth, which like Aurora prove
" Of gentle force, so that mine eyes dare gladly play
" With such a rosie morne, whose beames, most freshly gay,
" *Scorch not,* but onely doe darke chilling sprites remove."
Steevens.

[8] —— *to scant my* sizes,] To contract my allowances or proportions settled. *Johnson.*

A *sizer* is one of the lowest rank of students at Cambridge, and lives on a stated allowance.

Sizes are certain portions of bread, beer, or other victuals, which in publick societies are set down to the account of particular persons: a word still used in colleges. So, in *The Return from Parnassus:*

" You are one of the devil's fellow-commoners; one that *sizeth* the devil's butteries." *Steevens.*

See a *size* in Minsheu's *Dictionary. Tollet.*

Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good sir, to the purpose.

[*Trumpets within.*

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks?

Corn. What trumpet 's that?

Enter Steward.

Reg. I know 't, my sister's:[9] this approves her letter,
That she would soon be here.—Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows:—
Out, varlet, from my sight!

Corn. What means your grace?

Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have good hope
Thou didst not know of 't.—Who comes here? O heavens,

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience,[1] if yourselves are old,[2]

[9] Corn. *What trumpet's that?*
Reg. I know 't, *my sister's:*] Thus, in *Othello:*
"The Moor,—*I know his trumpet.*"
It should seem from both these passages, and others that might be quoted, that the approach of great personages was announced by some distinguishing note or tune appropriately used by their own trumpeters. Cornwall knows not the present sound; but to Regan, who had often heard her sister's trumpet, the first flourish of it was as familiar as was that of the Moor to the ears of Iago. *Steevens.*

[1] *If you do love old men, if your sweet sway*
Allow *obedience, if yourselves are old,*] Mr. Upton has proved by irresistible authority, that to *allow* signifies not only to *permit*, but to *approve*, and has deservedly replaced the old reading. which Dr. Warburton had changed into *hallow obedience*, not recollecting the scripture expression, *The Lord* alloweth *the righteous*. Psalm xi, ver. 6. So, in *Greene's Never too late*, 1616: "—she *allows* of thee for love, not for lust." Again, in his *Farewell to Follie*, 1617: "I *allow* those pleasing poems of Guazzo, which begin," &c. Again, Sir Thomas North's translation of *Plutarch*, concerning the reception with which the death of Cæsar met: "they neither greatly reproved, nor *allowed* the fact." Dr. Warburton might have found the emendation which he proposed, in Tate's alteration of *King Lear*, which was first published in 1687. *Steevens.*

[2] —— *if yourselves are old,*] Thus Statius, *Theb.* X, 705.
"—— hoc, oro, munus concede parenti,
"Si tua maturis signentur tempora canis,
"Et sis ipse parens." *Steevens.*

Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!—
Art not asham'd to look upon this beard?— [*To* GON.
O, Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?
Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I offended?
All 's not offence, that indiscretion finds,[3]
And dotage terms so.
Lear. O, sides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?—How came my man i' the stocks?
Corn. I set him there, sir: but his own disorders
Deserv'd much less advancement.[4]
Lear. You! did you?
Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.[5]
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me;
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.
Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Necessity's sharp pinch![6]—Return with her?

[3] —— *that indiscretion* finds.] *Finds* is here used in the same sense as when a jury is said to *find* a bill, to which it is an allusion. Our author again uses the same word in the same sense in *Hamlet*, Act V, sc. i:

"Why, 'tis *found* so." *Edwards.*

To *find* is little more than to *think*. The French use their word *trouver* in the same sense; and we still say I *find* time tedious, or I *find* company troublesome, without thinking on a jury. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *much less* advancement.] The word *advancement* is ironically used for *conspicuousness* of punishment; as we now say, *a man is* advanced *to the pillory*. We should read:

—— *but his own disorders*
Deserv'd much more *advancement*. *Johnson.*

By *less advancement* is meant, a still worse or more disgraceful situation; a situation not so reputable. *Percy.*

Cornwall certainly means, that Kent's *disorders* had entitled him even to a post of less honour than the stocks. *Steevens.*

[5] *I pray you father, being weak,* seem *so.*] The meaning is, since *you are weak*, be content to think yourself weak. *Johnson.*

[6] *No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose*
To wage against the enmity o the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Necessity's sharp pinch!] To wage is often used absolutely with-

Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life[7] afoot:—Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter[8]
To this detested groom. [*Looking* on the Steward.
Gon. At your choice, sir.
Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad;
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewel:
We 'll no more meet, no more see one another:—
But yet thou art my flesh,[9] my blood, my daughter;
Or, rather, a disease that 's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,[1]
A plague-sore,[2] an embossed carbuncle,[3]

out the word *war* after it, and yet signifies *to make war*, as before in this play:

"My life I never held but as a pawn
"To *wage* against thine enemies."

The words—*necessity's sharp pinch!* appear to be the reflection of Lear on the wretched sort of existence he had described in the preceding lines. *Steevens.*

[7] —— *base life* —] i. e. In a *servile* state. *Johnson.*

[8] —— *and* sumpter —] *Sumpter* is a horse that carries necessaries on a journey, though sometimes used for the case to carry them in. —See Beaumont and Fletcher's *Noble Gentleman*, Seward's edit. Vol. VIII, note 35; and *Cupid's Revenge:*

"—— I 'll have a horse to leap thee,
"And thy base issue shall carry *sumpters.*"

Again, in Webster's *Duchess of Malfy*, 1623:

"His is indeed a guarded *sumpter-cloth*,
"Only for the remove o' the court." *Steevens.*

[9] *But yet thou art* my flesh, &c.] So, in *King Henry VI*, Part I:

"God knows, thou art *a collop of my flesh.*" *Steevens.*

[1] —— *thou art a* boil, &c.] The word in the old copies is written *byle*, and all the modern editors have too strictly followed them. The mistake arose from the word *boil* being often pronounced as if written *bile*. In the folio, we find in *Coriolanus* the same false spelling as here:

"—— *Byles* [boils] and plagues
"Plaster you o'er!" *Malone.*

[2] *A* plague-sore,] So, in Thomas Lupton's *Fourth Booke of Notable Thinges*, bl. l. 4to: "If you wyll knowe whether one shall escape or not, that is infected with the plague, (having the *plague-sore*) gyve the partie, &c. And also anoint the *plague-sore*" &c. The plague-sore, *we may suppose*, was the decisive mark of infection. *Steevens.*

In my corrupted blood. But I 'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:
Mend, when thou canst; be better, at thy leisure:
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
I, and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so, sir;
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome: Give ear, sir, to my sister;
For those that mingle reason with your passion,
Must be content to think you old, and so —
But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken now?

Reg. I dare avouch it, sir: What, fifty followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many? sith that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one house,
Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to slack you,
We could controul them: If you will come to me,
(For now I spy a danger) I entreat you
To bring but five and twenty; to no more
Will I give place, or notice.

Lear. I gave you all —

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries;
But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number: What, must I come to you
With five and twenty, Regan? said you so?

Reg. And speak it again, my lord; no more with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,
When others are more wicked;[4] not being the worst,

[3] —— embossed *carbuncle,*] *Embossed* is *swelling, protuberant.* *Johnson.*

So, in *Timon of Athens:*

"Whom once a day with his *embossed* froth
"The turbulent surge shall cover." *Steevens.*

Stands in some rank of praise:—I 'll go with thee;
[*To* GON.
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her love.
Gon. Hear me, my lord;
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?
Reg. What need one?
Lear. O, reason not the need: our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's: thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true need,—
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need![5]
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,[6]
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger!
O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall — I will do such things, —
What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think, I 'll weep;
No, I 'll not weep:—
I have full cause of weeping; but this heart

[4] *Those* wicked *creatures yet do look well-favour'd,*
When others are more wicked;] This passage, I think, should be pointed thus:
Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,
When others are more wicked; not being the worst
Stands in some rank of praise.——
That is, *to be not the worst* deserves some praise. *Tyrwhitt.*

[5] —— patience, patience *I need!*] I believe the word *patience* was repeated inadvertently by the compositor. *Malone.*
The compositor has repeated the wrong word: Read:
You heavens, give me that patience that *I need.*
Or, still better, perhaps:
You heavens, give me patience!—that I need. *Ritson.*

[6] ——*poor old man,*] The quarto has, poor old *fellow.* *Johnson.*

Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,[7]
Or ere I 'll weep:—O, fool, I shall go mad!
[*Exeunt* LEAR, GLO. KENT, *and* Fool.
Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.
[*Storm heard at a Distance.*
Reg. This house
Is little; the old man and his people cannot
Be well bestow'd.
Gon. 'Tis his own blame; he hath put
Himself from rest,[8] and must needs taste his folly.
Reg. For his particular, I 'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.
Gon. So am I purpos'd.
Where is my lord of Gloster?

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth:—he is return'd.
Glo. The king is in high rage.
Corn. Whither is he going?
Glo. He calls to horse;[9] but will I know not whither.
Corn. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads himself.
Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.
Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak winds,
Do sorely ruffle;[1] for many miles about
There 's scarce a bush.
Reg. O, sir, to wilful men,
The injuries, that they themselves procure,
Must be their schoolmasters: Shut up your doors;
He is attended with a desperate train;

[7] —— *into a hundred thousand* flaws,] A *flaw* signifying a crack or other similar imperfection, our author, with his accustomed license, uses the word here for a *small broken particle*. So again, in the fifth Act:

"—— But his *flaw'd heart*
"Burst smilingly." *Malone.*

[8] —— he *hath put*
Himself from rest,] The personal pronoun was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer. *He hath* was formerly contracted thus; *H'ath;* and hence perhaps the mistake. *Malone.*

[9] Corn. *Whither is he going?*
Glo. *He calls to horse;*] Omitted in the quartos. *Steevens.*

[1] *Do sorely* ruffle;] Thus the folio. The quartos read—Do sorely *russel*, i. e. *rustle*. *Steevens.*

Ruffle is certainly the true reading. A *ruffler*, in our author's time, was a *noisy, boisterous*, swaggerer. *Malone.*

And what they may incense him to,[2] being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.
Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild night;
My Regan counsels well: come out o' the storm. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.....SCENE I.

A Heath.

A Storm is heard, with Thunder and Lightning.

Enter KENT, *and a* Gentleman, *meeting.*

Kent. Who 's here, beside foul weather?
Gent. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.
Kent. I know you; Where 's the king?
Gent. Contending with the fretful element:[3]
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,[4]
That things might change, or cease: tears his white hair;[5]

[2] —— incense *him to,*] To *incense* is here, as in other places, to instigate. *Malone.*

[3] —— *the fretful* element:] i. e. the air. Thus the quartos; for which the editor of the folio substituted *elements*. *Malone.*

[4] *Or swell the curled waters 'bove the* main,] The *main* seems to signify here the *main land, the continent*. So, in Bacon's *War with Spain:* "In 1589, we turned challengers, and invaded the *main* of Spain."

This interpretation sets the two objects of Lear's desire in proper opposition to each other. He wishes for the destruction of the world, either by the winds blowing the land into the waters, or raising the waters so as to overwhelm the land.

So, Lucretius, III, 854:

"—— terra mari miscebitur. et mare cœlo."

See also the *Æneid* I, 133, and XII, 204. *Steevens.*

So, in *Troilus and Cressida:*

"—— The *bounded waters*
"Should lift their bosoms higher than the *shores*
"And make a sop of all this *solid globe.*"

The main is again used for *the land*, in *Hamlet:*

"Goes it against *the main* of Poland, sir?" *Malone.*

[5] —— *tears his white hair;*] The six following verses were omitted in all the late editions; I have replaced them from the first, for they are certainly Shakspeare's. *Pope.*

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.[6]
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,[7]
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.[8]

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool; who labours to out-jest
His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you;
And dare, upon the warrant of my art,[9]

The first folio ends the speech at *change or cease*, and begins again at Kent's question, *But who is with him?* The whole speech is forcible, but too long for the occasion, and properly retrenched. *Johnson.*

[6] *Strives in his little world of man to out*-scorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.] Thus the old copies. But I suspect we should read—out-*storm*: i. e. as Nestor expresses it in *Troilus and Cressida*:

" —— with an accent tun'd in self-same key,
" *Returns* to chiding fortune:"

i. e. makes a return to it, gives it as good as it brings, *confronts it with self-comparisons.*

Again, in *King Lear*, Act V:

" Myself could else *out-frown* false fortune's *frown*."

Again, in *King John*:

" Threaten the threatner, and *out-face the brow*,
" Of bragging horror."

Again, (and more decisively) in *The Lover's Complaint*, attributed to our author:

" *Storming* her *world* with sorrow's wind and rain." *Steevens.*

[7] *This night wherein the* cub-drawn *bear would couch,*] *Cub-drawn* has been explained to signify *drawn by nature to its young*; whereas it means, *whose dugs are drawn dry by its young*. For no animals leave their dens by night but for prey. So that the meaning is, "that even hunger, and the support of its young, would not force the bear to leave his den in such a night." *Warburton.*

Shakspeare has the same image in *As you Like it*:

" A lioness, *with udders all drawn dry*,
" Lay couching ——."

Again, *ibidem*:

" Food to the *suck'd and hungry* lioness." *Steevens.*

[8] *And bids what will* take all.] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Enobarbus says

" I 'll strike, and cry, *Take all.*" *Steevens.*

[9] —— *upon the warrant of my* art,] Thus the quartos. The folio

Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;
Who have (as who have not,[1] that their great stars
Thron'd and set high?) servants, who seem no less;
Which are to France the spies and speculations
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,[2]
Either in snuffs and packings[3] of the dukes;
Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
Against the old kind king; or something deeper,
Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings;[4]—
[But, true it is,[5] from France there comes a power

—" my *note*."—" The warrant of my *art*" seems to mean—on the strength of my *skill* in physiognomy. *Steevens.*

——*upon the warrant of my* art,] On the strength of that art or skill, which teaches us " to find *the mind's construction in the face*." The passage in *Macbeth* from which I have drawn this paraphrase, in which the word *art* is again employed in the same sense, confirms the reading of the quartos. The folio reads—upon the warrant of my *note*: i. e. says Dr. Johnson, " my observation of your character." *Malone.*

1 *Who have (as who have not,]* The eight subsequent verses were degraded by Mr. Pope, as unintelligible, and to no purpose. For my part, I see nothing in them but what is very easy to be nnderstood; and the lines seem absolutely necessary to clear up the motives upon which France prepared his invasion: nor without them is the sense of the context complete. *Theobald.*

The quartos omit these lines. *Steevens.*

2 —— *what hath been seen,]* What follows, are the circumstances in the state of the kingdom, of which he supposes the spies gave France the intelligence. *Steevens.*

3 *Either in* snuffs *and* packings —] *Snuffs* are dislikes, and *packings* underhand contrivances.

So, in *Henry IV*, P. I: " Took it in *snuff*;" and in *King Edward III*, 1599:

" This *packing* evil, we both shall tremble for it."

Again, in Stanyhurst's *Virgil*, 1582:

" With two gods *packing* one woman silly to cozen."

We still talk of *packing* juries, and Antony says of Cleopatra, that she has " *pack'd* cards with Cæsar." *Steevens.*

4 —— *are but* furnishings;] *Furnishings* are what we now call *colours, external pretences. Johnson.*

A *furnish* anciently signified a *sample*. So, in the Preface to Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit*, 1621: " To lend the world a *furnish* of wit, she lays her own to pawn." *Steevens.*

5 *But, true it is,* &c.] In the old editions are the five following lines which I have inserted in the text, which seem necessary to the

Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
In some of our best ports,[6] and are at point
To show their open banner.—Now to you:
If on my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find

as a preparatory to the arrival of the French army with Cordelia in Act IV. How both these, and a whole scene between Kent and this gentleman in the fourth Act, came to be left out in all the later editions, I cannot tell; they depend upon each other, and very much contribute to clear that incident. *Pope.*

[6] ——*from France there comes a power*
Into this scatter'd *kingdom; who already,*
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
In some of our best ports,] This speech, as it now stands, is collected from two editions: the eight lines degraded by Mr. Pope, are found in the folio, not in the quarto; the following lines inclosed in crotchets are in the quarto, not in the folio. So that if the speech be read with omission of the former, it will stand according to the first edition; and if the former are read, and the lines that follow them omitted, it will then stand according to the second. The speech is now tedious, because it is formed by a coalition of both. The second edition is generally best, and was probably nearest to Shakspeare's last copy; but in this passage the first is preferable: for in the folio, the messenger is sent, he knows not why, he knows not whither. I suppose Shakspeare thought his plot opened rather too early, and made the alteration to veil the event from the audience; but trusting too much to himself, and full of a single purpose, he did not accommodate his new lines to the rest of the scene. *Scattered* means *divided, unsettled, disunited. Johnson.*

—— *have secret* feet

In some of our best ports,] One of the quartos (for there are two that differ from each other, though printed in the same year, and for the same printer,) reads *secret feet.* Perhaps the author wrote *secret foot,* i. e. footing. So, in a following scene:

" —— what confederacy have you with the traitors
" Late *footed* in the kingdom?"

A phrase, not unlike that in the text, occurs in Chapman's version of the nineteenth Book of Homer's *Odyssey:*

" —— what course for home would best prevail
" To come in pomp, or beare a *secret sail.*" *Steevens.*

These lines, as has been observed, are not in the folio. Quarto A reads—secret *fee;* quarto B—secret *feet.* I have adopted the latter reading, which I suppose was used in the sense of *secret footing,* and is strongly confirmed by a passage in this Act: "These injuries the king now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a *power* already *footed:* we must incline to the king." Again, in *Coriolanus:*

" —— Why, thou Mars, I 'll tell thee,
" We have a *power* on *foot.*" *Malone.*

Some that will thank you, making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The king hath cause to plain.
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding;
And, from some knowledge and assurance, offer
This office to you.]

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not.
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out wall, open this purse, and take
What it contains: If you shall see Cordelia,
(As fear not but you shall[7]) show her this ring;
And she will tell you who your fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fy on this storm!
I will go seek the king.

Gent. Give me your hand: Have you no more to say?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;
That, when we have found the king, (in which your pain
That way, I 'll this;) he that first[8] lights on him,
Holla the other. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Heath. Storm continues.

Enter LEAR *and* Fool.

Lear. Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks![9] rage! blow!
You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout

[7] (*As* fear *not but you shall*)] Thus quarto B and the folio. Quarto A—As *doubt* not but you shall. *Malone.*

[8] —— *the king, (in which your pain,*
That way; I'll this;) he that first &c.] Thus the folio. The late reading:

" —— for which you take
" That way, I this," ——

was not genuine. The quartos read:

" That when we have found the king,
" He this way, you that, he that first lights
" On him, hollow the other." *Steevens.*

[9] *Blow*, wind, *and crack your cheeks!*] Thus the quartos. The folio has—*winds*. The poet, as Mr. M. Mason has observed in a note on *The Tempest*, was here thinking of the common representation of the winds, which he might have found in many books of his time. So again, as the same gentleman has observed, in *Troilus and Cressida:*

Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing[1] fires,
Vaunt couriers[2] to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat[3] the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,[4]
That make ingrateful man!

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water[5] in a dry house is bet-

"Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias *cheek*
"Outswell the cholick of *puff'd Aquilon*."

We find the same allusion in Kempe's *Nine Daies Wonder*, &c. quarto, 1600: "— he *swells* presently, like *one of the four winds*." *Malone.*

1 ——— *thought-executing* —] Doing execution with rapidity equal to thought. *Johnson.*

2 *Vaunt couriers* —] *Avant couriers*, Fr. This phrase is not unfamiliar to other writers of Shakspeare's time. It originally meant the foremost scouts of an army. So, in Jarvis Markham's *English Arcadia*, 1607:

"—— as soon as the first *vancurrer* encountered him face to face."

Again, in *The Tragedy of Mariam*, 1613:

"Might to my death, but the *vaunt-currier* prove."

Again, in *Darius*, 1603:

"Th' *avant-corours*, that came for to examine." *Steevens.*

In *The Tempest* "Jove's lightnings" are termed more familiarly—

"——— the *precursors*
"O'-the dreadful thunder-claps. —" *Malone.*

3 Strike *flat* &c.] The quarto reads,—*Smite* flat. *Steevens.*

4 *Crack nature's moulds, all* germens *spill at once*,] Crack nature's mould, and spill all the *seeds of matter*, that are hoarded within it. Our author not only uses the same thought again, but the word that ascertains my explication, in *The Winter's Tale:*

"Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together,
"And mar the *seeds* within." *Theobald.*

So again, in *Macbeth:*

"—— and the sum
"Of nature's *germens* tumble altogether." *Steevens.*

—— spill *at once*,] To *spill* is to destroy. So, in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, Lib. IV, fol. 67:

"So as I shall myself *spill*." *Steevens.*

5 —— *court holy-water* —] Ray, among his proverbial phrases, p. 184, mentions *court holy-water* to mean *fair words*. The French have the same phrase, *Eaû benite de cour;* fair empty words.—*Chambaud's Dictionary.*

The same phrase also occurs in Churchyard's *Charitie*, 1595:

"The great good turnes in *court* that thousands felt,
"Is turn'd to cleer faire *holie water* there" &c. *Steevens.*

ter than this rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters blessing; here 's a night pities neither wise men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyfull! Spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription;[6] why then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man:—
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul![7]

Fool. He that has a house to put his head in, has a good head-piece.

The cod-piece that will house,
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall louse;—
So beggars marry many.[8]

The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make,
Shall of a corn cry woe,[9]
And turn his sleep to wake.

—for there never was yet fair woman, but she made mouths in a glass.

Enter KENT.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience,

Cotgrave in his *Dict.* 1611, defines *Eau benite de cour*, "*court holie water;* compliments, faire words, flattering speeches," &c. See also Florio's *Italian Dict.* 1598: "*Mantellizare*, To flatter, to claw,—to give one *court holie-water.*" *Malone.*

6 *You owe me no* subscription;] *Subscription* for obedience. *Warburton.*

See p. 155, n. 4. *Malone.*

7 —— *'tis foul!*] Shameful; dishonourable. *Johnson.*

8 *So beggars marry many.*] i. e. A beggar marries a wife and lice. *Johnson.*

Rather, "So many beggars marry;" meaning that they marry in the manner he has described, before they have houses to put their heads in. *M. Mason.*

9 —— *cry woe,*] i. e. be grieved, or pained. So, in *K. Richard III.*
"You live, that shall *cry woe* for this hereafter." *Malone.*

I will say nothing.[1]

Kent. Who 's there?

Fool. Marry, here 's grace, and a cod-piece; that 's a wise man, and a fool.[2]

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here?[3] things that love night,
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,[4]
And make them keep their caves: Since I was man,
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry
The affliction, nor the fear.[5]

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother[6] o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice: Hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjur'd, and thou simular man of virtue
That art incestuous: Caitiff, to pieces shake,

[1] *No, I will be the pattern of all patience,*
I will say nothing.] So Perillus, in the old anonymous play, speaking of *Leir:*
" But he, the myrrour of mild patience,
" Puts up all wrongs, and never gives reply." *Steevens.*

[2] —— grace, *and a* cod-piece; *that 's a wise man, and a fool.*] In Shakspeare's time, " the king's *grace*" was the usual expression. In the latter phrase, the speaker perhaps alludes to an old notion concerning fools. *Malone.*

Alluding perhaps to the saying of a contemporary wit; that there is *no discretion below the girdle.* *Steevens.*

[3] —— *are you here?*] The quartos read—*sit* you here? *Steevens.*

[4] Gallow *the very wanderers of the dark,*] So, in *Venus and Adonis:*
" —— 'stonish'd as night-wanderers are." *Malone.*

Gallow, a west-country word, signifies to scare or frighten. *Warburton.*

So, the Somersetshire proverb: " The dunder do *gally* the beans." Beans are vulgarly supposed to shoot up faster after thunder-storm. *Steevens.*

[5] —— *fear.*] So the folio: the latter editions read, with the quarto, *force* for *fear*, less elegantly. *Johnson.*

[6] —— *keep this dreadful* pother —] Thus one of the quartos and the folio. The other quarto reads *thund'ring.*

The reading of the text, however, is an expression common to others. So, in *The Scornful Lady* of Beaumont and Fletcher:
" —— fall out with their meat, and kept a pudder." Steevens.

That under covert and convenient seeming[7]
Hast practis'd on man's life!—Close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents,[8] and cry
These dreadful summoners grace.[9]—I am a man[1],
More sinn'd against, than sinning.
Kent. Alack, bare-headed![2]
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest;

[7] *That under covert and* convenient *seeming* —] *Convenient* needs not be understood in any other than its usual and proper sense; *accommodate* to the present purpose; *suitable* to a design. *Convenient seeming* is *appearance* such as may promote his purpose to destroy. *Johnson.*

[8] —— *concealing* continents,] *Continent* stands for that which *contains* or *incloses*. *Johnson.*

Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" Heart, once be stronger than thy *continent!*"

Again, in Chapman's translation of the twelfth Book of Homer's *Odyssey:*

" I told our pilot that past other men
" He most must bear firm spirits, since he sway'd
" The *continent* that all our spirits convey'd," &c.

The quartos read, *concealed centers*. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *and cry*
These dreadful summoners *grace.*] *Summoners* are here the *officers* that summon offenders before a proper tribunal. See Chaucer's *Sompnour's Tale*, v. 625—670. Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. Vol. I. *Steevens.*

I find the same expression in a treatise published long before this play was written: "— they seem to brag most of the strange events which follow for the most part after blazing starres, as if they were the *summoners* of God to call princes to the seat of judgment." *Defensative against the Poison of supposed Prophecies*, 1581. *Malone.*

[1] *I am a man,*] Oedipus, in Sophocles, represents himself in the same light. Oedip. Colon. v. 258:

" —— ταχ' ἐργα μὴ
" Πεπονθοτ' ἐστι μαλλον ἡ δεδρακοτα." *Tyrwhitt.*

[2] *Alack, bare-headed!*] Kent's faithful attendance on the old king, as well as that of Perillus, in the old play which preceded Shakspeare's, is founded on an historical fact. Lear, says Geoffrey of Monmouth, "when he betook himself to his youngest daughter in Gaul, waited before the city where she resided, while he sent a messenger to inform her of the misery he was fallen into, and to desire her relief to a father that suffered both hunger and nakedness. Cordeilla was startled at the news, and wept bitterly, and with tears asked him, how many men her father had with him. The messenger answered he had none but *one man*, who had been his armour-bearer, and was staying with him without the town." *Malone.*

Repose you there: while I to this hard house,
(More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis rais'd;
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Denied me to come in,) return, and force
Their scanted courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.—
Come on, my boy: How dost, my boy? Art cold?
I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel,
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart[3]
That 's sorry yet for thee.[4]

Fool. *He that has a little tiny wit,—*
With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,—
Must make content with his fortunes fit;
For the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True, my good boy.—Come, bring us to this hovel. [*Exeunt* LEAR *and* KENT.

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtezan.[5]—I 'll speak a prophecy ere I go:

When priests are more in word than matter;
When brewers mar their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;[6]
No hereticks burn'd, but wenches' suitors:[7]
When every case in law is right;
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
When slanders do not live in tongues;
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;
When usurers tell their gold i' the field;
And bawds and whores do churches build;—

[3] —— *one* part *in my heart* —] Some editions read:
—— thing *in my heart* —.
from which Hanmer, and Dr. Warburton after him, have made *string*, very unnecessarily; but the copies have *part*. *Johnson.*

[4] *That's* sorry *yet* &c.] The old quartos read:
That sorrows *yet for thee*. *Steevens.*

[5] *This is a brave night* &c.] This speech is not in the quartos. *Steevens.*

[6] *When nobles are their tailors' tutors;*] i. e. invent fashions for them. *Warburton.*

[7] *No hereticks burn'd, but wenches' suitors:*] The disease to which *wenches' suitors* are particularly exposed, was called, in Shakspeare's *time*, the *brenning* or *burning*. *Johnson.*
So, in *Isaiah*, iii, 24: "—and *burning* instead of beauty." *Steevens.*

Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion.
Then comes the time,[8] who lives to see 't,
That going shall be us'd with feet.
This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before his time. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Gloster's *Castle.*

Enter GLOSTER *and* EDMUND.

Glo. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing: When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charged me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage, and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; say you nothing: There is division between the dukes; and a worse matter than that: I have received a letter this night;—'tis dangerous to be spoken; I have locked the letter in my closet: these injuries the king now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed: we must incline to the king. I will seek him, and privily relieve him: go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived: If he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful. [*Exit.*

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke

[8] *Then comes the time*, &c.] This couplet Dr. Warburton transposed, and placed after the fourth line of this prophecy. The four lines, "*When priests*," &c. according to his notion, are "a satirical description of *the present manners*, as *future*;" and the six lines from "*When every case*—to *churches build*;" "a satirical description of future manners, which the corruption of the present would prevent from ever happening." His conception of the first four lines is, I think, just; but, instead of his far-fetched conceit relative to the other six lines, I should rather call them an *ironical*, as the preceding are a satirical, description of the time in which our poet lived. The transposition recommended by this critick, and adopted in the late *editions, is, in my opinion*, as unnecessary as it is unwarrantable. Malone.

Instantly know; and of that letter too:—
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses; no less than all:
The younger rises, when the old doth fall. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A Part of the Heath, with a Hovel.

Enter LEAR, KENT, *and* Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter:
The tyranny of the open night 's too rough
For nature to endure. [*Storm still.*

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?[9]

Kent. I 'd rather break mine own: Good my lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou 'dst shun a bear:
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,[1]
Thou 'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind 's free,
The body 's delicate: the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
For lifting food to 't?—But I will punish home:—
No, I will weep no more.—In such a night
To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:[2]—

[9] *Wilt break my heart?*] I believe that Lear does not address this question to Kent, but to his own bosom. Perhaps, therefore, we should point the passage thus:

Wilt break, my heart?

The tenderness of Kent indeed induces him to reply, as to an interrogation that seemed to reflect on his own humanity. *Steevens.*

[1] —— raging *sea,*] Such is the reading of that which appears to be the elder of the two quartos. The other, with the folio, reads,—*roaring sea. Steevens.*

[2] —— *In such a night*
To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:] Omitted in the folio. *Steevens.*

In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!—
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,[3]—
O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that, —

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease;
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more.—But I 'll go in:
In, boy; go first.[4]— [*To the* Fool.] You houseless poverty,—
Nay, get thee in. I 'll pray, and then I 'll sleep.—
[Fool *goes in.*
Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness,[5] defend you

[3] *Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,*] Old copies:
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave you *all*, —. *Steevens.*
I have already observed that the words, *father, brother, rather*, and many of a similar sound, were sometimes used by Shakspeare as monosyllables. The editor of the folio supposing the metre to be defective, omitted the word *you*, which is found in the quartos. *Malone.*
That our author's versification, to modern ears (I mean to such as have been tuned by the melody of an exact writer like Mr. Pope) may occasionally appear overloaded with syllables, I cannot deny; but when I am told that he used the words—*father, brother*, and *rather*, as monosyllables, I must withhold my assent in the most decided manner. *Steevens.*

[4] *In, boy; go first*, &c.] These two lines were added in the author's revision, and are only in the folio. They are very judiciously intended to represent that humility, or tenderness, or neglect of forms, which affliction forces on the mind. *Johnson.*

[5] —— *loop'd and* window'd *raggedness,*] So, in *The Amorous War*, 1648:

" —— spare me a doublet which
" Hath linings in 't, and no glass *windows.*"

This allusion is as old as the time of Plautus, in one of whose plays it is found.
Again, in the comedy already quoted:

" —— this jerkin
" Is wholly made of *doors?*" *Steevens.*

Loop'd is full of small apertures, such as were made in ancient castles, for firing ordnance, or spying the enemy. These were wider without than within, and were called *loops* or *loop-holes*: which Cotgrave in his *Latin Dictionary*, 1679, renders by the word fenestrella.
Loops, as Mr. Henley observes, particularly in castles, were often designed "for the admission of light."

From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physick, pomp
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.[6]

Edg. [*within*] Fathom[7] and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom! [*The* Fool *runs out from the Hovel.*

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here 's a spirit. Help me, help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand.—Who 's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit; he says his name 's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i' the straw? Come forth.

Enter EDGAR, *disguised as a Madman.*

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!—

would have been incommodious." Shakspeare, he adds, "in *Othello*, and other places, has alluded to them."

To discharge *ordnance*, however, from *loop-holes*, according to Mr. Malone's supposition, was, I believe, never attempted, because almost impossible; although such outlets were sufficiently adapted to the use of arrows. Many also of these *loops*, still existing, were contrived before fire-arms had been introduced. *Steevens.*

Mr. Warton, in his excellent edition of *Milton's Juvenile Poems*, (p. 511) quotes the foregoing line as explanatory of a passage in that poet's verses *In Quintum Novembris:*

"Tarda *fenestratis* figens vestigia *calceis*.
"Talis, uti fama est, vasta *Franciscus* eremo
"Tetra vagabatur solus per lustra ferarum,"——

But, from the succeeding, in Buchanan's *Franciscanus et Fratres*, these shoes or buskins with *windows on them* appear to have composed a part of the habit of the Franciscan order;

"Atque *fenestratum* soleas captare *cothurnum*."

The Parish Clerk, in Chaucer, (*Canterbury Tales*, v. 3318, edit. 1775,) has "*Poulis windows* corven on his shoos." *H. White.*

[6] —— *Take physick, pomp;*
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.] A kindred thought occurs in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre:*

"O let those cities that of plenty's cup
"And her prosperities so largely taste,
"With their superfluous riots,—hear these tears;
"The misery of Tharsus may be theirs." *Malone.*

[7] *Fathom* &c.] This speech of Edgar is omitted in the quartos. *He gives* the sign used by those who are sounding the depth at sea. *Steevens.*

Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.—
Humph! go to thy cold bed,[8] and warm thee.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?[9]
And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame,[1] through ford and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow,[2] and halters in his pew;

[8] *Humph! go to thy cold bed,* &c.] So, in the introduction to *The Taming of the Shrew, Sly* says, "go to thy cold bed and warm thee." A ridicule, I suppose, on some passage in a play as absurd as *The Spanish Tragedy. Steevens.*

This line is a sneer on the following one spoken by Hieronimo in *The Spanish Tragedy*, Act II:

"What outcries pluck me from my naked bed." *Whalley.*

Humph! go to thy cold *bed, and warm thee,*] Thus the quartos. The editor of the folio, 1623, I suppose, thinking the passage nonsense, omitted the word *cold.* This is not the only instance of unwarrantable alterations made even in that valuable copy. That the quartos are right, appears from the Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew,* where the same words occur. See Vol. VI, p. 13, n. 6. *Malone.*

[9] *Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads, *Didst thou give all to thy daughters? Steevens.*

[1] —— *led through fire and through flame,*] Alluding to the *ignis fatuus*, supposed to be lights kindled by mischievous beings to lead travellers into destruction. *Johnson.*

[2] —— *laid knives under his pillow,*] He recounts the temptations by which he was prompted to suicide; the opportunities of destroying himself, which often occurred to him in his melancholy moods. *Johnson.*

Shakspeare found this charge against the fiend, with many others of the same nature, in Harsenet's *Declaration*, and has used the very words of it. The book was printed in 1603. See Dr. Warburton's note, Act IV, sc. i.

Infernal spirits are always represented as urging the wretched to self-destruction. So, in *Dr. Faustus*, 1604:

"Swords, poisons, halters, and envenom'd steel,
"Are laid before me to dispatch myself." *Steevens.*

The passage in Harsenet's book which Shakspeare had in view, is this:

"This Examt. further sayth, that one Alexander, an apothecarie, having brought with him from London to Denham on a time a new *halter*, and two blades of *knives*, did leave the same upon the gallerie floore, in her maisters house.—A great search was made in the house to know how the said halter and knife-blades came thither,—till Mrs. Mainy in his next fit said, it was reported that the devil layd them in the gallerie, that *some of those that were possessed, might either hang themselves with the halter, or kill themselves with the blades.*"

set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor:—Bless thy five wits![3] Tom's a cold.—O, do de, do de, do de.—Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking![4] Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes: There could I have him now,—and there,—and there,—and there again, and there. [*Storm continues.*

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this pass?—
Could'st thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

The kind of temptation which the fiend is described as holding out to the unfortunate, might also have been suggested by the story of Cordila, in *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, 1575, where DESPAIRE visits her in prison, and shows her various instruments by which she may rid herself of life:

"And there withall she spred her garments lap assyde,
"Under the which a thousand things I sawe with eyes;
"Both knives, sharpe swords, poynadoes all bedyde
"With bloud, and poysons prest, which she could well devise." *Malone.*

[3] —— *Bless thy five wits!*] So the five senses were called by our old writers. Thus in the very ancient interlude of *The Five Elements*, one of the characters is *Sensual Appetite*, who with great simplicity thus introduces himself to the audience:

"I am cally'd sensual appetyte,
"All creatures in me delyte,
"I comforte the *wyttys five*;
"The tastyng smelling and herynge
"I refreshe the syghte and felynge
"To all creaturs alyve."

Sig. B. iij. *Percy.*

So again, in *Every Man*, a Morality:

"*Every man*, thou art made, thou hast thy *wyttes five*." *Steevens.*

Shakspeare, however, in his 141st Sonnet, seems to have considered the *five wits*, as distinct from the *senses*:

"But my *five wits*, nor my *five senses* can
"Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee." *Malone.*

[4] —— *taking!*] To *take* is to blast, or strike with malignant influence. So, p. 225:

"—— Strike her young bones,
"You *taking* airs, with lameness!" *Johnson.*

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature
To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.—
Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters.[5]

Edg. Pillicock sat[6] on pillicock's-hill;—
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend: Obey thy parents; keep thy word justly;[7] swear not; commit not[8] with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array: Tom 's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair;[9] wore gloves in my cap,[1] served the

[5] —— *pelican daughters.*] The young pelican is fabled to suck the mother's blood. *Johnson.*

So, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1630, second part:

"Shall a silly bird pick her own breast to nourish her young ones? the *pelican* does it, and shall not I?"

Again, in *Love in a Maze*, 1632:

"The *pelican* loves not her young so well
"That digs upon her breast a hundred springs." *Steevens.*

[6] Pillicock *sat* &c.] I once thought this a word of Shakspeare's formation; but the reader may find it explained in Minsheu's *Dict.* p. 365, Article, 3209-2.—*Killico* is one of the devils mentioned in Harsenet's *Declaration.* The folio reads—Pillicock-hill. I have followed the quartos. *Malone.*

The inquisitive reader may also find an explanation of this word in a note annexed to Sir Thomas Urquart's translation of *Rabelais*, Vol. I, B. I, ch. ii, p. 184, edit. 1750. *Steevens.*

[7] —— *keep thy* word *justly;*] Both the quartos, and the folio, have *words.* The correction was made in the second folio. *Malone.*

[8] —— commit *not* &c.] The word *commit* is used in this sense by Middleton, in *Women beware Women:*

"His weight is deadly who *commits* with strumpets."
Steevens.

[9] —— proud *in heart and mind; that* curled my hair; &c.] "Then Ma. Mainy, by the instigation of the first of the seaven [*spirits*], began to set his hands unto his side, *curled his hair*, and used such gestures, as *Ma. Edmunds* [the exorcist] presently affirmed that that *spirit was Pride.* Herewith he began to curse [illegible]

lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one, that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it: Wine loved I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramoured the Turk: False of heart, light of ear,[2] bloody of hand; Hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness,[3] dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor

What a poxe do I here? I will stay no longer amongst a company of rascal priests, but goe to the court, and brave it amongst my fellows, the noblemen there assembled." Harsenet's *Declaration*, &c. 1603.

" —— shortly after they [the seven spirits] were all cast forth, and in such manner as Ma. Edmunds directed them, which was, that every devil should depart in some certaine forme representing either a beast or some other creature, that had the resemblance of that sinne whereof he was the chief author: whereupon the spirit of pride departed in the forme of a peacock; the spirit of *sloth* in the likeness of an asse; the spirit of envie in the similitude of a *dog*; the spirit of *gluttony* in the forme of a *wolfe*, and the other devils had also in their departure their particular likenesses agreeable to their natures." *Malone.*

[1] —— *wore gloves in my cap,*] i. e. His mistress's favours: which was the fashion of that time. So, in the play called *Campaspe:* " Thy men turned to women, thy soldiers to *lovers, gloves worn in velvet caps*, instead of plumes in graven helmets." *Warburton.*

It was anciently the custom to wear *gloves* in the hat on three distinct occasions, viz. as the favour of a mistress the memorial of a friend, and as a mark to be challenged by an enemy. Prince Henry boasts that he *will pluck a glove from the commonest creature*, and fix it in his helmet; and Tucca says to Sir Quintilian, in Decker's *Satiromastix:* " — Thou shalt wear her *glove* in thy worshipful *hat*, like to a leather brooch." and Pandora in Lyly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:

" —— he that first presents me with his head,
" Shall wear my *glove* in favour of the deed."

Portia, in her assumed character, asks Bassanio for his *gloves*, which she says she will *wear for his sake:* and King Henry V gives the pretended *glove* of Alençon to Fluellen, which afterwards occasions his quarrel with the English soldier *Steevens.*

[2] —— *light of ear,*] *Credulous of evil*, ready to receive malicious reports. *Johnson.*

[3] —— *Hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness.* &c.] The Jesuits pretended to cast the seven deadly sins out of Mainy in the shape of those animals that represented them; and before each was cast out, Mainy by gestures acted that particular sin; curling his hair to show *pride*, vomiting for *gluttony*, gaping and snoring for *sloth*, &c.— *Harsenet's* book, pp. 279, 280, &c. To this probably our author alludes. *Steevens*

the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to women: Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets,[4] thy pen from lenders' books,[5] and defy the foul fiend.—Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: Says suum, mun, ha no nonny, dolphin my boy, my boy, sessa; let him trot by.[6] [*Storm still continues.*

[4] —— *thy hand out of* plackets,] It appeareth from the following passage in *Any Thing for a quiet Life*, a silly comedy, that *placket* doth not signify the petticoat in general, but only the aperture therein: "— between which is discovered the *open part* which is now called the *placket*." Bailey in his *Dictionary*, giveth the same account of the word.

Yet peradventure, our poet hath some deeper meaning in *The Winter's Tale*, where Autolycus saith—"You might have pinched a *placket*, it was senseless:"—and, now I bethink me, Sir Thomas Urquart, knight, in his translation of that wicked varlet *Rabelais* styleth the instrument wherewith Garagantua played at carnal tennis, his "*placket*-racket." See that work, Vol. I, p. 184, edit. 1750.

Impartiality nevertheless compelleth me to observe, that Master Coles in his Dictionary hath rendered *placket* by *sinus muliebris:* and a pleasant commentator who signeth himself T. C. hath also produced instances in favour of that signification; for, saith he,—but hear we his own words: "Peradventure a placket signified neither a petticoat nor any part of one; but a *stomacher*" See the word *Torace* in Florio's *Italian Dict.* 1598. "The brest or bulke of a man. —Also a *placket* or *stomacher*."—The word seems to be used in the same sense in *The Wandering Whores*, &c. a comedy, 1663: "If I meet a cull in Morefields, I can give him leave to dive in my *placket*."

So that, after all, this matter is enwrapped in much and painful uncertainty. *Amner.*

[5] —— *thy pen from lenders' books,*] So, in *All Fools*, a comedy, by Chapman, 1605:

"If I but *write my name in mercers' books*,
"I am as sure to have at six months end
"A rascal at my elbow with his mace," &c. *Steevens.*

[6] *Says suum, mun, ha no nonny, dolphin my boy, my boy, sessa; let him trot by.*] The quartos read—the cold wind; hay, no on ny, Dolphin my boy, my boy, *cease*, let him trot by. The folio—the cold wind: sayes suum, mun, nonny, Dolphin my boy, boy *Sessey*, let him trot by. The text is formed from the two copies. I have printed *Sessa*, instead of *Sessey*, because the same cant word occurs in the Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew:* "Therefore, *paucas pallabris;* let the world slide. *Sessa.*" *Malone.*

Hey no nonny is the burthen of a ballad in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, (said to be written by Shakspeare, in conjunction with Fletcher,) *and was probably* common to many others. The folio [illegible] *into one of* Ophelia's songs:

Lear. Why, thou were better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies. —Is man no more than this? Consider him well: Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume:—Ha! here 's three of us are sophisticated!—Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings:—Come; unbutton here.[7]— [*Tearing off his Clothes.*

" *Dolphin, my boy, my boy,*
" *Cease, let him trot by;*
" It seemeth not that such a foe
" From me or you would fly."

This is a stanza from a very old ballad written on some battle fought in France, during which the King, unwilling to put the suspected valour of his son the *Dauphin*, i. e. *Dolphin*, (so called and spelt at those times) to the trial, is represented as desirous to restrain him from any attempt to establish an opinion of his courage on an adversary who wears the least appearance of strength; and at last assists in propping up a dead body against a tree for him to try his manhood upon. Therefore, as different champions are supposed to cross the field, the King always discovers some objection to his attacking each of them, and repeats these two lines as every fresh personage is introduced:

Dolphin, my boy, my boy, &c.

The song I have never seen, but had this account from an old gentleman, who was only able to repeat part of it, and died before I could have supposed the discovery would have been of the least importance to me.—As for the words, *sayo suum, mun*, they are only to be found in the first folio, and were probably added by the players, who, together with the compositors, were likely enough to corrupt what they did not understand, or to add more of their own to what they already concluded to be nonsense. *Steevens.*

Cokes cries out, in *Bartholomew Fair:*

" God's my life!—He shall be *Dauphin my boy!*" *Farmer.*

It is observable that the two songs to which Mr. Steevens refers for the burden of *Hey no nonny*, are both sung by girls distracted from disappointed love. The meaning of the burden may be inferred from what follows—Drayton's *Shepherd's Garland*, 1593, 4to:

" Who ever heard thy pipe and pleasing vaine,
" And doth but heare this scurrill minstralcy,
" These *noninos* of filthie ribauldry,
" That doth not muse."

Again, in White's *Wit of a Woman:* " — these dauncers sometimes do teach them trickes above trenchmore, yea and sometimes such lavoltas, that they mount so high, that you may see their *hey nony, nony, nony, no.*" *Henley.*

[7] *Come; unbutton here.*] Thus the folio. One of the quartos reads —*Come on, be true. Steevens.*

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; this is a naughty night to swim in.[8]—Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart; a small spark, all the rest of his body cold.—Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet:[9] he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock;[1] he gives the web and the pin,[2] squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

[8] —— *a* naughty *night to swim in.*] So, Tusser, chap. xlii, fol. 93:

"Ground grauellie, sandie, and mixed with claie,
"Is *naughtie* for hops anie manner of waie."

Naughty signifies *bad, unfit, improper.* This epithet which, as it stands here, excites a smile, in the age of Shakspeare was employed on serious occasions. The merriment of the Fool, therefore, depended on his general image, and not on the quaintness of its auxiliary. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *Flibbertigibbet:*] We are not much acquainted with this fiend. Latimer, in his *Sermons*, mentions him; and Heywood, among his sixte hundred of *Epigrams*, edit. 1576, has the following, *Of calling one Flebergibet:*

"Thou *Flebergibet, Flebergibet*, thou wretch!
"Wottest thou whereto last part of that word doth stretch?
"Leave that word, or I'le baste thee with a libet;
"Of all woords I hate woords that end with gibet." *Steevens.*

"Frateretto, *Fliberdigibet*, Hoberdidance, Tocobatto, were four devils of the round or morrice . . . . . These four 'nd forty assistants under them, as themselves doe confesse." *Harsenet*, p. 49. *Percy.*

[1] —— *he begins at* curfew, *and walks till the first cock;*] It is an old tradition that spirits were relieved from the confinement in which they were held during the day, at the time of curfew, that is, at the close of day, and were permitted to wander at large till the first cock-crowing. Hence, in *The Tempest*, they are said to "rejoice to hear the solemn curfew." See *Hamlet*, Act I, sc. i:

"—— and at his [the cock's] warning,
"Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
"The extravagant and erring spirit hies
"To his confine."

Again, sc. v:

"I am thy father's spirit,
"Doom'd for a certain time *to walk the night*,
"And *for the day confin'd* to fast in fires, —." *Malone.*

See Vol. II, p. 35, n. 2. *Steevens.*

[2] —— *web and the pin,*] Diseases of the eye. *Johnson.*

So, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609. One of the characters is giving a ludicrous description of a lady's face, and when he comes to her eyes he says, "a *pin and web* argent, in hair du roy." *Steevens.*

Saint Withold footed thrice the [illegible],
He met the night-mare, and her nine-foldes;
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee![8]

[8] *Saint Withold footed thrice the wold;*
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!] We should read it thus:
Saint Withold footed thrice the wold,
He met the night-mare, and her name told,
Bid her alight, and her troth plight,
And aroynt thee, witch, aroynt thee right.
i. e. Saint Withold traversing the *wold* or *downs*, met the night-mare; who having told her name, he obliged her to *alight* from those persons whom she rides, and *plight her troth* to do no more mischief. This is taken from a story of him in his legend. Hence he was invoked as the patron saint against that distemper. And these verses were no other than a popular charm, or *night-spell* against the Epialtes. The last line is the formal execration or apostrophe of the speaker of the charm to the witch, *aroynt thee right*, i.e. depart forthwith. *Bedlams*, gipsies, and such like vagabonds, used to sell these kinds of spells or charms to the people. They were of various kinds for various disorders, and addressed to various saints. *Warburton.*

In the old quarto the corruption is such as may deserve to be noted. "Swithalde footed thrice the olde anelthu night moore and her nine fold bid her, O light and her troth plight and arint thee, with arint thee." *Johnson.*

Her *nine fold* seems to be put (for the sake of the rhyme) instead of her *nine foals*. I cannot find this adventure in the common legend of St. Vitalis, who, I suppose, is here called St. Withold. *Tyrwhitt.*

Shakspeare might have met with St. Withold in the old spurious play of *King John*, where this saint is invoked by a Franciscan friar. The *wold* I suppose to be the true reading. So, in *The Coventry Collection of Mysteries*. Mus. Brit. Vesp. D viii, p. 23, Herod says to one of his officers:

"Sewward bolde, walke thou on *wolde*,
"And wysely behold all abowte," &c.

Dr. Hill's reading, the *cold*, (mentioned in the next note) is the reading of Mr. Tate in his alteration of this play in 1681.

Lest the reader should suppose the compound—night-*mare*, has any reference to *horse*-flesh, it may be observed that mapa, Saxon, signifies an *incubus*. See Keysler, Antiquitat. sel. Septentrion. p. 497, edit. 1720. *Steevens.*

It is pleasant to see the various readings of this passage. In a book called the *Actor*, which has been ascribed to Dr. Hill, it is quoted "*Swithin* footed thrice the *cold*." Mr. Colman has it in his alteration of *Lear*—

Kent. How fares your grace?

Enter GLOSTER, *with a Torch.*

Lear. What 's he?

Kent. Who 's there? What is 't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water;[4] that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the old rat and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped from tything to tything,[5] and stocked, punished, and imprisoned;[6] who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear,—

But mice, and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.[7]

"*Swithin* footed thrice the *world.*"

The ancient reading is *the olds:* which is pompously corrected by Mr. Theobald, with the help of his friend Mr. Bishop, to the *wolds:* in fact it is the same word. Spelman writes, *Burton upon olds:* the *provincial* pronunciation is still the *oles:* and that probably was the vulgar orthography. Let us read then,

St. Withold footed thrice the *oles,*
He met the night-mare, and her nine *foles,* &c. *Farmer.*

4 —— *the wall-newt, and the* water;] i. e. the water-*newt.* This was the phraseology of Shakspeare's time. "He was a wise man and a merry," was the common language. So Falstaff says to Shallow, "he is your serving-*man,* and your *husband,*" i. e. husband-*man.* *Malone.*

5 —— *whipped from* tything *to* tything,] A *tything* is a division of a place, a district; the same in the country, as a ward in the city. In the Saxon times every hundred was divided into *tythings.* Edgar alludes to the acts of Queen Elizabeth and James I, against rogues, vagabonds, &c. In the stat. 39 Eliz. ch. 4, it is enacted, that every vagabond, &c. shall be publickly *whipped and sent* from parish to parish. *Steevens.*

6 —— *and stocked, punished, and imprisoned;*] So the folio. The quartos read, perhaps rightly—and *stock-punished,* and imprisoned. *Malone.*

7 *But mice, and rats, and such small* deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.] This distich is part of a description given in the old metrical romance of *Sir Bevis,* of the hardships suffered by *Bevis,* when confined for seven years in a dungeon:

"Rattes and myce and such smal dere
"Was his meate that seven yere." Sig. F. iij. *Percy.*

Beware my follower:—Peace, Smolkin; peace,[8] thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman;[9] Modo he 's call'd, and Mahu.[1]

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile, That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom 's a cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer[2] To obey in all your daughters' hard commands: Though their injunction be to bar my doors, And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you; Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out, And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher:— What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer; Go into the house.

Lear. I 'll talk a word with this same learned Theban:[3]—

[8] —— *Peace*, Smolkin; *peace*,] "The names of other pupils spirits cast out of Trayford were these: Hilco, *Smolkin*, Hillio," &c. *Harsenet*, p. 49. *Percy.*

[9] *The prince of darkness is a gentleman;*] This is spoken in resentment of what Gloster had just said—"Has your grace no *better* company?" *Steevens.*

[1] *The prince of darkness is a gentleman;*

Modo *he 's call'd, and* Mahu.] So, in Harsenet's *Declaration*, *Maho* was the chief devil that had possession of Sarah Williams; but another of the possessed, named Richard Mainy, was molested by a still more considerable fiend called *Modu*. See the book already mentioned, p. 268, where the said Richard Mainy deposes: "Furthermore it is pretended, . . . that there remaineth still in mee the prince of all other devils, whose name should be *Modu*." He is elsewhere called, "the prince *Modu*." So, p. 269: "When the said priests had dispatched theire business at Hackney (where they had been exorcising Sarah Williams) they then returned towards mee, uppon pretence to cast the great prince *Modu* . . . out me." *Steevens.*

In *The Goblins*, by Sir John Suckling, a catch is introduced which concludes with these two lines:

"The prince of darkness is a gentleman:
"Mahu, Mahu is his name."

I am inclined to think this catch not to be the production of Suckling, but the original referred to by Edgar's speech. *Reed.*

[2] —— *cannot suffer* —] i. e. My duty will not suffer me, &c. M. Mason.

What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord,
His wits begin to unsettle.[4]

Glo. Canst thou blame him?
His daughters seek his death:—Ah, that good Kent!—
He said it would be thus:—Poor banish'd man!—
Thou say'st, the king grows mad; I 'll tell thee, friend,
I am almost mad myself: I had a son,
Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life,
But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend,—
No father his son dearer: true to tell thee,

[*Storm continues.*

The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night 's this!
I do beseech your grace,—

Lear. O, cry you mercy,
Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom 's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, there, to the hovel: keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let 's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him:
I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, sooth him; let him take the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

[3] —— *learned Theban:*] Ben Jonson, in his *Masque of Pan's Anniversary*, has introduced a *Tinker* whom he calls a *learned Theban*, perhaps in ridicule of this passage. *Steevens.*

[4] *His wits begin to unsettle.*] On this occasion, I cannot prevail on myself to omit the following excellent remark of Mr. Horace Walpole, [now Lord Orford] inserted in the postscript to his *Mysterious Mother*. He observes, that when "*Belvidera* talks of

"*Lutes, laurels, seas of milk*, and *ships of Amber*,—

she is not mad, but light-headed. When madness has taken possession of a person, such character ceases to be fit for the stage, or at least should appear there but for a short time; it being the business of the theatre to exhibit passions, not distempers. The finest picture ever drawn, of a head discomposed by misfortune, is that of *K. Lear*. His thoughts dwell on the ingratitude of his daughters, and every sentence that falls from his wildness excites reflection and pity. Had frenzy entirely seized him, our compassion would abate: we *should conclude that* he no longer felt unhappiness. Shakspeare wrote *as a philosopher*, Otway as a poet." *Steevens.*

Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words: Hush.

Edg. *Child Rowland to the dark tower came,*[5]
His word was still,—Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

A Room in Gloster's *Castle.*

Enter CORNWALL *and* EDMUND.

Corn. I will have my revenge, ere I depart his house.

[5] *Child* Rowland *to the dark tower came,*] The word *child* (however it came to have this sense) is often applied to *Knights*, &c. in old historical songs and romances; of this, innumerable instances occur in *The Reliques of ancient English Poetry*. See particularly in Vol. I, s. iv, v. 97, where, in a description of a battle between two knights, we find these lines:

" The Eldridge knighte, he prick'd his steed;
" Syr Cawline bold abode:
" Then either shook his trusty spear,
" And the timber these two *children* bare
" So soon in sunder slode."

See in the same volumes the ballads concerning the *child of Elle*, *child waters*, *child Maurice*, (Vol. III, s. xx,) &c. The same idiom occurs in *Spenser's Fairy Queen*, where the famous knight sir Tristram is frequently called *Child Tristram*. See B. V, c. ii, st. 8, 13, B. VI, c. ii, st. 36, *ibid.* c. viii, st. 15. *Percy.*

Child is a common term in our old metrical romances and ballads; and is generally, if not always, applied to the hero or principal personage, who is sometimes a *knight*, and sometimes a *thief*. *Syr Tryamoure* is repeatedly so called both before and after his knighthood. I think, however, that this line is part of a translation of some Spanish, or perhaps, French, ballad. But the two following lines evidently belong to a different subject: I find them in the Second part of *Jack and the Giants*, which, if not as old as Shakspeare's time, may have been compiled from something that was so: They are uttered by a giant:

" *Fee, faw, fum,*
" *I smell the blood of an Englishman;*
" Be he alive, or be he dead,
" I 'll grind his bones to make me bread."

English is here judiciously changed to *British*, because the characters are *Britons*, and the scene is laid long before the English had any thing to do with this country. Our author is not so attentive to propriety on every occasion. *Ritson.*

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit,[6] set a-work by a reprovable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector.

Corn. Go with me to the duchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True, or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [*aside*] If I find him comforting[7] the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

A Chamber in a Farm-House, adjoining the Castle.

Enter GLOSTER, LEAR, KENT, Fool, *and* EDGAR.

Glo. Here is better than the open air; take it thank-

[6] —— *but a* provoking merit,] *Provoking*, here means *stimulating*; a merit he felt in himself, which irritated him against a father that had none. *M. Mason.*

Cornwall, I suppose, means the merit of Edmund, which, being noticed by Gloster, provoked or instigated Edgar to seek his father's death. Dr Warburton conceived that the merit spoken of was that of Edgar. But how is this consistent with the rest of the sentence? *Malone.*

[7] —— *comforting* —] He uses the word in the juridical sense for *supporting, helping*, according to its derivation; *salvia* confortat *nervos Schol. Sal. Johnson.*

Johnson refines too much on this passage; *comforting* means merely giving *comfort* or *assistance*. So Gloster says, in the beginning of the next scene: "— I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can." *M. Mason.*

fully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience:—The gods reward your kindness! [*Exit* GLO.

Edg. Frateretto calls me; and tells me, Nero is an angler[8] in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent,[9] and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me,[1] whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool.[2] No; he 's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his son: for he 's a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits Come hizzing in upon them: —

Edg.[3] The foul fiend bites my back.

[8] Frateretto *calls me; and tells me, Nero is an angler*. See p. 253, n. 9.

Mr. Upton observes that Rabelais, B. II, c. xxx, says that Nero was a fidler in hell, and Trajan an angler.

[4] Nero is introduced in the present play above 800 years before he was born. *Malone.*

The *History of Gargantua* had appeared in English before 1575, being mentioned in Langham's *Letter*, printed in that year. *Ritson.*

[9] —— *Pray*, innocent,] Perhaps he is here addressing the *Fool*. *Fools* were anciently called *Innocents*. So, in *All's Well that Ends Well*: "—the Sheriff's *Fool*,—a dumb *innocent*, that could not say him nay." See Vol. V, p. 271, n. 7.

Again, in *The Whipper of the Satyre his Pennance in a white Sheete*, &c. 1601:

"A gentleman that had a wayward *foole*,
"To passe the time, would needes at push-pin play;
"And playing false, doth stirre the wav'ring stoole:
"The *innocent* had spi'd him, and cri'd stay," &c. *Steevens.*

[1] Fool. *Pr'ythee*, nuncle, *tell me.*] And before, in the same Act, sc iii:—"Cry to it, *nuncle*" Why does the Fool call the old King *nuncle?* But we have the same appellation in *The Pilgrim*, by Fletcher:

"Farewel, *nuncle*, —" Act IV, sc. i.

And in the next scene, alluding to Shakspeare:

"What mops and mowes it makes." *Whalley.*

See Mr. Vaillant's very decisive remark on this appellation, p. 170, n. 2. *Steevens.*

[2] *Fool.*] This speech is omitted in the quartos. Steevens.

[3] *Edg.*] This and the next thirteen speeches (which Dr. Johnson had enclosed in crotchets) are only in the quartos. Steevens.

Fool. He 's mad, that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health,[4] a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done, I will arraign them straight:— Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer;[5]—[*To* Edg. Thou, sapient sir, sit here. [*To the* Fool.]—Now, you she foxes!—

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares!— Wantest thou eyes[6] at trial, madam?[7]

Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me:[8]—

Fool. *Her boat hath a leak,*
And she must not speak
Why she dares not come over to thee.

[4] —— *a horse's* health,] Without doubt we should read *heels*, i. e. to stand behind him. *Warburton.*

Shakspeare is here speaking not of things maliciously treacherous, but of things uncertain and not durable. A horse is above all other animals subject to diseases. *Johnson.*

Heels is certainly right. "*Trust not a horse's heel*, nor a dog's tooth," is a proverb in Ray's *Collection;* as ancient at least as the time of our Edward II. *Ritson.*

[5] —— *most learned* justicer;] The old copies read—*justice.* The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. *Malone.*

[6] *Wantest* &c.] I am not confident that I understand the meaning of this desultory speech. When Edgar says, *Look where he stands and glares!* he seems to be speaking in the character of a mad man, who thinks he sees the fiend. *Wantest thou eyes at trial, Madam?* is a question which appears to be addressed to the visionary Goneril, or some other abandoned female, and may signify, *Do you want to attract admiration, even while you stand at the bar of justice?* Mr. Seward proposes to read, *wanton'st* instead of *wantest.* *Steevens.*

[7] —— *at trial, madam?*] It may be observed that Edgar, being supposed to be found by chance, and therefore to have no knowledge of the rest, connects not his ideas with those of Lear, but pursues his own train of delirious or fantastick thought. To these words, *At trial, madam?* I think therefore that the name of Lear should be put. The process of the dialogue will support this conjecture. *Johnson.*

[8] *Come o'er the* bourn, *Bessy, to me:*] Both the quartos and the folio have—o'er the *broome.* The correction was made by Mr. Steevens. *Malone.*

As there is no relation between *broom* and a *boat*, we may better read:

Come o'er the brook, *Bessy, to me.* *Johnson.*

At the beginning of *A very mery and pythie Commedie, called, The longer thou livest, the more Foole thou art*, &c. Imprinted at London by Wyllyam How, &c. black letter, no date, "Entreth Moros, counterfaiting a vaine gesture and foolish countenance, synging this foolish

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale.[9] *Hopdance* cries in Tom's belly[1] for two white herring.[2] Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

many songs, as fooles were wont;" and among them is this passage, which Dr. Johnson has very justly suspected of corruption:

"Com over the *boorne*, Bessé,
"My little pretie Bessé,
"Com over the *boorne*, Bessé, to me."

This song was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company in the year 1564.

A *bourn* in the north signifies a *rivulet* or *brook*. Hence the names of many of our villages terminate in *burn*, as Mil*burn*, Sher*burn*, &c. The former quotation, together with the following instances, at once confirm the justness of Dr. Johnson's remark, and support the reading.

So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 1:

"The *bourns*, the brooks, the becks, the rills, the rivulets."

Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. II, c. vi:

"My little boat can safely passe this perilous *bourne*."

Shakspeare himself, in *The Tempest*, appears to have discriminated *bourn* from *bound of land* in general:

"*Bourn*, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none."

Again, in *The Vision of Pierce Plowman*, line 8:

"Under a brode banke by *bourne* syde."

To this I may add, that *bourn*, a boundary, is from the French *borne*. *Bourne*, or (as it ought to be spelt) *burn*, a rivulet, is from the German *burn*, or *born*, a well. *Steevens.*

There is a peculiar propriety in this address, that has not, I believe, been hitherto observed. *Bessy* and *Poor Tom*, it seems, usually travelled together. The author of *The Court of Conscience, or Dick Whippers Sessions*, 1607, describing *beggars, idle rogues*, and *counterfeit madmen*, thus speaks of these associates:

"Another sort there is among you; they
"Do rage with furie as if they were so frantique
"They knew not what they did, but every day
"Make sport with stick and flowers like an antique;
"Stowt roge and harlot counterfeited gomme;
"One calls herself poor *Besse*, the other *Tom*."

The old song of which Mr. Steevens has given a part, consisted of nine lines, but they are not worth insertion. *Malone.*

[9] —— *in the voice of a nightingale.*] Another deponent in Harsenet's book, (p. 225) says, that the mistress of the house kept *a nightingale* in a cage, which being one night called and conveyed away into the garden, it was pretended the devil had killed it in spite. Perhaps this passage suggested to Shakspeare the circumstance of Tom's being haunted *in the voice of a nightingale.* *Percy.*

[1] —— *Hopdance cries in Tom's belly*—] In Harsenet's book, p. 194, *195*, Sarah Williams (one of the pretended demoniacks) deposeth, "—that if at any time she did belch, as often times she did by rea-

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd:
Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I 'll see their trial first:—Bring in the evidence.—
Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;— [*To* EDG.
And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [*To the* Fool.
Bench by his side:—You are of the commission,
Sit you too. [*To* KENT.

Edg. Let us deal justly.

Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?[3]
Thy sheep be in the corn;
And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Pur![4] the cat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this nonourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

son that shee was troubled with a wind in her stomacke, the priests would say at such times, that then the spirit began to rise in her . . . . and that the wind was the devil." And, "as she saith, if they heard any *croaking in her belly* . . . . then they would make a wonderful matter of that." *Haberdidance* is mentioned before in Dr. Percy's note. *Steevens.*

"One time shee remembereth, that shee having the said *croaking in her belly*, they said it was the *devil* that was about the bed, that spake *with the voice of a toad*." *Ibidem. Malone.*

2 —— *white herring*] *White herrings* are *pickled herrings*. See *The Northumberland Household Book*, p. 8. *Steevens.*

3 *Sleepest*, or *wakest* &c.] This seems to be a stanza of some pastoral song. A shepherd is desired to pipe, and the request is enforced by a promise that though his sheep be in the corn, i. e. committing a trespass by his negligence, implied in the question, *Sleepest thou or wakest?* yet a single tune upon his pipe shall secure them from the pound. *Johnson.*

Minikin was anciently a term of endearment. So, in the enterlude of *The Repentance of Marie Magdalaine*, 1567, the *Vice* says, "What *mynikin* carnal concupiscence!" Barrett, in his *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, interprets *feat*, by "proper, well-fashioned, *minikin*, handsome."

In *The Interlude of the Four Elements*, &c. printed by Rastell, 1519. *Ignorance* sings a song composed of the scraps of several others. Among them is the following line, on which Shakspeare may have designed a parody:

"Sleepyst thou, wakyst thou, Geffery Coke." Steevens.

4 *Pur!*] This may be only an imitation of the noise made by a cat. *Purre is*, however, one of the devil's mentioned in Harsenet's book, p. 50. *Malone.*

Fool. Come hither, mistress; Is your name Goneril?
Lear. She cannot deny it.
Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.[5]
Lear. And here 's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim
What store her heart is made of.—Stop her there!
Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?
Edg. Bless thy five wits!
Kent. O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now,
That you so oft have boasted to retain?
Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much,
They 'll mar my counterfeiting. [*Aside.*
Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me.
Edg. Tom will throw his head at them:—
Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,[6]
Tooth that poisons if it bite;
Mastiff, grey-hound, mongrel grim,
Hound, or spaniel, brach, or lym;[7]

[5] *Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint stool.*] This is a proverbial expression which occurs likewise in *Mother Bombie*, 1594, by Lyly. *Steevens.*

[6] *Be thy mouth or* black *or* white,] To have *the roof of the mouth black* is in some dogs a proof that their breed is genuine. *Steevens.*

[7] —— *brach or lym;* &c.] Names of particular sorts of dogs. *Pope.*

In Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, Quarlous says,—"all the *lime*-hounds of the city should have drawn after you by the scent." —A *limmer* or *leamer*, a dog of the chace, was so called from the *leam* or leash in which he was held till he was let slip. I have this information from *Caius de Canibus Britannicis*.—So, in the book of *Antient Tenures*, by T. B. 1679, the words, "canes domini regis *lesos*," are translated "Leash hounds, such as draw after a hurt deer in a *leash*, or *liam*."

Again, in *The Muses Elysium*, by Drayton:

"My dog-hook at my belt, to which my *lyam's* ty'd."

Again:

"My *hound* then in my *lyam*," &c.

Among the presents sent from James I, to the king and queen of Spain were, "A cupple of *lyme houndes* of singular qualities."

Again, in Massinger's *Bashful Lover:*

"—— smell out
"Her footing like a *lime*-hound."

The late Mr. Hawkins, in his notes to The Return from Parnassus,

Or bobtail tike,[8] or trundle-tail;[9]
Tom will make them[1] weep and wail:
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de de. Sessa. Come,[2] march to wakes and fairs, and market towns:—Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.[3]

p. 237, says, that a *rache* is a dog that hunts by scent wild beasts, birds, and even fishes, and that the female of it is called a *brache*: and in *Magnificence*, an ancient interlude or morality, by Skelton; printed by Rastell, no date, is the following line:

"Here is a leyshe of *ratches* to renne an hare." *Steevens.*

What is here said of a *rache* might perhaps be taken by Mr. Hawkins, from Holinshed's *Description of Scotland*, p. 14, where the sleuth-hound means a bloodhound. The females of all dogs were once called *braches;* and Ulitius upon Gratius observes, "*Racha* Saxonibus canem significabat unde Scoti hodie *Rache* pro cane fœmina habent, quod Anglis est *Brache*." *Tollet.*

—— *brach, or lym;* &c.] The old copies have—brache or *hym*. The emendation was made by Sir T. Hanmer. A *brache* signified a particular kind of hound, and also a bitch. A *lym* or *lyme*, was a blood-hound. See Minsheu's *Dict.* in v. *Malone.*

[8] —— *bobtail* tike,] Tijk is the Runick word for a little, or worthless dog:

"Are Mr. Robinson's dogs turn'd *tikes*, with a wanion?" *Witches of Lancaster*, 1634. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *trundle-tail;*] This sort of dog is mentioned in *A Woman killed with Kindness*, 1617:

"—— your dogs are *trundle-tails* and curs."

Again, in *The Booke of Huntyng*, &c. bl. l. no date:

"—— dunghill dogs, *trindle-tails*." &c. *Steevens.*

[1] *Tom will make* them—] Thus the quartos. Folio—will make *him*. *Malone.*

[2] *Do de, de de.* Sessa. *Come,* &c.] The quartos read—*loudla, doudla,* come, &c. The folio as in the text, except that the word *Sessa* is spelt *sesse*. See p. 251, n. 6. *Malone.*

Here is *sessey* again, which I take to be the French word *cessez* pronounced *cessey*, which was, I suppose, like some others in common use among us. It is an interjection enforcing cessation of any action, like, *be quiet, have done*. It seems to have been gradually corrupted into, *so, so*. *Johnson.*

This word is wanting in the quarto: in the folio it is printed *sese*. It is difficult in this place to say what is meant by it. It should be remembered, that just before, Edgar had been calling on *Bessey* to come to him; and he may now with equal propriety invite *Sessy* (perhaps a female name corrupted from *Cecilia*) to attend him to *wakes and fairs*. Nor is it impossible but that this may be a part of some *old song*, and originally stood thus:

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan, see what breeds about her heart: Is there any cause in nature, that makes these hard hearts?—You, sir, I entertain you for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments: you will say, they are Persian attire;[4] but let them be changed. [*To* Edg.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here,[5] and rest awhile.

Sissy, come march to wakes,
And fairs, and market towns.——

So, in *Humor's Ordinarie*, an ancient collection of satires, no date:

"To make *Sisse* in love withal."

Again:

"My heart's deare blood, sweet *Sisse* is my carouse."

There is another line in the character of Edgar which I am very confident I have seen in an old ballad, viz.

"Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind." *Steevens.*

Dr. Johnson is surely right, in supposing that *sessy* is a corruption of *cessez*, be quiet, stop, hold, let alone. It is so used by Christofero Sly, the drunken Tinker, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, and by Edgar himself, in a preceding scene—"Dolphin, my boy, *Sessy*, let him trot by." But it does not seem equally clear that it has been corrupted into *so, so.* *Ritson.*

[3] —— *thy horn is dry.*] Men that begged under pretence of lunacy used formerly to carry a horn, and blow it through the streets. *Johnson.*

So, in Decker's *O per se O*, 4to. 1612. He is speaking of beggars. "The second beginnes:—what will you give *poor Tom* now? one pound of your sheepes feathers to make *Poore Tom* a *blanket*, or one cutting of your Sow side &c. to make *poore Tom* a *sharing horne* &c. —give *poore Tom* an old sheete to keepe him from the cold" &c. Sig. M 3.

A *horn* is at this day employed in many places in the country as a cup for drinking, but anciently the use of it was much more general. *Thy horn is dry*, however, appears to be a proverbial expression, introduced when a man has nothing further to offer, when he has said all he had to say. *Such a one's pipe's out*, is a phrase current in Ireland on the same occasion.

I suppose Edgar to speak these words *aside.* Being quite weary of his Tom o' Bedlam's part, and finding himself unable to support it any longer, he says privately, "— I can no more: all my materials for sustaining the character of Poor Tom are now exhausted; *my horn is dry*; i. e. has nothing more in it; and accordingly we have no more of his dissembled madness till he meets his father in the next Act, when he resumes it for a speech or two, but not without expressing the same dislike of it that he expresses here, "— I cannot daub it further." *Steevens.*

[4] —— *you will say, they are Persian attire;*] Alluding, perhaps, to *Clytus* refusing the Persian robes offered him by Alexander. Steevens.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains: So, so, so: We 'll go to supper i' the morning: So, so, so.

Fool. And I 'll go to bed at noon.[6]

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Come hither, friend: Where is the king my master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee take him in thy arms;
I have o'er-heard a plot of death upon him:
There is a litter ready; lay him in 't,
And drive towards Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master:
If thou should'st dally half an hour, his life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assured loss: Take up, take up;[7]
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.

[*Kent.* Oppress'd nature sleeps:[8]—
This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses,[9]

—— *lie* here,] i. e. on the cushions to which he points. He had before said—

"Will you lie down, and rest upon the cushions?" *Malone.*

[6] *And I 'll go to bed at noon.*] Omitted in the quartos. *Steevens.*

[7] —— *Take up, take up;*] One of the quartos reads—Take up *the king*, &c. the other—Take up *to keep*, &c. *Steevens.*

[8] *Oppress'd nature sleeps:*] These two concluding speeches by Kent and Edgar, and which by no means ought to have been cut off, I have restored from the old quarto. The soliloquy of Edgar is extremely fine; and the sentiments of it are drawn equally from nature and the subject. Besides, with regard to the stage, it is absolutely necessary: for as Edgar is not designed, in the constitution of the play, to attend the king to Dover, how absurd would it look for a character of his importance to quit the scene without one word said, or the least intimation what we are to expect from him? *Theobald.*

The lines inserted from the quarto are in crotchets. The omission of them in the folio is certainly faulty: yet I believe the folio is printed from Shakspeare's last revision, carelessly and hastily performed, with more thought of shortening the scenes, than of continuing the action. *Johnson.*

[9] —— *thy broken* senses,] The quarto, from whence this speech is taken, reads,—thy broken *sinews*. *Senses* is the conjectural emendation of Theobald. *Steevens.*

A passage in *Macbeth* adds support to Theobald's emendation:

"—— the innocent *sleep*,
"*Balm* of hurt minds, —."

Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy master;
Thou must not stay behind. [*To the* Fool.

Glo. Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt* KENT, GLO. *and the* Fool, *bearing off the King.*

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind;
Leaving free things,[1] and happy shows, behind:
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.[2]
How light and portable my pain seems now,
When that, which makes me bend, makes the king bow;
He childed, as I father'd!—Tom, away:
Mark the high noises;[3] and thyself bewray,[4]

[The following is from Mr. Malone's *Appendix.*]

I had great doubts concerning the propriety of admitting Theobald's emendation into the text, though it is extremely plausible, and was adopted by all the subsequent editors. The following passage in *Twelfth Night* sufficiently supports the reading of the old copy: "Nay, patience, or we *break* the *sinews* of our plot" *Malone.*

I cannot reconcile myself to the old reading, as I do not understand how *sinews* if *broken,* could be *balmed,* in any obvious sense of that word. *Broken* (i. e. interrupted) *senses,* like *broken* slumbers, would admit of a soothing cure. *Steevens.*

1 ——*free things,*] States clear from distress. *Johnson.*

2 *But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,*
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*

"And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"Or, if sour *woe* delights in fellowship —."
"Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris."—*Incert. Auct.*
Malone.

3 *Mark the high noises;*] Attend to the great events that are approaching, and make thyself known when that *false opinion* now prevailing against thee shall, in consequence of *just proof* of thy integrity, revoke its erroneous sentence, and recall thee to honour and reconciliation. *Johnson.*

By the *high noises,* I believe, are meant the loud tumults of the approaching war.

Thus, Claudian, in his *Epist. ad Serenam:*

"*Prœliaque altisoni* referens Phlegræa mariti." *Steevens.*

The *high noises* are perhaps the calamities and quarrels of those in a higher station than Edgar, of which he has been just speaking.

When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,[5]
In thy just proof, repeals, and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to-night, safe scape the king!
Lurk, lurk.] [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

A Room in Gloster's *Castle.*

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND, *and Servants.*

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband; show him this letter:—the army of France is landed:—Seek out the villain Gloster. [*Exeunt some of the* Servants.

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund, keep you our sister company; the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father, are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation;[6] we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift, and intelligent betwixt us.[7] Farewel, dear sister;—farewel, my lord of Gloster.[8]

The words, however, may allude to the proclamation which had been made for bringing in Edgar:

"I heard myself proclaim'd,
"And by the happy hollow of a tree,
"Escap'd the hunt." *Malone.*

4 —— *and thyself* bewray,] *Bewray*, which at present has only a dirty meaning, anciently signified to *betray*, to *discover*. In this sense it is used by Spenser; and in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

"Well, to the king Andrugio now will hye,
"Hap lyfe, hap death, his safetie to *bewray*."

Again, in *The Spanish Tragedy:*

"With ink *bewray* what blood began in me."

Again, in Lyly's *Endymion*, 1591:

"—— lest my head break, and so I *bewray* my brains." *Steevens.*

5 —— *whose wrong thought defiles thee,*] The quartos, where alone this speech is found, read—whose wrong *thoughts defile* thee. The rhyme shows that the correction, which was made by Mr. Theobald is right. *Malone.*

6 —— *a most* festinate *preparation;*] Here we have the same error in the first folio, which has happened in many other places; the *u* employed instead of an *n*. It reads—*festivate*. The quartos *festuant*. See *Timon of Athens*, Act IV, sc. iii; and Vol. III, p. 140, n. 5. *Malone.*

Enter Steward.

How now? Where 's the king?

Stew. My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him hence:
Some five or six and thirty of his nights,
Hot questrists after him,[9] met him at gate;
Who, with some other of the lord's dependants,
Are gone with him towards Dover; where they boast
To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewel, sweet lord, and sister.

[*Exeunt* GON. *and* EDM.

Corn. Edmund, farewel.—Go, seek the traitor Gloster,
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us:

[*Exeunt other Servants.*

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice; yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath,[1] which men
May blame, but not control. Who 's there? The traitor?

Re-enter Servants, *with* GLOSTER.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

[7] —— *and* intelligent *betwixt us,*] So, in a former scene:

" —— spies and speculations
" *Intelligent* of our state." *Steevens.*

Thus the folio. The quartos read—swift *and intelligence* betwixt us: the poet might have written—swift *in* intelligence —. *Malone.*

[8] —— *my lord of Gloster.*] Meaning Edmund, newly invested with his father's titles. The Steward, speaking immediately after, mentions the old earl by the same title. *Johnson.*

[9] *Hot* questrists *after him.*] A *questrist* is one who goes in search or *quest* of another. Mr Pope and Sir T. Hanmer read—*questers.* *Steevens.*

[1] *Though well we may not* pass *upon his life*
——— *yet our power*
Shall do a courtesy *to our wrath,*] *To do a courtesy* is to gratify, to comply with. *To pass,* is to pass a judicial sentence. *Johnson.*

I believe, " do a *courtesy* to our wrath," simply means—*bend* to our wrath, as a *courtesy* is made by *bending* the body.

The original of the expression, *to pass on any one,* may be traced from *Magna Charta:* " — nec *super eum ibimus,* nisi per legale judicium parium suorum."

It is common to most of our early writers. So, in *Acolastus,* a comedy, 1540: "I do not nowe consider the mischievous pageants he hath played; I do not now *passe upon* them." Again, in *If this be not a good Play, the Devil is in it,* 1612: " A jury of brokers, impanel'd, and deeply sworn to *passe on* all villains in hell." *Steevens.*

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms.[2]
Glo. What mean your graces?——Good my friends, consider
You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.
Corn. Bind him, I say. [Servants *bind him.*
Reg. Hard, hard:—O filthy traitor!
Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none.[3]
Corn. To this chair bind him:—Villain, thou shalt find— [REG. *plucks his Beard.*
Glo. By the kind gods,[4] 'tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.
Reg. So white, and such a traitor!
Glo. Naughty lady,
These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,
Will quicken,[5] and accuse thee: I am your host;
With robbers' hands, my hospitable favours[6]

[2] —— *corky arms.*] Dry, withered, husky arms. *Johnson.*

As Shakspeare appears from other passages of this play to have had in his eye *Bishop Harsenet's Declaration of egregious Popish Impostures*, &c. 1603, 4to. it is probable, that this very expressive, but peculiar epithet, *corky*, was suggested to him by a passage in that very curious pamphlet: "It would pose all the cunning exorcists, that are this day to be found, to teach an old *corkie* woman to writhe, tumble, curvet, and fetch her morice gambols, as Martha Bressier (one of the possessed mentioned in the pamphlet) did." *Percy.*

[3] —— *I am none.*] Thus the folio. The quartos read—I am *true.* *Malone.*

[4] *By the kind gods,*] We are not to understand by this the gods in general, who are beneficent and kind to men; but that particular species of them called by the ancients *dii hospitales, kind gods.* So, Plautus, in *Pœnulo:*

"*Deum hospitalem* ac tesseram mecum fero." *Warburton.*

Shakspeare hardly received any assistance from mythology to furnish out a proper oath for Gloster. People always invoke their deities as they would have them show themselves at particular times in their favour; and he accordingly calls those *kind gods* whom he would wish to find so on this occasion. He does so yet a second time in this scene. Our own liturgy will sufficiently evince the truth of my supposition. *Steevens.*

Cordelia also uses the same invocation in the 4th Act:

"O, you *kind* gods,
"Cure this great breach in his abused nature!" *M. Mason.*

[5] *Will quicken.*] i. e. quicken into life. *M. Mason.*

[6] —— *my hospitable* favours —] *Favours* means the same as *features*, i. e. the different parts of which a face is composed. So, in *Drayton's* epistle from *Matilda to King John:*

You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?

Reg. Be simple-answer'd,[7] for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitors Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatick king? Speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that 's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?

Glo. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore
To Dover? Wast thou not charg'd at thy peril[8]—

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him first answer that.

Glo. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.[9]

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.[1]
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head

"Within the compass of man's face we see,
"How many sorts of several *favours* be:"

Again, in *David and Bethsabe*, 1599:

"To daunt the *favours* of his lovely face." *Steevens.*

[7] *Be simple-answer'd.*] The old quarto reads, *Be simple answerer.* —Either is good sense *simple* means *plain.* *Steevens.*

[8] —— thy *peril* —] I have inserted the pronoun—*thy*, for the sake of metre. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *the course.*] The running of the dogs upon me. *Johnson.*

[1] —— stick *boarish fangs.*] The quartos read—*rash* boarish fangs. This verb occurs in Spenser's *Fairy Queen* B. IV, c. ii:

"And shields did share, and mailes did *rash*, and helmes did hew."

Again, B. V, c iii:

'*Rashing* off helmes, and ryving plates asunder."

To *rash* is the old hunting term for the stroke made by a wild boar with his fangs.

So, in Chapman's version of the eleventh *Iliad:*

"—— As when two chased boars
"Turn head gainst kennels of bold hounds, and race way through their gores." *Steevens.*

In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the stelled fires: yet, poor old heart,
He holp the heavens to rain.[2]
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,[3]
Thou should'st have said, *Good porter, turn the key;*
All cruels else subscrib'd:[4]—But I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See it shalt thou never:—Fellows, hold the chair:—
Upon these eyes[5] of thine I 'll set my foot.

[GLO. *is held down in his Chair, while* CORN. *plucks out one of his Eyes, and sets his Foot on it.*

Glo. He, that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help:—O cruel! O ye gods!

Reg. One side will mock another; the other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance,—

Serv. Hold your hand, my lord:
I have serv'd you ever since I was a child;

[2] —— *to* rain.] Thus the folio. The quartos read—to *rage*. *Steevens.*

[3] —— *that* stern *time*,] Thus the folio. Both the quartos read—that *dearn* time. *Dearn* is a north-country word, signifying *lonely*, solitary, secret, obscure, melancholy, uncomfortable, far from neighbours. So, in *The Valiant Scot:*

"Of all thy joys the *dearne* and dismal end."

Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. II, c. i:

"They heard a rueful voice that *dearnly* cride."

Again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*. 1609:

"By many a *dearne* and painful pearch."

The reading in the text, however, is countenanced by the following passage in Chapman's version of the 24th *Iliad:*

"—— in this so *sterne* a time
"Of night and danger,—." *Steevens.*

[4] —— *subscrib'd:*] Yielded, submitted to the necessity of the occasion. *Johnson.*

[5] *Upon these eyes* &c.] In *Selimus, Emperor of the Turks*, one of the sons of *Bajazet pulls out the eyes* of an Aga on the stage, and says—

"Yes, thou shalt live, but never see that day,
"Wanting the tapers that should give thee light.
["*Pulls out his eyes.*"

Immediately after, his hands are cut off. I have introduced this passage to show that Shakspeare's drama was not more sanguinary than that of his contemporaries. *Steevens.*

In Marston's *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602, Piero's tongue is torn out on the stage. *Malone.*

But better service have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.
Reg. How now, you dog?
Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I 'd shake it on this quarrel: What do you mean?
Corn. My villain![6] [*Draws and runs at him.*
Serv. Nay, then come on, and take the chance of anger.
[*Draws. They fight.* CORN. *is wounded.*
Reg. Give me thy sword.—[*To another* Serv.] A peasant stand up thus!
[*Snatches a Sword, comes behind, and stabs him.*
Serv. O, I am slain!—My lord, you have one eye left
To see some mischief on him:—O! [*Dies.*
Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it:—Out, vile jelly!
Where is thy lustre now?
[*Tears out* GLOSTER'S *other Eye, and throws it on the Ground.*
Glo. All dark and comfortless.—Where 's my son Edmund?
Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
To quit this horrid act.
Reg. Out, treacherous villain!
Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he
That made the overture of thy treasons[7] to us;
Who is too good to pity thee.
Glo. O my follies!
Then Edgar was abus'd.—
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!
Reg. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover.—How is 't, my lord? How look you?
Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt:—Follow me, lady.—
Turn out that eyeless villain;—throw this slave
Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace:
Untimely comes this hurt: Give me your arm.
[*Exit* CORN. *led by* REG.;—*Servants unbind* GLO. *and lead him out.*
1 *Serv.* I 'll never care what wickedness I do,[8]

[6] *My villain!*] Villain is here perhaps used in its original sense of one in servitude. *Steevens.*

[7] —— *the* overture *of thy treasons* —] *Overture* is here used for an opening or discovery. It was he who first laid thy treasons *open* to us. Coles in his *Dict.* 1679, renders *Overture* by *apertior apertura.* An *overt* act of treason, is the technical phrase. *Malone.*

If this man comes to good.

2 *Serv.* If she live long,
And, in the end, meet the old course of death,[9]
Women will all turn monsters.

1 *Serv.* Let 's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam
To lead him where he would; his roguish madness
Allows itself to any thing.

2 *Serv.* Go thou; I 'll fetch some flax,[1] and whites of eggs,
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him!
[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT IV..... SCENE I.

The Heath.

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,[2]
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,

[8] *I'll never care what wickedness I do,*] This short dialogue I have inserted from the old quarto, because I think it full of nature. Servants could hardly see such a barbarity committed on their master, without pity; and the vengeance that they presume must overtake the actors of it, is a sentiment and doctrine well worthy of the stage. *Theobald.*

It is not necessary to suppose them the servants of Gloster; for Cornwall was opposed to extremity by his own servant. *Johnson.*

[9] —— *meet the old course of death,*] That is, *die a natural death.* *Malone.*

[1] —— *some flax,* &c.] This passage is ridiculed by Ben Jonson, in *The Case is alter'd,* 1609: " — go, get *a white of an egg, and a little flax,* and close the breaches of the head, it is the most conducible thing that can be." *Steevens.*

The Case is alter'd was written before the end of the year 1599; but Ben Jonson might have inserted this sneer at our author, between the time of *King Lear's* appearance, and the publication of his own play in 1609. *Malone.*

[2] *Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,*] The meaning is, *'Tis better* to be *thus contemned, and* known *to yourself* to be contemned. Or perhaps there is an error, which may be rectified thus:

Yet better thus unknown *to be contemn'd.*

When a man divests himself of his real character he feels no pain from contempt, because he supposes it incurred only by a voluntary disguise which he can throw off at pleasure. I do not think any correction necessary. *Johnson.*

The lowest, and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear:[3]
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then,[4]
Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace!
The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst,
Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes here?—

Enter GLOSTER, *led by an old Man.*

My father, poorly led?—World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,[5]

The sentiment is this:—It is better to be thus contemn'd and know it, than to be flattered by those who secretly contemn us. *Henley.*

I cannot help thinking that this passage should be written thus:

Yet better thus unknown *to be contemn'd,*
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd to be worse.
The lowest, &c.

The quarto edition has no stop after *flatter'd.* The first folio, which has a comma there, has a colon at the end of the line.

The expression in this speech—*owes nothing to thy blasts*—(in a more learned writer) might seem to be copied from Virgil, *Æn.* xi, 51:

" *Nos juvenem exanimum,* et nil jam cœlestibus ullis
" Debentem, *vano mœsti comitamur honore.*" *Tyrwhitt.*

I think with Mr. Tyrwhitt that Dr. Johnson's conjecture is well founded, and that the poet wrote—*unknown. Malone.*

The meaning of Edgar's speech seems to be this. Yet it is better to be thus, in this fixed and acknowledged contemptible state, than, living in affluence, to be flattered and despised at the same time. He who is placed in the worst and lowest state has this advantage; he lives in hope, and not in fear, of a reverse of fortune. The lamentable change is from affluence to beggary. He laughs at the idea of changing for the worse, who is already as low as possible. *Sir J. Reynolds.*

3 —— *lives not in fear:*] So, in Milton's *Paradise Regained,* B. III:
" For where no hope is left, is left no fear." *Steevens.*

4 —— *Welcome then,*] The next two lines and a half are omitted in the quartos. *Steevens.*

5 —— *World, world, O world!*
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,] The sense of this obscure passage is, O world! so much are human minds captivated with thy pleasures, that were it not for those successive miseries, each worse than the other, which overload the scenes of life, we should never be willing to submit to death, though the infirmities of old age would teach us to choose it as a proper asylum. Besides, by uninterrupted prosperity, which leaves the mind at ease, the body would generally preserve such a state of vigour as to bear up long against the decays of time. These are the two reasons, I suppose, why he said—

Life would not yield to age.

Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O my good lord, I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone: Thy comforts can do me no good at all, Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. Alack, sir, you cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes; I stumbled when I saw: Full oft 'tis seen, Our mean secures us;[6] and our mere defects Prove our commodities.—Ah, dear son Edgar, The food of thy abused father's wrath! Might I but live to see thee in my touch,[7] I 'd say, I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now? Who 's there?

And how much the pleasures of the body pervert the mind's judgment, and the perturbations of the mind disorder the body's frame, is known to all. *Warburton.*

O world! if reverses of fortune and changes such as I now see and feel, from ease and affluence to poverty and misery, did not show us the little value of life, we should never submit with any kind of resignation to the weight of years, and its necessary consequence, infirmity and death. *Malone.*

[6] *Our* mean *secures us;*] *Mean* is here a substantive, and signifies *a middle state*, as Dr. Warburton rightly interprets it. So again, in *The Merchant of Venice:* "It is no mean happiness therefore to be seated in the *mean.*" See more instances in Dr. Johnson's *Dictionary.* *Steevens.*

Both the quartos and the folio read—our *means secure* us. The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. I am not sure that it is necessary. In Shakspeare's age writers often thought it necessary to use a plural, when the subject spoken of related to more persons than one. So, in the last Act of this play—"O, our *live's* sweetness!" not, "O, our *life 's* sweetness." Again:

"——— O, you mighty gods,
"This world I do renounce, and, in your *sights*," &c.

Again, in *King Richard III:*

"To worry lambs, and lap their gentle *bloods.*"

Means, therefore, might have been here used as the plural of *mean,* or *moderate condition.* Gloster's meaning is, that in a moderate condition or middle state of life, we are secure from those temptations to which the more prosperous and affluent are exposed; and our very wants prove in this respect an advantage *Malone.*

I believe, means is only a typographical error. *Steevens.*

[7] ——— *to see thee in my touch,*] So, in another scene, I see it feelingly. *Steevens.*

Edg. [*aside*] O gods! Who is 't can say, *I am at the worst?*
I am worse than e'er I was.
Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.
Edg. [*aside*] And worse I may be yet: The worst is not,
So long as we can say, *This is the worst.*[8]
Old Man. Fellow, where goest?
Glo. Is it a beggar-man?
Old Man. Madman and beggar too.
Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw;
Which made me think a man a worm: My son
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard more since:
As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.
Edg. How should this be?—
Bad is the trade must play the fool to sorrow,
Ang'ring itself and others. [*Aside.*]—Bless thee, master!
Glo. Is that the naked fellow?
Old Man. Ay, my lord.
Glo. Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone: If, for my sake,
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
I' the way to Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Whom I 'll entreat to lead me.
Old Man. Alack, sir he 's mad.
Glo. 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead the blind.
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone.
Old Man. I 'll bring him the best 'parrel that I have,

[8] —— *Who is 't can say, I am at the worst?*
—— *The worst is not,*
So long as we can say, this is the worst.] i. e. While we live; for while we yet continue to have a sense of feeling, something worse than the present may still happen. What occasioned this reflection was his rashly saying, in the beginning of this scene—
" —— To be worst,
" The lowest, and most dejected thing of fortune, &c.
" The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst," &c.
Warburton.

Come on 't what will. [*Exit.*

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poor Tom 's a-cold.—I cannot daub it[9] further. [*Aside.*

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [*aside*] And yet I must.—Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way, and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits: Bless the good man from the foul fiend![1] [Five fiends[2] have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as *Obidicut; Hobbididance*, prince of dumbness; *Mahu*, of stealing; *Modo*, of murder; and *Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping and mowing;[3] who since possesses chamber-maids and waiting-women.[4] So, bless thee, master![]

9 —— *I cannot* daub *it*—] i. e. Disguise. *Warburton.*

So, in *King Richard III:*

"So smooth he *daub'd* his vice with show of virtue."

Again, in one of the *Paston Letters*, Vol. III, p. 173: "—and saith to her, there is good craft in *dawbing*."

The quartos read, I cannot *dance* it further. *Steevens.*

1 *Bless* the *good man from the foul fiend!*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads:

Bless thee, *good man's* son, *from the foul fiend! Malone.*

Bless the *good man from the foul fiend!*] This is sense, but I think we should read—bless *thee*, good man &c. *M. Mason.*

2 *Five* fiends &c.] The rest of this speech is omitted in the folio. In *Harsenet's* Book, already quoted, p. 278, we have an extract from the account published by the exorcists themselves, viz. "By commaundement of the exorcist . . . the devil in Ma. Mainy confessed his name to be *Modu*, and that he had besides himself *seaven other spirits*, and all of them captains, and of great fame." "Then Edmundes (the exorcist) began againe with great earnestness, and all the company cried out, &c. . . . so as both that wicked prince *Modu and his company*, might be cast out." This passage will account *for five fiends having been in poor Tom at once. Percy.*

3 *Flibbertigibbet, of* mopping and mowing;] "If she have a little helpe of the mother, epilepsie, or cramp, to teach her role her eyes, wrie her mouth, gnash her teeth, starte with her body, hold her armes and handes stiffe, make antike faces, grinne, *mow and mop* like an ape,—then no doubt—the *young girle* is owle-blasted and *possessed.*" Harsenet's *Declaration*, p. 136. *Malone.*

4 —— *possesses chamber-maids and waiting-women.*] Shakspeare has made Edgar, in his feigned distraction, frequently allude to a vile *imposture of* some English Jesuits, at that time much the subject of

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heaven's plagues
Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier:—Heavens, deal so still!
Let the superfluous,[5] and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance,[6] that will not see

conversation; the history of it having been just then composed with great art and vigour of style and composition by Dr. S. Harsenet, afterwards archbishop of York, by order of the privy-council, in a work intitled, *A Declaration of egregious Popish Impostures to withdraw her Majest.'s Subjects from their Allegiance*, &c. *practised by Edmunds, alias Weston, a Jesuit, and divers Romish Priests his wicked Associates:* printed 1603. The imposture was in substance this. While the Spaniards were preparing their armada against England, the jesuits were here busy at work to promote it, by making converts: one method they employed was to dispossess pretended demoniacks, by which artifice they made several hundred converts amongst the common people. The principal scene of this farce was laid in the family of one Mr. Edmund Peckham, a Roman-catholick, where Marwood, a servant of Antony Babington's (who was afterwards executed for treason) Trayford, an attendant upon Mr. Peckham, and Sarah and Friswood Williams, and Anne Smith, *three chambermaids* in that family, came into the priest's hands for cure. But the discipline of the patients was so long and severe, and the priests so elate and careless with their success, that the plot was discovered on the confession of the parties concerned, and the contrivers of it deservedly punished. The five devils here mentioned, are the names of five of those who were made to act in this farce upon the *chamber-maids and waiting-women;* and they were generally so ridiculously nick-named, that Harsenet has one chapter *on the strange names of their devils; lest*, says he, *meeting them otherwise by chance, you mistake them for the names of tapsters or jugglers. Warburton.*

The passage in crotchets is omitted in the folio, because I suppose as the story was forgotten, the jest was lost. *Johnson.*

[5] *Let the superfluous,*] Lear has before uttered the same sentiment, which indeed cannot be too strongly impressed, though it may be too often repeated. *Johnson.*

Superfluous is here used for one living in abundance.. *Warburton.*

[6] *That* slaves *your ordinance*, &c.] The language of Shakspeare is very licentious, and his words have often meanings remote from the proper and original use. To *slave* or *beslave* another is to *treat* him *with terms of indignity:* in a kindred sense, to *slave the ordinance*, may be, to *slight* or *ridicule* it. *Johnson.*

To slave an ordinance, is to treat it as a *slave*, to make it subject to us, instead of acting in obedience to it.

So, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:

"—— none
"Could *slave* him like the Lydian Omphale."

Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough.—Dost thou know Dover?
Edg. Ay, master.
Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confined deep:[7]
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I 'll repair the misery thou dost bear,
With something rich about me: from that place
I shall no leading need.
Edg. Give me thy arm;
Poor Tom shall lead thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before the Duke of Albany's *Palace.*

Enter GONERIL *and* EDMUND; Steward *meeting them.*

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel, our mild husband[8]
Not met us on the way:—Now, where 's your master?
Stew. Madam, within; but never man so chang'd:
I told him of the army that was landed:

Again, in *A New Way to pay old Debts*, by Massinger:
" —— that *slaves* me to his will." *Steevens.*
Heywood, in his *Pleasant Dialogues and Dramas*, 1637, uses this verb in the same sense:
" What shall I do? my love I will not *slave*
" To an old king, though he my love should crave."
Again, in Marston's *Malcontent*, 1604:
" O powerful blood, how dost thou *slave* their soul!"
That *slaves* your ordinance, is the reading of the folio. Both the quartos have—That *stands* your ordinance; perhaps for *withstands*. *Stands*, however, may be right:—*that abides* your ordinance. The poet might have intended to mark the criminality of the *lust-dieted man* only in the subsequent words, *that will not see, because he doth not feel*. *Malone.*

[7] *Looks* fearfully in *the confined deep:*] So, the folio. The quartos read—Looks *firmly*. Mr. Rowe and all the subsequent editors for *in* read *on*. I see no need of change. Shakspeare considered the sea as a *mirrour*. To look *in* a glass, is yet our colloquial phraseology. *Malone.*
In for *into*. We still say that a window *looks into* the garden or the stable-yard. *Steevens.*

[8] —— *our mild husband* —] It must be remembered that Albany, the husband of Goneril, disliked, in the end of the first act, her scheme of oppression and ingratitude. *Johnson.*

He smil'd at it: I told him, you were coming;
His answer was, *The worse:* of Gloster's treachery,
And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot;
And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out:—
What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to him;
What like, offensive.

Gon. Then shall you go no further. [*To* EDM.
It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake: he 'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an answer: Our wishes, on the way,
May prove effects.[9] Back, Edmund, to my brother;
Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers:
I must change arms[1] at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us: ere long your are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistresses command. Wear this; spare speech;
[*Giving a Favour.*
Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air;[2]—

[9] —— *Our wishes*, on the way,
May prove effects.] I believe the meaning of the passage to be this: "What we wish, before our march is at an end, may be brought to happen," i. e. the murder or despatch of her husband. *On the way*, however, may be equivalent to the expression we now use, viz. *By the way*, or *By the by*, i. e. *en passant*. *Steevens*.

The wishes we have formed and communicated to each other on our journey, may be carried into effect. *M. Mason*.

She means, I think, The wishes, which we expressed to each other on our way hither, may be completed, and prove effectual to the destruction of my husband. On her entrance she said—

"—— I marvel our mild husband
"Not met us *on the way*."

Again, more appositely, in *King Richard III:*

"Thou know'st our *reasons, urg'd upon the way*."

See also Florio's *Italian Dictionary*, 1598: "*Umbella*. A kind of round thing like a round skreene, that gentlemen use in Italie in time of summer,—to keep the sunne from them, when they are riding *by the way*." *Malone*.

[1] *I must change* arms —] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—change *names*. *Steevens*.

[2] *Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,*
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air;] She bids him decline his head, that she might give him a kiss (the Steward being present) and that it might appear only to him as a whisper. *Steevens*.

Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Gloster! [*Exit* EDM.
O, the difference of man, and man![3] To thee
A woman's services are due; my fool
Usurps my bed.[4]

Stew. Madam, here comes my lord. [*Exit* STEW.

Enter ALBANY.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.[5]

Alb. O Goneril!
You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face.—I fear your disposition:[6]
That nature, which contemns its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;[7]

3 O, *the difference of man, and man!*] Omitted in the quartos. *Steevens.*

Some epithet to *difference* was probably omitted in the folio. *Malone.*

According to the present regulation of this passage, the measure is complete. *Steevens.*

4 —— *my fool*
Usurps my bed.] One of the quartos read:
My *foot* usurps my *head;* the other,
My *foot* usurps my *body*. *Steevens.*

The quarto of which the first signature is A, reads—My *foot* usurps my *head*. Some of the copies of quarto B, have—My *foot* usurps my *body;* others—*A fool* usurps my *bed*. The folio reads—*My fool* usurps my *body*. *Malone.*

5 *I have been worth the whistle.*] This expression is a reproach to Albany for having neglected her; *though you disregard me thus,* I have been worth the whistle, *I have found one that thinks me worth calling*. *Johnson.*

This expression is a proverbial one. Heywood in one of his dialogues, consisting entirely of proverbs, says:

"It is a poor dog that is not *worth the whistling*."

Goneril's meaning seems to be—*There was a time when you would have thought me worth the calling to you;* reproaching him for not having summoned her to consult with on the present critical occasion. *Steevens.*

I think Mr. Steevens's interpretation the true one. *Malone.*

6 —— *I fear your disposition:*] These words, and the lines that follow to *monsters of the deep*, are found in the quartos, but are improperly omitted in the folio. They are necessary, as Mr. Pope has observed, "to explain the reasons of the detestation which Albany here expresses to his wife." *Malone.*

7 *That nature, which contemns its origin,*
Cannot be border'd *certain in itself;*] The sense is, That nature

She that herself will sliver and disbranch[8]
From her material sap,[9] perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use.[1]

Gon. No more; the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile:
Filths savour but themselves. What have you done?
Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick,[2]

which is arrived to such a pitch of unnatural degeneracy, as to contemn its origin, cannot from thenceforth be *restrained within any certain bounds*, but is prepared to break out into the most monstrous excesses every way, as occasion or temptation may offer. *Heath.*

[8] *She that herself will* sliver *and disbranch* —] To *sliver* signifies to tear off or disbranch. So, in *Macbeth:*

" —— slips of yew
" *Sliver'd* in the moon's eclipse." *Warburton.*

[9] *She that herself will sliver and disbranch*
From her material *sap,*] She who breaks the bonds of filial duty, and becomes wholly alienated from her father, must wither and perish, like a branch separated from that *sap* which supplies it with nourishment, and gives life to the *matter* of which it is composed. So, in *A Brief Chronycle concernynge the Examinacyion and Death of Syr Johan Oldcastle*, 1544: "Then sayd the lorde Cobham, and spredde his armes abrode: This is a very crosse, yea and so moche better than your crosse of *wode*, in that yt was created as God: yet will I not seeke to have yt worshipped. Than sayd the byshop of London, Syr, ye wote wele that he dyed on a *materyall* crosse."

Mr. Theobald reads *maternal*, and Dr Johnson thinks that the true reading Syr John Froissart's *Chronicle* (as Dr. Warburton has observed) in the title-page of the English translation printed in 1525, is said to be *translated out of French to our* material *English Tongue by John Bourchier*. And I have found *material* (from *mater*) used in some other old books for *maternal*, but neglected to note the instances I think, however, that the word is here used in its ordinary sense. *Maternal* sap (or any synonymous words) would introduce a mixed and confused metaphor *Material* sap is strictly correct. From the word *herself* to the end, the *branch* was the figurative object of the poet's thought. *Malone.*

Throughout the plays of our author I do not recollect a single instance of the adjective—*maternal*. *Steevens.*

[1] *And come to deadly* use.] Alluding to the *use* that witches and inchanters are said to make of *wither'd branches* in their charms. A fine insinuation in the speaker, that she was ready for the most unnatural mischief, and a preparative of the poet to her plotting with the bastard against her husband's life. *Warburton.*

Dr. Warburton might have supported his interpretation by the passage in *Macbeth*, quoted above, n. 8. Malone.

Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you maddéd.
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
A man, a prince, by him so benefited?
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these wild offences,[3]
'Twill come,
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.[4]
Gon. Milk-liver'd man!
That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering; that not know'st,[5]
Fools do those villains pity,[6] who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief. Where 's thy drum?
France spreads his banners in our noiseless land;
With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats;
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sit'st still, and cry'st,
Alack! why does he so?
Alb. See thyself, devil!
Proper deformity[7] seems not in the fiend

[2] —— *would lick,*] This line, which had been omitted by all my predecessors, I have restored from the quartos. *Steevens.*

[3] —— these *vile offences,*] In some of the impressions of quarto B, we find—*this* vile offences; in others, and in quarto A,—*the* vile. *This* was certainly a misprint for *these*. *Malone.*

[4] —— *like monsters of the deep.*] Fishes are the only animals that are known to prey upon their own species. *Johnson.*

[5] —— *that not know'st,* &c.] The rest of this speech is omitted in the folio. *Steevens.*

[6] *Fools do those villains pity,* &c.] She means, that *none but* fools would pity those villains, who are prevented from executing their malicious designs, and punished for their evil intention. It is not clear whether this fiend means her father, or the King of France. If these words were intended to have a retrospect to Albany's speech, which the word *pity* might lead us to suppose, Lear must be in her contemplation; if they are considered as connected with what follows—*Where's thy drum?* &c. the other interpretation must be adopted. The latter appears to me the true one; and perhaps the punctuation of the quarto, in which there is only a comma after the word *mischief*, ought to have been preferred. *Malone.*

I do not perceive to what the word—*fiend*, in the fourth line of the foregoing note, refers. *Steevens.*

[7] *Proper deformity* —] i. e. Diabolick qualities appear not so horrid in the devil, to whom they belong, as in woman, who unnaturally assumes them. *Warburton.*

So horrid, as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!

Alb. Thou changed and self-cover'd thing,[8] for shame,
Be-monster not thy feature.[9] Were it my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,[1]
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones:—Howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now!—

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news?

Mess. O, my good lord, the duke of Cornwall 's dead;
Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloster.

[8] *Thou changed and* self-cover'd *thing,*] Of these lines there is but one copy, and the editors are forced upon conjecture. They have published this line thus:

Thou chang'd, and self-converted *thing,*

But I cannot but think that by *self-cover'd* the author meant, thou that hast *disguised* nature by wickedness; thou that hast *hid* the woman under the fiend. *Johnson.*

This, and the next speech are wanting in the folio. *Steevens.*

The following words, *be-monster not thy nature,* seems rather to support the reading of the former editors, which was *self-converted;* and a thought somewhat similar occurs in Fletcher's play of *The Captain,* where the father says to Lelia—

"———— Oh, Good God!
"To what an impudence, thou wretched woman,
"Hast thou begot thyself again!" —— *M. Mason.*

By thou *self-cover'd* thing, the poet, I think, means, thou who hast put a *covering on thyself,* which nature did not give thee. The covering which Albany means, is, the semblance and appearance of a fiend. *Malone.*

Self-cover'd, perhaps, was said in allusion to the envelope which the maggots of some insects furnish to themselves. Or the poet might have referred to the operation of the silk worm, that—

"—— labours till it *clouds itself all o'er.*" *Steevens.*

[9] *Be-monster not thy* feature.] *Feature,* in Shakspeare's age, meant the general cast of countenance, and often beauty. Bullokar, in his *Expositor,* 1616, explains it by the words, "handsomeness, comeliness, beautie." *Malone.*

[1] *To let these hands obey my blood,*] As this line wants a foot, perhaps our author wrote—

To let these hands of mine *obey my blood.*

So, in *King John,* Vol. VII:

"———— This hand of mine
"Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand." Steevens.

Alb. Gloster's eyes!

Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
To his great master; who, thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead:[2]
But not without that harmful stroke, which since
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shows you are above,
You justicers,[3] that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge!—But, O poor Gloster!
Lost he his other eye?

Mess. Both, both, my lord.—
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
'Tis from your sister.

Gon. [*aside*] One way I like this well;[4]
But being widow, and my Gloster with her,
May all the building in my fancy[5] pluck
Upon my hateful life: Another way,
The news is not so tart.—I 'll read, and answer. [*Exit.*

Alb. Where was his son, when they did take his eyes?

Mess. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Mess. No, my good lord; I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mess. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd against him;
And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment
Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloster, I live
To thank thee for the love thou show'd'st the king,

[2] —— *and amongst them* fell'd *him dead:*] i.e. *they* (Cornwall and his other servants) amongst them fell'd him dead. *Malone.*

[3] *You* justicers,] Most of the old copies have *justices;* but it was certainly a misprint. The word *justicer* is used in two other places in this play; and though printed rightly in the folio, is corrupted in the quarto in the same manner as here. Some copies of quarto B read, rightly—*justicers,* in the line before us. *Malone.*

[4] *One way I like this well;*] Goneril's plan was to poison her sister—to marry Edmund—to murder Albany—and to get possession of the whole kingdom. As the death of Cornwall facilitated the last part of her scheme, she was pleased at it; but disliked it, as it put it in the power of her sister to marry Edmund. *M. Mason.*

[5] —— *all the building in my fancy* —] So, in Coriolanus, Act V, sc. i: "— *the buildings* in my fancy." Steevens.

And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend;
Tell me what more thou knowest. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE III.[6]

The French *Camp, near* Dover.

Enter KENT, *and a* Gentleman.[7]

Kent. Why the king of France is so suddenly gone back[8] know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state,
Which since his coming forth is thought of; which,
Imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger,
That his personal return was most requir'd,
And necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Gent. The Mareschal of France, Monsieur le Fer.[9]

[6] [*Scene III.*] This scene, left out in all the common books, is restored from the old edition; it being manifestly of Shakspeare's writing, and necessary to continue the story of Cordelia, whose behaviour is here most beautifully painted. *Pope.*

The scene seems to have been left out only to shorten the play, and is necessary to continue the action. It is extant only in the quarto, being omitted in the first folio. I have therefore put it between crotchets. *Johnson.*

[7] —— *a Gentleman.*] The gentleman whom he sent in the foregoing act with letters to Cordelia. *Johnson.*

[8] *Why the king of France is so suddenly gone back* &c.] The king of France being no longer a necessary personage, it was fit that some pretext for getting rid of him should be formed, before the play was too near advanced towards a conclusion. Decency required that a Monarch should not be silently shuffled into the pack of insignificant characters; and therefore his dismission (which could be effected only by a sudden recall to his own dominions) was to be accounted for before the audience. For this purpose, among others, the present scene was introduced. It is difficult indeed to say what use could have been made of the King, had he appeared at the head of his own armament, and survived the murder of his queen. His conjugal concern on the occasion, might have weakened the effect of Lear's parental sorrow; and, being an object of respect, as well as pity, he would naturally have divided the spectator's attention, and thereby diminished the consequence of Albany, Edgar, and Kent, whose exemplary virtues deserved to be ultimately placed in the most conspicuous point of view. *Steevens.*

[9] *The Mareschal of France,* Monsieur le Fer] Shakspeare seems to have been poor in the names of Frenchmen, or he would scarce have given us here a *Monsieur le Fer* as Mareschal of France, after

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief?

Gent. Ay, sir;[1] she took them, read them in my presence;
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd, she was a queen
Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it mov'd her.

Gent. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow strove[2]
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were like a better day:[3] Those happy smiles,[4]

he had appropriated the same appellation to a common soldier, who was *fer'd, ferreted,* and *ferk'd,* by Pistol in *King Henry V.* *Steevens.*

1 *Ay, sir;*] The quartos read—*I say.* The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. *Malone.*

2 —— *patience and sorrow* strove —] The quartos for *strove* have *streme.* Mr. Pope made the correction. *Malone.*

3 —— *her smiles and tears*
Were like a better day:] It is plain, we should read—*a wetter May,* i. e. A spring season wetter than ordinary. *Warburton.*

The thought is taken from Sidney's *Arcadia,* p. 244. "Her tears came dropping down like rain in sunshine." Cordelia's behaviour on this occasion is apparently copied from *Philoclea's.* The same book, in another place, says,—"that her tears followed one another like a precious rope of pearl." The same comparison also occurs in a very scarce book, entitled *A courtlie Controversie of Cupid's Cautels:* &c. *Translated from the French,* &c. *by H. W.* [Henry Wotton] 4o. 1578, p. 289, "Who hath *viewed* in the spring time, *raine and sunne-shine in one moment,* might behold the troubled countenance of the gentlewoman, after she had read and over-read the letters of her Floradin with an eye now smilyng, then bathed in teares." The quartos read, —*a better* way, which may be an accidental inversion of the M.

A *better* day, however, is the *best* day, and the *best day* is a day more favourable to the productions of the earth. Such are the days in which there is a due mixture of rain and sunshine.

It must be observed that the *comparative* is used by Milton and others, instead of the *positive* and *superlative,* as well as by Shakspeare himself, in the play before us:

"The *safer* sense will ne'er accommodate
"Its master thus."

Again, in *Macbeth:*

"—— it hath cow'd my *better* part of man."

Again:

"—— *Go* not my horse the *better.*"

Mr. Pope makes no scruple to say of Achilles, that—

That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,

"The Pelian javelin in his *better* hand
"Shot trembling rays," &c.

i. e. his *best* hand, his *right*. *Steevens.*

Doth not Dr. Warburton's alteration infer that Cordelia's sorrow was superior to her patience? But it seemed that she was a queen over her passion; and the smiles on her lip appeared not to know that tears were in her eyes. "Her smiles and tears were like a *better day*," or "like a *better May*," may signify that they were like such a season where sunshine prevailed over rain. So, in *All 's Well that Ends Well*, Act V, sc. iii, we see in the king "*sunshine and hail at once*, but to the brightest beams distracted clouds give way: the time is fair again, and he is like a *day* of season," i. e. a better day. *Tollet.*

Both the quartos read—a *better way;* which being perfectly unintelligible, I have adopted part of the emendation introduced by Dr. Warburton. The late editions have given—a better *day*, a reading which first appeared in a note of Mr. Theobald's. A *better day*, however it be understood, is, in my opinion, inconsistent with the context. If a *better* day means either a *good* day, or the *best* day, it cannot represent Cordelia's smiles and tears; for neither the one nor the other necessarily implies *rain*, without which, there is nothing to correspond with her *tears;* nor can a *rainy day* occasionally brightened by sunshine, with any propriety be called a *good* or the *best* day. We are compelled therefore to make some other change.

A *better May*, on the other hand, whether we understand by it, a good May, or a May better than ordinary, corresponds exactly with the preceding image; for in every May rain may be expected, and in a good, or a better May than ordinary, the sunshine, like Cordelia's smiles, will predominate. With respect to the corrupt reading, I have no great faith in the inversion of the w at the press, and rather think the error arose in some other way.

Mr. Steevens has quoted a passage from Sidney's *Arcadia*, which Shakspeare may have had in view. Perhaps the following passage, in the same book, p. 163, edit. 1593, bears a still nearer resemblance to that before us: "And with that she prettily *smiled*, which mingled with her *tears*, one could not tell whether it were a mourning pleasure, or a delightful sorrow; but like when a few *April* drops are scattered by a gentle zephyrus among fine-coloured flowers." *Malone.*

Mr. Malone reads—a better *May*. As objections may be started against either reading, I declare my inability to decide between them. I have therefore left that word in the text which I found in possession of it.

We might read—

Were like an April *day:*

So, in *Troilus and Cressida:* "—he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in *April*."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"The *April*'s in her eyes: it is love's spring,
"And these the showers to bring it on." Steevens.

As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.[5]—In brief, sorrow
Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all
Could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question?[6]

Gent. 'Faith, once, or twice,[7] she heav'd the name of *father*
Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;
Cried, *Sisters! sisters!—Shame of ladies! sisters!*
Kent! father! sisters! What? i' the storm? i' the night?
Let pity not be believed![8]—There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,

[4] ——*smiles,*] The quartos read—*smilets*. This may be a diminutive of Shakspeare's coinage. *Steevens.*

[5] *As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.* &c.] In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* we have the same image:

"A sea of melting *pearl*, which some call *tears*." *Malone.*

The harshness of the foregoing line, in the speech of the *Gentleman*, induces me to believe that our author might have written:

Like pearls from diamonds dropping.

This idea might have been taken from the ornaments of the ancient carcanet or necklace, which frequently consisted of table *diamonds* with *pearls* appended to them, or in the jewellers' phrase, *dropping* from them. Pendants for the ear are still called—*drops*.

A similar thought to this of Shakspeare, occurs in Middleton's *Game at Chess*, no date:

"—— the holy dew lies like a pearl
"Dropt from the *opening eye-lids of the morn*
"Upon the bashful rose."

Milton has transplanted this image into his *Lycidas*:

"Under the *opening eye-lids of the morn*." *Steevens.*

[6] *Made she no* verbal question?] Means only, Did she enter into no conversation with you? In this sense our poet frequently uses the word *question*, and not simply as the act of *interrogation*. Did she give you to understand her meaning *by words* as well as by the foregoing external testimonies of sorrow?

So, in *All 's Well that Ends Well*:

"—— she told me
"In a sweet *verbal* brief," &c. *Steevens.*

[7] 'Faith, *once, or twice,*] Thus the quartos. Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read—*Yes*, once, &c. Regan, in a subsequent scene, in like manner, uses the rejected word, however inelegant it may now appear:

"*Faith*, he is posted hence on serious matter." *Malone.*

[8] *Let pity not be believed!*] i. e. Let not such a thing as pity be supposed to exist! Thus the old copies; but the modern editors have hitherto read—

Let pity not believe it; ——. *Steevens.*

And clamour moisten'd:[9] then away she started
To deal with grief alone.
Kent. It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions;[1]
Else one self mate and mate[2] could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with her since?
Gent. No.
Kent. Was this before the king return'd?
Gent. No, since.
Kent. Well, sir; the poor distress'd Lear is i' the town;
Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.
Gent. Why, good sir?
Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him: his own unkindness,
That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters,—these things sting
His mind so venomously, that burning shame[3]

[9] *And clamour moisten'd:*] It is not impossible but Shakspeare might have formed this fine picture of Cordelia's agony from holy writ, in the conduct of Joseph; who, being no longer able to restrain the vehemence of his affection, commanded all his retinue from his presence; and then *wept aloud*, and discovered himself to his brethren. *Theobald.*

—— *clamour moisten'd:*] That is, *her out-cries were accompanied with tears. Johnson.*

The old copies read—And clamour moisten'd *her*. I have no doubt that the word *her* was inserted by the compositor's eye glancing on the middle of the preceding line, where that word occurs; and therefore have omitted it. It may be observed that the metre is complete without this word. A similar error has happened in *The Winter's Tale*. See Vol. VI, p 302, n. 3. She *moisten'd clamour*, or the exclamations she had uttered, with tears. This is perfectly intelligible; but *clamour moisten'd her*, is certainly nonsense. *Malone.*

[1] —— *govern our* conditions;] i. e. regulate our *dispositions*. See Vol. IX, p. 374, n. 9. *Malone.*

[2] —— *one self mate and mate*—] The same husband and the same wife. *Johnson.*

Self is used here, as in many other places in these plays, for *self-same. Malone.*

[3] —— *these things* sting
His mind so venomously, that burning shame—] The metaphor is here preserved with great knowledge of nature. The venom of poi-

Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not?

Gent. 'Tis so; they are afoot.[4]

Kent. Well, sir, I 'll bring you to our master Lear,
And leave you to attend him: some dear cause[5]
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me.] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The same. A Tent.

Enter CORDELIA, Physician, *and* Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he; why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea: singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter,[6] and furrow weeds,
With harlocks, hemlock,[7] nettles, cuckoo-flowers,

sonous animals being a high caustick salt, that has all the effect of *fire* upon the part. *Warburton.*

[4] *'Tis so; they are afoot.*] Dr. Warburton thinks it necessary to read, *'tis said;* but the sense is plain, *So it is* that *they are on foot.* *Johnson.*

'Tis so, means, I think, I have heard of them; they do not exist in report only; they are actually on foot. *Malone.*

[5] —— *some* dear *cause* —] Some *important* business. See *Timon of Athens*, Act V, sc. ii, Vol. XV. *Malone.*

So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" —— a ring, that I must use
" In *dear* employment." *Steevens.*

[6] —— *fumiter,*] i. e. *fumitory:* by the old herbalists written *fumitery.* *Harris.*

[7] *With* harlocks, *hemlock*, &c.] The quartos read—With *hardocks;* the folio—With *hardokes.* *Malone.*

I do not remember any such plant as a *hardock*, but one of the most common weeds is a *burdock*, which I believe should be read here; and so Hanmer reads. *Johnson.*

Hardocks should be *harlocks.* Thus Drayton, in one of his *Eclogues:*

" The honey-suckle, the *harlocke*,
" The lilly, and the lady-smocke," &c. *Farmer.*

One of the readings offered by the quartos (though misspelt) is perhaps the true one. The *hoar-dock*, is the dock with whitish woolly leaves. *Steevens.*

Darnel,[8] and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an* Officer.]—What can man's wisdom do,[9]
In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.

Phy. There is means, madam:
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All bless'd secrets,
All you unpublished virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant, and remediate,
In the good man's distress!—Seek, seek for him;
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.[1]

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Madam, news;
The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation stands
In expectation of them.—O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about;
Therefore great France
My mourning, and important[2] tears, hath pitied.

Harlocks, must be a typographical error for *charlock*, the common name of *sinapis arvensis*, wild mustard. *Harris.*

8 *Darnel,*] According to Gerard, is *the most hurtful of weeds* among corn. It is mentioned in *The Witches of Lancashire*, 1634:

"That cockle, *darnel*, poppy wild,
"May choak his grain," &c.

See Vol. X, p 68, n. 4. *Steevens.*

9 —— *What* can *man's wisdom* do,] *Do* should be omitted, as needless to the sense of the passage, and injurious to its metre. Thus, in *Hamlet:*

"Try what repentance *can:* what *can* it not?"

Do, in either place, is understood, though suppressed. *Steevens.*

1 —— *the means to lead it.*] The reason which should guide it. *Johnson.*

2 —— *important* —] In other places of this author for *importunate*. *Johnson.*

See *Comedy of Errors*, Act V, sc. i. The folio reads, importuned. *Steevens.*

No blown ambition[3] doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right:
Soon may I hear, and see him! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Room in Gloster's *Castle.*

Enter REGAN *and* Steward.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth?
Stew. Ay, madam.
Reg. Himself
In person there?
Stew. Madam, with much ado:
Your sister is the better soldier.
Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord[4] at home?
Stew. No, madam.
Reg. What might import my sister's letter to him?
Stew. I know not, lady.
Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.
It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,
To let him live; where he arrives, he moves
All hearts against us: Edmund, I think, is gone,

[3] *No* blown *ambition* —] No inflated, no swelling pride. Beza on the Spanish Armada:

"Quam bene te ambitio mersit vanissima, ventus,
"Et tumidos tumidæ vos superastis aquæ." *Johnson.*

In the *Mad Lover* of Beaumont and Fletcher, the same epithet is given to ambition.

Again, in *The Little French Lawyer:*

"I come with no *blown* spirit to abuse you." *Steevens.*

[4] —— *your* lord —] The folio reads, *your lord;* and rightly. Goneril not only converses with Lord Edmund, in the Steward's presence, but prevents him from speaking to, or even seeing her husband. *Ritson.*

The quartos read—with your *lady*. In the manuscripts from which they were printed an L only was probably set down, according to the mode of that time. It could be of no consequence to Regan, whether Edmund spoke with Goneril *at home*, as they had travelled together from the Earl of Gloster's castle to the Duke of Albany's palace, and had on the road sufficient opportunities for laying those plans of which Regan was apprehensive. On the other hand, Edmund's abrupt departure without even speaking to the Duke, to whom he was sent on a commission, could not but appear mysterious, and excite her jealousy. *Malone.*

In pity of his misery, to despatch
His nighted life;[5] moreover, to descry
The strength o' the enemy.

Stew. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.[6]

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow; stay with us;
The ways are dangerous.

Stew. I may not, madam;
My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you
Transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Something—I know not what:—I 'll love thee much,
Let me unseal the letter.[7]

Stew. Madam, I had rather —

Reg. I know, your lady does not love her husband;
I am sure of that: and, at her late being here,
She gave strange œiliads,[8] and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund: I know, you are of her bosom.

Stew. I, madam?

Reg. I speak in understanding; you are, I know it:[9]
Therefore, I do advise you, take this note:[1]
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;
And more convenient is he for my hand,
Than for your lady's:—You may gather more.[2]

[5] *His* nighted *life;*] i. e. His life made dark as night, by the extinction of his eyes. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *with my* letter.] So the folio. The quartos read—*letters*. The meaning is the same. *Malone.*

[7] *Let me unseal* &c.] I know not well why Shakspeare gives the Steward, who is a mere factor of wickedness, so much fidelity. He now refuses the letter; and afterwards, when he is dying, thinks only how it may be safely delivered. *Johnson.*

[8] —— *She gave strange* œiliads,] *Oeillade*, Fr. a cast, or significant glance of the eye.

Greene, in his *Disputation between a He and She Coney-catcher*, 1592, speaks of "amorous glances, smirking *oeiliades*," &c. *Steevens.*

[9] *I speak in understanding;* you are, I know it.] Thus the folio. The quartos read—in understanding, *for I know 't*. *Malone.*

So, in *The Winter's Tale:* "I speak as my understanding instructs me." *Steevens.*

[1] —— *I do advise you, take this* note:] *Note* means in this place not a *letter*, but a *remark*. Therefore *observe* what I am saying. *Johnson.*

So, in *Measure for Measure:*

"—— *takes note* of what is done." Steevens.

If you do find him, pray you, give him this;[3]
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.
So, fare you well.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Stew. 'Would I could meet him, madam! I would show
What party[4] I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.[5]

The Country near Dover.

Enter GLOSTER, *and* EDGAR, *dressed like a Peasant.*

Glo. When shall we come to the top of that same hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now: look, how we labour.

Glo. Methinks, the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep:
Hark, do you hear the sea?

Glo. No, truly.[6]

Edg. Why, then your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.

Glo. So may it be, indeed:
Methinks, thy voice is alter'd;[7] and thou speak'st
In better phrase, and matter, than thou didst.

Edg. You are much deceiv'd; in nothing am I chang'd,

[2] —— *You may* gather *more.*] You may infer more than I have directly told you. *Johnson.*
So, in *King Henry VI*, P. I:
"Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee *gather.*" *Steevens.*

[3] —— *give him* this;] I suppose Regan here delivers a ring or some other favour to the Steward, to be conveyed to Edmund. *Malone.*

[4] *What party*—] Quarto, *What lady. Johnson.*

[5] *Scene VI.*] This scene, and the stratagem by which Gloster is cured of his desperation, are wholly borrowed from Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book II. *Johnson.*

[6] *No, truly.*] Somewhat, necessary to complete the measure, is omitted in this or the foregoing hemistich. Sir Thomas Hanmer supplies the defect, though perhaps but awkwardly, by reading—
No truly, *not. Steevens.*

[7] —— *thy voice is alter'd;* &c.] Edgar alters his voice in order to pass afterwards for a malignant spirit. *Johnson.*

But in my garments.

Glo. Methinks, you are better spoken.

Edg. Come on, sir; here 's the place:—stand still:—
How fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low![8]
The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles: Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade![9]
Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,

[8] ——— *How fearful*
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!] This description has been much admired since the time of Addison, who has remarked, with a poor attempt at pleasantry, that "he who can read it without being giddy, has a very good head, or a very bad one." The description is certainly not mean, but I am far from thinking it wrought to the utmost excellence of poetry. He that looks from a precipice finds himself assailed by one great and dreadful image of irresistible destruction. But this overwhelming idea is dissipated and enfeebled from the instant that the mind can restore itself to the observation of particulars, and diffuse its attention to distinct objects. The enumeration of the choughs and crows, the samphire-man, and the fishers, counteracts the great effect of the prospect, as it peoples the desert of intermediate vacuity, and stops the mind in the rapidity of its descent through emptiness and horror. *Johnson.*

It is to be considered that Edgar is describing an imaginary precipice, and is not therefore supposed to be so strongly impressed with the dreadful prospect of inevitable destruction, as a person would be who really found himself on the brink of one. *M. Mason.*

[9] ——— *Half way down*
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!] "*Samphire* grows in great plenty on most of the sea-cliffs in this country: it is terrible to see how people gather it, hanging by a rope several fathom from the top of the impending rocks as it were in the air." Smith's *History of Waterford*, p. 315, edit. 1774. *Tollet.*

This personage is not a mere creature of Shakspeare's imagination, for the gathering of samphire was literally a *trade* or common occupation in his time, it being carried and cried about the streets, and much used as a pickle. So, in a song in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, in which the cries of London are enumerated under the title of the cries of Rome:

"I ha' rock-*samphier*, rock-samphier;
"Thus go the cries in Rome's faire towne;
"First they go up street, and then they go downe:
"Buy a map, a mill-mat," &c.

Again, in Venner's *Via recta*, &c. 4to. 1622: "*Samphire* is in like manner preserved in pickle, and eaten with meates. It is a very pleasant and familiar sauce, and agreeing with man's body." *Malone.*

Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock;[1] her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight: The murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high:—I 'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.[2]

Glo. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand: You are now within a foot
Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.[3]

1 —— *her cock;*] Her cock-boat. *Johnson.*

So, in *The Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1637: "— I caused my lord to leap into the *cock*, &c.—at last our *cock* and we were cast ashore."

Again, in Barclay's *Ship of Fools:*

"—— our ship can hold no more,
"Hause in the *cocke.*"——

Hence the term *cockswain*, a petty officer in a ship. *Steevens.*

2 Topple *down headlong.*] To *topple* is to *tumble.* The word has been already used in *Macbeth.* So, in Nash's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1599: "— fifty people *toppled* up their heels there."—Again: "—he had thought to have *toppled* his burning car, &c. into the sea." *Steevens.*

3 —— *for all beneath the moon*
Would I not leap upright.] But what danger is in leaping *upwards* or *downwards?* He who leaps thus must needs fall again on his feet upon the place from whence he rose. We should read:

Would I not leap outright.

i. e. forward: and then being on the verge of a precipice, he must needs fall headlong. *Warburton.*

I doubt whether the word—*outright*, was even in use at the time when this play was written.

Upright, with the strict definition—"*perpendicularly erect*," is absurd; for such a leap is *physically* impossible. *Upright* is barely expletive: "*upwards*,"—"*from the ground.*" *Farmer.*

One of the senses of the word *upright*, in Shakspeare's time, was that in which it is now used. So, in *The Tempest:*

"—— time goes *upright* with his carriage."

Again, in Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays*, 1603: "I have seene a man take his full carier: standing boult *upright* on both his feete in the saddle."

And with this signification, I have no doubt it was used here. Every man who leaps, in his first effort to raise himself from the ground, *springs upright.* Far from thinking of leaping *forward*, for which, being certain destruction, nothing can compensate, Edgar says, he would not for all beneath the moon run the risk of even leaping *upwards.*

Dr. Warburton idly objects, that he who leaps upwards, must

Glo. Let go my hand.
Here, friend, is another purse; in it, a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: Fairies, and gods,
Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;
Bid me farewel, and let me hear thee going.
Edg. Now fare you well, good sir. [*Seems to go.*
Glo. With all my heart.
Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair,
Is done to cure it.[4]
Glo. O you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce; and, in your sights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff, and lothed part of nature, should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!—
Now, fellow, fare thee well. [*He leaps, and falls along.*
Edg. Gone, sir? farewel.[5]—
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft:[6] Had he been where he thought,
By this, had thought been past.—Alive, or dead?

needs fall again on his feet upon the same place from whence he rose. If the commentator had tried such a leap *within a foot* of the edge of a precipice, before he undertook the revision of these plays, the world would, I fear, have been deprived of his labours.

Upright, in our author's time, meant also *supinus*. See Minsheu's *Dictionary*, 1617: "*Upright*, or on the back, with the face upward. G. renversé, ventre en haut. L. supinus, resupinus:" but this sense is here inadmissible. *Malone.*

[4] *Why I do trifle thus with his despair,*
Is *done to cure it.*] Mr. Theobald and Dr. Warburton, who read, with one of the quartos—*'Tis* done, place an interrogation point at the end of the first of these lines; but, in my opinion, improperly. *Steevens.*

Is *done*—] Thus the quarto A, and the folio. The other quarto reads—*'Tis* done. *Malone.*

[5] *Gone, sir? farewel.*] Thus the quartos and folio. The modern editors have been content to read—*Good sir*, &c. *Steevens.*

They followed the arbitrary alteration of the editor of the second folio. *Malone.*

Perhaps a mere typographical error. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *when life itself*
Yields to the theft:] When life is willing to be destroyed. *Johnson.*

Ho, you sir! friend!—Hear you, sir?—speak!
Thus might he pass indeed:[7]—Yet he revives:
What are you, sir?

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Had'st thou been aught but gossomer, feathers, air,[8]
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou hadst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost breathe;
Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art sound.
Ten masts at each make not the altitude,[9]
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell;
Thy life 's a miracle: Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fallen, or no?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn:[1]

[7] *Thus might he* pass *indeed:*] Thus might he *die* in reality. We still use the word *passing* bell. *Johnson.*

So, in *King Henry VI*, P. II:

"Disturb him not, let him *pass* peaceably." *Steevens.*

[8] *Had'st thou been aught but* gossomer, *feathers, air,*] *Gossomore,* the white and cobweb-like exhalations that fly about in hot sunny weather. Skinner says, in a book called *The French Gardiner*, it signifies the down of the sow-thistle, which is driven to and fro by the wind:

"As sure some wonder on the cause of thunder,
"On ebb and flood, on *gossomer* and mist,
"And on all things, till that the cause is wist." *Grey.*

The substance called Gossamer is formed of the collected webs of flying spiders, and during calm weather in Autumn sometimes falls in amazing quantities. *H. White.*

See *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II, sc. vi, Vol. XII. *Malone.*

[9] *Ten masts* at each *make not the altitude,*] So Mr. Pope found it in the old editions; and seeing it corrupt, judiciously corrected it to *attacht.* But Mr. Theobald *restores* again the old nonsense, *at each.* *Warburton.*

Mr. Pope's conjecture may stand if the word which he uses were known in our author's time, but I think it is of later introduction. We may say:

Ten masts *on end*—— *Johnson.*

Perhaps we should read—at *reach*, i. e. extent.

In Mr. Rowe's edition it is, *Ten masts at* least. *Steevens.*

Ten masts at each *make not the altitude,*] i. e. each, at, or near, the other. Such I suppose the meaning, if the text be right; but it is probably corrupt. The word *attach'd* certainly existed in Shakspeare's time, but was not used in the sense required here. In Bullokar's *English Expositor*, 8vo. 1616, to *attach* is interpreted, "To take, lay hold on." It was *verbum juris.* *Malone.*

[1] —— *chalky* bourn:] *Bourn* seems here to signify a hill. Its com-

Look up a-height;—the shrill-gorg'd lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.
Glo. Alack, I have no eyes,—
Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,
To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.
Edg. Give me your arm:
Up:—So;—How is 't? Feel you your legs? You stand.
Glo. Too well, too well.
Edg. This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?
Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.
Edg. As I stood here below, methought, his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelk'd,[2] and wav'd like the enridged sea;[3]
It was some fiend: Therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods,[4] who make them honours
Of men's impossibilities,[5] have preserv'd thee.

mon signification is a *brook*. Milton in *Comus* uses *bosky bourn*, in the same sense perhaps with Shakspeare. But in both authors it may mean only a *boundary*. *Johnson.*

Here it certainly means "this chalky boundary of England, towards France." *Steevens.*

[2] *Horns* whelk'd,] *Whelk'd*, I believe, signifies *varied with protuberances*. So, in *King Henry V*, Fluellen speaking of Bardolph: "— his face is all bubukles, and *whelks*," &c. *Steevens.*

Twisted, convolved. A welk or whilk is a small shell-fish. Drayton in his *Mortimeriados*, 4to. 1596, seems to use this participle in the sense of *rolling* or *curled*:

"The sunny palfreys have their traces broke,
"And setting fire upon the *welked* shrouds
"Now through the heaven flie gadding from the yoke."
Malone.

[3] —— enridged *sea;*] Thus the quarto. The folio *enraged*. *Steevens.*

Enridged was certainly our author's word; for he has the same expression in his *Venus and Adonis*:

"Till the wild *waves* will have him seen no more,
"Whose *ridges* with the meeting clouds contend." *Malone.*

[4] ——*the* clearest *gods,*] The purest; the most free from evil. *Johnson.*

So, in *Timon of Athens*:

"Roots! you *clear* gods!" *Malone.*

Glo. I do remember now: henceforth I 'll bear
Affliction, till it do cry out itself,
Enough, enough, and, *die*. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould say,
The fiend, the fiend: he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.[6]—But who comes here?

Enter LEAR, *fantastically dressed up with Flowers.*

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.[7]

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining;[8]
I am the king himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature 's above art in that respect.—There 's your press-money.[9] That fellow handles his bow like a

[5] —— *who make them honours*
Of men's impossibilities,] Who are graciously pleased to preserve men in situations in which they think it impossible to escape: Or, perhaps, who derive honour from being able to do what man can not do. *Malone.*

By *men's impossibilities* perhaps is meant, what men call impossibilities, what appear as such to mere mortal beings. *Steevens.*

[6] *Bear* free *and patient* thoughts.] To be melancholy is to have the mind *chained down* to one painful idea; there is therefore great propriety in exhorting Gloster to *free thoughts*, to an emancipation of his soul from grief and despair. *Johnson.*

[7] *The* safer *sense will ne'er accommodate*
His master thus.] I read:
The saner *sense will ne'er accommodate*
His master thus.
"Here is Lear, but he must be mad: his sound or *sane* senses would never suffer him to be thus disguised." *Johnson.*

I have no doubt but that *safer* was the poet's word. So, in *Measure for Measure:*
"Nor do I think the man of *safe* discretion
"That does affect it." *Steevens.*

[8] ——*for* coining;] So the quartos. Folio—for *crying*. *Malone.*

[9] *There 's your* press-money.] It is evident from the whole of this speech, that Lear fancies himself in a battle: but, *There 's your press-money* has not been properly explained. It means the money which was paid to soldiers when they were retained in the King's service; and it appears from some ancient statutes, and particularly 7 Henry VII, c. 1, and 3 Henry VIII, c. 5, that it was felony in any soldier to withdraw himself from the King's service after receipt of this money, without special leave. On the contrary, he was obliged at all times to hold himself in *readiness*. The term is from the French

crow-keeper:[1] draw me a clothier's yard.[2]—Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace;—this piece of toasted cheese will do 't.—There 's my gauntlet; I 'll prove it on a giant. —Bring up the brown bills.[3]—O, well flown, bird!—i' the clout,[4] i' the clout: hewgh!—Give the word.[5]

"prest," *ready.* It is written *prest* in several places in *King Henry VIIth's* Book of household expences still preserved in the Exchequer. This may serve also to explain the following passage in Act V, sc. ii: "And turn our *imprest* lances in our eyes;" and to correct Mr. Whalley's note in *Hamlet*, Act I, sc. i: "Why such *impress* of shipwrights?" *Douce*

1 *That fellow handles his bow like a* crow-keeper:] Mr. Pope, in his last edition, reads *cow-keeper*. It it certain we must read *crow-keeper*. In several counties, to this day, they call a stuffed figure, representing a man, and armed with a bow and arrow, set up to fright the crows from the fruit and corn, a *crow-keeper*, as well as a *scare-crow*. *Theobald.*

This *crow-keeper* was so common in the author's time, that it is one of the few peculiarities, mentioned by Ortelius, in his account of our island. *Johnson.*

So, in the 48th *Idea* of Drayton:

"Or if thou 'lt not thy archery forbear,
"To some base rustick do thyself prefer;
"And when corn 's sown, or grown into the ear,
"Practise thy quiver and turn *crow-keeper.*"

Mr. Tollet informs me, that Markham, in his *Farewell to Husbandry*, says, that such servants are called field-keepers, or *crow-keepers.* *Steevens.*

So, in *Bonduca*, by Fletcher:

"—— Can these fight? They look
"Like empty scabbards all: no mettle in them;
"Like *men of clouts*, set to *keep crows* from orchards."

See also *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I, sc. iv. *Malone.*

The following curious passage in Latimer's *Fruitful Sermons*, 1584, fol. 69, will show how indispensable was practice to enable an archer to *handle his bow* skilfully: "In my time (says the good bishop) my poor father was diligent to teach me to shoote, as to learne me any other thing, and so I thinke other men did their children. He taught me how to draw, howe to lay my body in my bow, and not to drawe with strength of armes as other nations doe, but with strength of the bodye. I had my bowes bought me according to my age and strength: as I encreased in them, so my bowes were made bigger and bigger: for men shall neuer shoote well, except they be brought up in it." *H. White.*

2 —— *draw me a* clothier's yard.] Perhaps the poet had in his mind a stanza of the old ballad of *Chevy-Chace:*

"An arrow of a cloth-yard long,
"Up to the head drew he," &c. Steevens.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard![6]—They flatter'd me like a dog;[7] and told me, I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there.[8] To say *ay*, and *no*, to every thing I said!—Ay and no too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me[9] once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found them, there I smelt them out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me I was every thing; 'tis a lie; I am not ague-proof.

3 —— *the* brown bills.] A *bill* was a kind of battle-axe, affixed to a long staff. *Steevens.*

4 *O, well flown*, bird!—i' the clout, &c.] Lear is here raving of *archery*, and shooting at *buts*, as is plain by the words *i' the clout*, that is, the *white* mark they set up and aim at: hence the phrase, to *hit the white*. *Warburton.*

So, in *The Two Maids of Moreclacke*, 1609: "Change your mark, shoot at a white; come stick me in the *clout*, sir."

Again, in *Tamburlaine*, &c. 1590:

"For kings are *clouts* that every man shoots at."

Again, in *How to choose a good Wife from a bad one*, 1602:

"—— who could miss the *clout*,

"Having such steady aim?" ——

Mr. Heath thinks there can be no impropriety in calling an arrow a *bird*, from the swiftness of its flight, especially when immediately preceded by the words *well-flown*: but it appears that *well-flown bird*, was the falconer's expression when the hawk was successful in her flight; and is so used in *A Woman killed with Kindness*. *Steevens.*

The quartos read—O, well flown bird *in the ayre*, hugh, give the word. *Malone.*

5 —— *Give the word.*] Lear supposes himself in a garrison, and before he lets Edgar pass, requires the watch-word. *Johnson.*

6 *Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard!*] So reads the folio, properly; the quarto, whom the latter editors have followed, has, *Ha! Goneril, ha! Regan! they flattered me*, &c. which is not so forcible. *Johnson.*

7 *They flatter'd me like a dog;*] They played the spaniel to me. *Johnson.*

8 —— *and told me, I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there*] They told me that I had the wisdom of age, before I had attained to manhood. *Malone.*

9 *When the rain came to wet me* &c.] This seems to be an allusion to King Canute's behaviour when his courtiers flattered him as lord of the sea. *Steevens.*

Glo. The trick of that voice[1] I do well remember:
Is 't not the king?
Lear. Ay, every inch a king:
When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes.[2]
I pardon that man's life: What was thy cause?—
Adultery.—
Thou shalt not die: Die for adultery! No:
The wren goes to 't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.
Let copulation thrive, for Gloster's bastard son
Was kinder to his father, than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.
To 't luxury,[3] pell-mell, for I lack soldiers.—
Behold yon' simpering dame,
Whose face between her forks[4] presageth snow;
That minces virtue,[5] and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name;
The fitchew,[6] nor the soiled horse,[7] goes to 't

[1] *The* trick *of that voice* —] *Trick* (says Sir Thomas Hanmer) is a word frequently used for the *air, or that peculiarity in a face, voice, or gesture, which distinguishes it from others.* We still say, "He has a *trick* of winking with his eyes, of speaking loud," &c. *Steevens.*

[2] *Ay, every inch a* king:
When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes.] So, in *Venus and Adonis:*

"Who, like a *king* perplexed in his throne,
"By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,
"Whereat each tributary *subject quakes.*" *Malone.*

[3] *To 't,* luxury, &c.] *Luxury* was the ancient appropriate term for *incontinence.* See Mr. Collins's note on *Troilus and Cressida,* Act V, sc. ii, Vol. XII. *Steevens.*

[4] *Whose face between her* forks —] The construction is not "whose face between her *forks,*" &c but "whose face presageth snow between her *forks.*" So, in *Timon of Athens,* Act IV, sc. iii:

"Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
"That lies on Dian's lap." *Edwards.*

To preserve the modesty of Mr. Edward's happy explanation, I can only hint a reference to the word *fourcheure* in Cotgrave's *Dictionary.* *Steevens.*

[5] *That* minces *virtue,*] Whose virtue consists in appearance only; in an affected delicacy and prudery: who is as nice and squeamish in talking of virtue and of the frailer part of her sex, as a lady who walks *mincingly* along:

"—— and turn two *mincing* steps
"Into a manly stride." *Merchant of Venice.* Malone.

With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waist they are centaurs,[8]
Though women all above:
But to the girdle[9] do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiends';[1] there 's hell, there 's darkness, there is the sulphurous pit,[2] burning, scalding, stench, consumption;—Fy, fy, fy! pah; pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination: there 's money for thee.

Glo. O, Let me kiss that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world Shall so wear out to nought.—Dost thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou squiny at me?[3] No, do thy worst, blind Cupid; I 'll not

[6] *The fitchew,*] A polecat. *Pope.*

[7] —— *nor the* soiled horse,] *Soiled horse* is a term used for a horse that has been fed with hay and corn in the stable during the winter, and is turned out in the spring to take the first flush of grass, or has it cut and carried in to him. This at once cleanses the animal, and fills him with blood. *Steevens.*

[8] *Down from the* waist *they are centaurs,*] In *The Malcontent,* is a thought as singular as this:

"'Tis now about the immodest *waist* of night." *Steevens.*

[9] But *to the girdle* &c.] To *inherit* in Shakspeare is, to possess. See Vol. II, p. 206, n. 7. *But* is here used for *only.* *Malone.*

[1] *Beneath is all the fiends';*] According to Grecian superstition, every limb of us was consigned to the charge of some particular deity. Gower, *De Confessione Amantis,* enlarges much on it, and concludes by saying:

"And Venus through the letcherie
"For whiche thei hir deifie,
"*She kept all doune the remenant*
"*To thilke office appertainant.*" *Collins.*

In the old copies the preceding as well as the latter part of Lear's speech is printed as prose. I doubt much whether any part of it was intended for metre. *Malone.*

[2] —— *there is the sulphurous pit,* &c.] Perhaps these lines should be regulated as follows:

There is the sulphurous pit, stench, burning, scalding,
Consumption: fy, fy, fy! pah! pah! pah!
An ounce of civet, &c. *Steevens.*

[3] *Dost thou* squiny *at me?*] To *squiny* is to look asquint. The word is used by our poet's fellow-comedian, Robert Armin, in *A Nest of Ninnies,* &c. 4to. 1609: "The world—squinies at this, and looks one scorning." *Malone.*

love.—Read thou this challenge; mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.

Edg. I would not take this from report;—it is, And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with the case of eyes?[4]

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: Yet you see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yon' justice rails upon yon' simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: Change places; and, handy-dandy,[5] which is the justice, which is the thief?—Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Glo. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou

[4] *What, with* the *case of eyes?*] Mr. Rowe changed *the* into *this*, but without necessity. I have restored the old reading. The *case of eyes* is the *socket* of either eye. Shakspeare has the expression again in *The Winter's Tale*: "— they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear *the cases* of their eyes." *Steevens.*

In *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609, we have the same expression:

"—— her *eyes* as jewel-like,
"And *cas'd* as richly."

Again, *ibidem*:

"Her *eye-lids, cases* to those heavenly jewels
"Which Pericles hath lost,
"Begin to part their fringes of bright gold."

This could not have been the author's word; for "this *case* of eyes" in the language of his time signified—*this pair of eyes*, a sense directly opposite to that intended to be conveyed. *Malone.*

[5] *Change places;* and, handy-dandy,] The words *change places, and,* are not in the quartos. *Handy-dandy* is, I believe, a play among children, in which something is shaken between two hands, and then a guess is made in which hand it is retained. See Florio's *Italian Dictionary*, 1598: "*Bazzicchiare.* To shake between two hands; to play *handy-dandy.*" Coles in his *Latin Dictionary*, 1679, renders "to play handy-dandy," by *digitis micare;* and he is followed by Ainsworth; but they appear to have been mistaken; as is Dr. Johnson in his definition in his *Dictionary*, which seems to have been formed on the passage before us, misunderstood. He says, Handy-dandy is "a play in which children *change* hands and places." *Malone.*

might'st behold the great image of authority: a dog's obey'd in office.—
Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand:
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.
Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all.[6] Plate sin[7] with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em:[8]
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now, now:
Pull off my boots:—harder, harder; so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd!
Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes,
I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloster:
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither.
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
We wawl, and cry:[9]—I will preach to thee; mark me.

[6] *Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all.*] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:
"Hiding base sin in pleats of majesty." *Malone.*
From *hide all* to *accuser's lips*, the whole passage is wanting in the first edition, being added, I suppose, at his revisal. *Johnson.*

[7] *Plate sin*—] The old copies read—*Place* sin. Mr. Pope made the correction. *Malone.*
So, in *King Richard II.*:
"Thus *plated* in habiliments of war." *Steevens.*

[8] —— *I'll able 'em:*] An old phrase signifying to qualify, or uphold them. So Scogan, contemporary with Chaucer, says:
"Set all my life after thyne ordinaunce,
"And *able me* to mercie or thou deme." *Warburton.*
So Chapman, in his comedy of *The Widow's Tears*, 1612:
"Admitted! ay, into her heart, and I 'll *able* it."
Again, in his version of the 23d *Iliad*:
"—— I'll *able* this
"For five revolved years;" —. *Steevens.*

[9] *Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,*
We wawl, and cry:]
"Vagituque locum lugubri complet, ut æquum est
"*Cui* tantum in vitâ restat transire malorum." Lucretius.

Glo. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are come
To this great stage of fools;——This a good block?[1]—
It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
A troop of horse with felt:[2] I 'll put it in proof;

Thus also, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Lib. II:

"The child feeles that, the man that feeling knowes,
"Which *cries first borne*, the presage of his life," &c.
Steevens.

1 —— *This a good block?*] Perhaps, we should read—
'Tis *a good block*. *Ritson.*

Upon the king's saying, *I will preach to thee*, the poet seems to have meant him to pull off his *hat*, and keep turning it and feeling it, in the attitude of one of the preachers of those times, (whom I have seen so represented in ancient prints) till the idea of *felt*, which the good *hat* or *block* was made of, raises the stratagem in his brain of shoeing a troop of horse with a substance soft as that which he held and moulded between his hands. This makes him start from his preachment.—*Block* anciently signified the *head part* of the hat, or *the thing on which a hat is formed*, and sometimes the hat itself.—See *Much Ado about Nothing*: "He wears his faith but as the fashion of his *hat*; it changes with the next *block*."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit at several Weapons*:

"I am so haunted with his broad-brim'd *hat*,
"Of the last progress *block*, with the young hatband."

Again, in *The Two Merry Milkmaids*, 1620: "—— my haberdasher has a new *block*, and will find me and all my generation in *beavers*," &c.

Again, in Decker's *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609: "— that cannot observe the time of his hatband, nor know what fashioned *block* is most kin to his head; for in my opinion, the braine that cannot chuse his *felt* well," &c.

Again, in *The Seven deadly Sinnes of London*, by Decker, 1606: "—The *blocke* for his head alters faster than the *felt*-maker can fitte him."

Again, in *Run and a great Cast*, an ancient collection of Epigrams, 4to. without date, *Epigram* 46. *In Sextinum*:

"A pretty *blocke* Sextinus names his *hat*;
"So much the fitter for his head by that." *Steevens.*

2 *It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe*
A troop of horse with felt:] i. e. with flocks kneaded to a mass, a practice I believe sometimes used in former ages, for it is mentioned in *Ariosto*:

"—— fece nel cadar strepito quanto
"Avesse avuto sotto i piedi il *feltro*." *Johnson.*

Shakspeare however might have adopted the stratagem of shoeing a troop of horse with *felt*, from the following passage in Fenton's *Tragicall Discourses*, 4to. bl. l. 1567: "—— he attyreth himselfe for the purpose in a night-gowne girt to hym, with a paire of

And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.[3]

Enter a Gentleman, *with Attendants.*

Gent. O, here he is; lay hand upon him.—Sir,
Your most dear daughter ——

Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune.[4]—Use me well;
You shall have ransome. Let me have a surgeon,
I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds? All myself?
Why, this would make a man, a man of salt,[5]
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,

shoes of *felte*, leaste the noyse of his feete shoulde discover his goinge." P. 58.

Again, in *Hay any Worke for a Cooper*, an ancient pamphlet, no date: "Their adversaries are very eager: the saints in heaven have *felt* o' their tongues." *Steevens.*

This "delicate stratagem" had actually been put in practice about fifty years before Shakspeare was born, as we learn from Lord Herbert's *Life of Henry the Eighth*, p. 41. "And now," says that historian, "having feasted the ladies royally for divers dayes, he [Henry] departed from Tournay to Lisle, [Oct. 13, 1513,] whither he was invited by the lady Margaret, who caused there a juste to be held in an extraordinary manner; the place being a fore-room raised high from the ground by many steps, and paved with black square stones like marble; while *the horses*, to prevent sliding, *were shod with felt* or flocks (the Latin words are *feltro sive tomento*): after which the ladies danced all night." *Malone.*

3 *Then*, kill, kill, &c.] This was formerly the word given in the English army, when an onset was made on the enemy. So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

"Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
"And in a peaceful hour doth cry, *kill, kill.*"

Again, in *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, 1610, p. 315:

"For while the Frenchmen fresh assaulted still,
"Our Englishmen came boldly forth at night,
"Crying, St. George, Salisbury, *kill, kill,*
"And offered freshly with their foes to fight." *Malone.*

4 *The natural fool of* fortune.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"O, I am *fortune's* fool!" *Steevens.*

5 —— *a man of* salt,] *A man of salt* is *a man of tears*. In *All's Well that Ends Well*, we meet with—"your *salt tears'* head;" and in *Troilus and Cressida*, "the *salt* of broken *tears*." Again, in *Coriolanus*:

"He has betray'd your business, and given up
"For certain drops of *salt*, your city Rome." *Malone.*

Ay, and for laying autumn's dust.[6]

Gent. Good sir,[7] —

Lear. I will die bravely, like a bridegroom: What? I will be jovial; come, come; I am a king, My masters, know you that?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there 's life in it.[8] Nay, an you get it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.

[*Exit, running; Attendants follow.*

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch; Past speaking of in a king!—Thou hast one daughter, Who redeems nature from the general curse Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you: What 's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar: every one hears that, Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favour, How near 's the other army?

Gent. Near, and on speedy foot; the main descry Stands on the hourly thought.[9]

Edg. I thank you, sir: that 's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on special cause is here, Her army is mov'd on.

Edg. I thank you, sir. [*Exit* Gent.

Glo. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me; Let not my worser spirit[1] tempt me again

[6] *Ay, and* for *laying autumn's dust.*] These words are not in the folio. *Malone.*

For the sake of metre, I have here repeated the preposition—*for*, which appears to have been accidentally omitted in the old copies. *Steevens.*

[7] Gent. *Good sir,*] These words I have restored from one of the quartos. In the other, they are omitted. The folio reads:

—— *a smug* bridegroom —— *Steevens.*

[8] *Then there 's life in it.*] The case is not yet desperate. *Johnson.* So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"There 's sap in 't yet." *Steevens.*

[9] —— *the main descry*

Stands on the hourly thought.] The *main* body is *expected* to be *descry'd* every hour. The expression is harsh. *Johnson.*

[1] —— *my worser spirit* —] By this expression may be meant—*my evil genius. Steevens.*

To die before you please!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor man, made tame by fortune's blows;[2]
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,[3]
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I 'll lead you to some biding.

Glo. Hearty thanks:
The bounty and the benizon of heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh
To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember:[4]—The sword is out
That must destroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to it. [EDG. *opposes.*

Stew. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;
Lest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Ch'ill not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.

Stew. Let go, slave, or thou diest.

2 —— *made* tame by *fortunes blows.*] So, in *Much Ado about Nothing:*

"*Taming* my wild heart *to* thy gentle hand."

The quartos read:

"—— made *lame by* fortune's blows." *Steevens.*

The folio has—made *tame to* fortune's blows. I believe the original is here, as in many other places, the true reading. So, in our poet's 37th Sonnet:

"So I, *made lame by fortune's* dearest spight, —." *Malone.*

3 *Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,*] i. e. Sorrows past and present. *Warburton.*

"Haud ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco."

I doubt whether *feeling* is not used, with our poet's usual licence, for *felt.* Sorrows known, not by relation, but by experience. *Malone.*

4 *Briefly thyself remember:*] i. e. Quickly recollect the past offences of thy life, and recommend thyself to heaven. *Warburton.*

So Othello says to Desdemona:

"If you bethink yourself of any crime,
"Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
"*Solicit* for it straight." *Malone.*

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait,[5] and let poor volk pass. And ch'ud ha' been zwagger'd out of my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not near the old man; keep out, che vor' ye,[6] or ise try whether your costard or my bat[7] be the harder: Ch'ill be plain with you.

Stew. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Ch'ill pick your teeth, zir: Come; no matter vor your foins.[8] [*They fight; and* EDG. *knocks him down.*

Stew. Slave, thou hast slain me:—Villain, take my purse;
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,
To Edmund earl of Gloster;[9] seek him out

[5] —— *go your gait,*] *Gang your gait,* is a common expression in the North. In the last rebellion, when the Scotch soldiers had finished their exercise, instead of our term of dismission, their phrase was, *gang your gaits. Stevens.*

[6] —— *che vor' ye,*] *I warn you.* Edgar counterfeits the western dialect. *Johnson.*

When our ancient writers have occasion to introduce a rustick, they commonly allot him this Somersetshire dialect. Mercury, in the second Book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, assumes the appearance of a clown, and our translator Golding has made him speak with the provinciality of Shakspeare's Edgar. *Steevens.*

[7] —— *my* bat —] A *staff.* In Sussex a walking-stick is called a *bat. Bats* and *clubs* are distinguished in *Coriolanus*, Act I, sc. i: "Where go you with *bats* and *clubs*. *H. White.*

[8] —— *no matter vor your* foins.] To *foin*, is to make what we call a *thrust* in fencing. Shakspeare often uses the word. *Steevens.*

[9] *To Edmund earl of Gloster;*] Mr. Smith has endeavoured, without any success, to prove, in a long note, that we ought to read—*letter* both here and below, because the Steward had only one letter in his pocket, namely, that written by Goneril. But there is no need of change, for *letters* formerly was used like *epistolæ* in Latin, when one only was intended. So, in Act I, sc. v, Lear says to Kent, "Go, you, before to Gloster, with *these letters*;" and Kent replies, "I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your *letter*." Again, in Act IV, sc. v, the Steward says to Regan, "I must needs after him, madam, with my *letters*," meaning only Goneril's letter which Edgar presently reads. Such, as I observed on that passage, is the reading of the original quarto copies, which in the folio is changed to *letter*. Whether the Steward had also a letter from Regan, it is not here necessary to inquire. The words which he uses do not, for the reason I have assigned, necessarily imply two letters; and as Edgar finds no letter from Regan, we may infer that when she said to the

Upon the British party:——O, untimely death! [*Dies.*

Edg. I know thee well: A serviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,
As badness would desire.

Glo. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you.—
Let 's see his pockets; these letters that he speaks of,
May be my friends.—He 's dead; I am only sorry
He had no other death's-man.—Let us see:—
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:
To know our enemies' minds, we 'd rip their hearts;
Their papers, is more lawful.[1]

[Reads] *Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror: Then am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.*

Your wife, (so I would say,) and your affectionate servant,[2]

Goneril.

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will![3]—

Steward, in a former scene, *take thou this*, she gave him a ring or some other token of regard for Edmund, and not a letter. *Malone.*

[1] *To know our enemies' minds, we 'd rip their hearts;*
Their papers, is more lawful.] This is darkly expressed: the meaning is, Our enemies are put upon the rack, and torn in pieces to extort confession of their secrets; to tear open their letters is more lawful. *Warburton.*

——*we 'd rip* —] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—*we* rip. The editor of the second folio, imagining that *papers* was the nominative case, for *is* substituted *are:* Their papers *are* more lawful. But the construction is,—*to rip* their papers, is more lawful. His alteration, however, has been adopted by the modern editors. *Malone.*

[2] —— *affectionate* servant,] After *servant*, one of the quartos has this strange continuation: "—— and for you her owne for *venter*, Gonerill." *Steevens.*

In this place I have followed the quarto of which the first signature is A. The other reads—"Your (wife, so I would say) *your* affectionate servant;" and adds the words mentioned by Mr. Steevens. The folio reads—"Your (wife so I would say) affectionate servant, Goneril." *Malone.*

[3] *O undistinguish'd space of woman's will!*] Thus the folio. The quartos read—of woman's *wit!* The meaning (says Dr. Warburton,

A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;
And the exchange, my brother!—Here, in the sands,
Thee I 'll rake up, the post unsanctified[4]*
Of murderous lechers: and, in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practis'd duke:[5] For him 'tis well,
That of thy death and business I can tell.

[*Exit* EDG. *dragging out the Body.*

Glo. The king is mad: How stiff is my vile sense,
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling[6]
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:
So should my thoughts be sever'd[7] from my griefs;
And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
The knowledge of themselves.

Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Give me your hand:
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I 'll bestow you with a friend. [*Exeunt.*

in Sir Thomas Hanmer's edition) is, "The variations in a woman's will are so sudden, and their liking and lothing follow so quick upon each other, that there is no distinguishable space between them."
Malone.

I believe the plain meaning is—*O undistinguishing licentiousness of a woman's inclinations!* *Steevens.*

[4] *Thee I 'll* rake *up, the post* unsanctified &c.] I 'll *cover* thee. In Staffordshire, to *rake* the fire, is to cover it with fuel for the night.
Johnson.

* The learned doctor has fallen into an error.—To *rake* the fire, is not to cover it with fuel, for the night, but to *rake* ashes over the embers to preserve *kindling*, as it is termed, for the morning's fire. *Rake up the fire*, is still understood to mean—*cover over the fire with ashes.*
Am. Ed.

The epithet *unsanctified*, refers to his want of burial in *consecrated* ground. *Steevens.*

[5] —— *the death-practis'd duke:*] The duke of Albany, whose death is machinated by *practice* or treason. *Johnson.*

[6] —— *and have* ingenious feeling —] *Ingenious feeling* signifies a feeling from an understanding not disturbed or disordered, but which, representing things as they are, makes the sense of pain the more exquisite. *Warburton.*

[7] —— *sever'd* —] The quartos read *fenced.* *Steevens.*

SCENE VII.

A Tent in the French *Camp.* LEAR *on a Bed, asleep; Physician, Gentleman,*[8] *and Others, attending: Enter* CORDELIA *and* KENT.

Cor. O thou good Kent, how shall I live, and work,
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.[9]

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'er-paid.
All my reports go with the modest truth;
Nor more, nor clipp'd, but so.

Cor. Be better suited:[1]
These weeds are memories of those worser hours;[2]
I pr'ythee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam;
Yet to be known, shortens my made intent:[3]
My boon I make it, that you know me not,

[8] —— *Physician, Gentleman,* &c.] In the quartos the direction is, "Enter CORDELIA, KENT, and *Doctor*," omitting by negligence the *Gentleman*, who yet in those copies is a speaker in the course of the scene, and remains with KENT, when the rest go out. In the folio, the direction is, "Enter CORDELIA, KENT, and *Gentleman*;" to the latter of whom all the speeches are given, which in the original copies are divided between the *physician* and the *gentleman*. I suppose, from a penury of actors, it was found convenient to unite the two characters, which, we see, were originally distinct. Cordelia's words, however, might have taught the editor of the folio to have given the *gentleman* whom he retained the appellation of *Doctor*:

"Be govern'd by *your knowledge*, and proceed
"I' the sway of your own will." *Malone.*

[9] —— *every measure fail me.*] All good which I shall allot thee, or *measure out* to thee, will be scanty. *Johnson.*

[1] *Be better suited:*] i. e. Be better dressed, put on a better suit of clothes. *Steevens.*

[2] *These weeds are* memories *of those worser hours;*] *Memories*, i. e. Memorials, remembrances. Shakspeare uses the word in the same sense, *As you Like it*, Act II, sc. iii:

"O, my sweet master! O you *memory*
"Of old Sir Rowland!"—— *Steevens.*

So, in Stowe's *Survey of London*, 1618:—"A printed *memorie* hanging up in a table at the entrance into the church-door." *Malone.*

[3] —— *my* made intent:] There is a dissonancy of terms in *made intent*; one implying the idea of a thing done, the other, undone. I suppose Shakspeare wrote—laid *intent*, i. e. projected. *Warburton.*

An intent *made*, is an intent *formed*. So we say in common language, to *make a design*, and to *make a* resolution. *Johnson.*

Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be it so, my good lord.—How does the king? [*To the* Phys.

Phys. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father![4]

Phys. So please your majesty,
That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?

Gent. Ay, madam;[5] in the heaviness of his sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.

Phys. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well,[6]

Phys. Please you, draw near.—Louder the musick there.[7]

[4] *Of this child-changed father!*] i.e. Changed to a child by his years and wrongs; or perhaps, reduced to this condition by his children. *Steevens.*

Lear is become insane, and this is the change referred to. Insanity is not the property of second childhood, but dotage. Consonant to this explanation is what Cordelia almost immediately adds:

"O my dear father! restoration hang
"Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
"Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
"Have in thy reverence made!" *Henley.*

Of this child-changed *father!*] That is, *changed* by *his children*; a father, whose jarring senses have been untuned by the monstrous ingratitude of his daughters. So, *care-craz'd*, crazed *by* care; *wave-worn*, worn *by* the waves; *woe-wearied*, harassed *by* woe; &c. *Malone.*

[5] *Ay, madam;* &c.] The folio gives these four lines to a *Gentleman*. One of the quartos (they were both printed in the same year, and for the same printer) gives the two first to the *Doctor*, and the two next to *Kent*. The other quarto appropriates the two first to the *Doctor*, and the two following ones to a *Gentleman*. I have given the two first, which best belong to an attendant, to the *Gentleman* in waiting, and the other two to the *Physician*, on account of the caution contained in them, which is more suitable to his profession. *Steevens.*

In the folio the *Gentleman* and (as he is here called) the *Physician*, is one and the same person. *Ritson.*

[6] *Very well.*] This and the following line I have restored from the quartos. *Steevens.*

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips;[8] and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess!

Cor. Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd against the warring winds?
[To stand[9] against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning; to watch (poor perdu!)
With this thin helm?[1]] Mine enemy's dog,[2]

[7] —— *Louder the musick there.*] I have already observed, in a note on *The Second Part of King Henry IV*, Vol. IX, p. 143, n. 4, that Shakspeare considered *soft musick* as favourable to sleep. Lear, we may suppose, had been thus composed to rest; and now the Physician desires *louder* musick to be played, for the purpose of waking him. So again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609, Cerimon, to recover Thaisa, who had been thrown into the sea, says—

"The *rough* and woeful musick that we have,
"Cause it to sound, 'beseech you."

Again, in *The Winter's Tale:*

"*Musick, awake her;* strike!" *Malone.*

[8] —— Restoration, *hang*
Thy medicine on my lips;] This is fine. She invokes the goddess of health, Hygeiia, under the name of *Restoration*, to make her the minister of her rites, in this holy office of recovering her father's lost senses. *Warburton.*

Restoration is no more than *recovery* personified. *Steevens.*

[9] [*To stand* &c.] The lines within crotchets are omitted in the folio. *Johnson.*

[1] —— *to watch* (*poor* perdu!)
With this thin helm?] The allusion is to the forlorn-hope in an army, which are put upon desperate adventures, and called in French *enfans perdus*. These *enfans perdus* being always slightly and badly armed, is the reason that she adds, With this thin helm? i. e. bare-headed. *Warburton.*

Dr. Warburton's explanation of the word *perdu* is just, though the latter part of his assertion has not the least foundation. Paulus Jovius, speaking of the body of men who were anciently sent on this desperate adventure, says: "Hos ab immoderatâ fortitudine *perditos* vocant, et in summo honore atque admiratione habent." It is not likely that those who deserved so well of their country for exposing themselves to certain danger, should be sent out *summâ admiratione*, and yet slightly and badly armed.

The same allusion occurs in Sir W. D'Avenant's Love and Honour, *1649:*

Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire; And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.[3]—He wakes; speak to him.

" ——— I have endur'd
" Another night would tire a *perdu*,
" More than a wet furrow and a great frost."

Again, in Cartwright's *Ordinary*:

" ——— as for *perdues*,
" Some choice sous'd fish, brought couchant in a dish
" Among some fennel or some other grass,
" Shows how they lie i' th' field." *Steevens.*

In Polemon's *Collection of Battles*, 4to. bl. l. printed by Bynneman, p. 98, an account of the battle of Marignano is translated from Jovius, in which is the following passage:—" They were very chosen fellowes taken out of all the Cantons, men in the prime of youth, and of singular forwardenesse: who by a very auntient order of that country, that by dooyng some deede of passyng prowesse they may obtaine rare honour of warrefare before they be growen in yeares, doe of themselves require all perillous and harde pieces of service, and often use with deadlye praise to runne unto proposed death. These men do they call, of their immoderate fortitude and stoutnesse, the desperats forlorne hopen, and the Frenchmen *enfans perdus*: and it is lawfull for them, by the prerogative of their prowesse, to beare an ensigne, to have conducte and double wages all their life long. Neyther are the forlorne knowen from the rest by anye other marke and cognisance than the plumes of white feathers, the which, after the manner of captaines, they doe tourn behinde, waverying over theyr shoulder with a brave kynde of riot."

Again, in Bacon's *Apology*, touching the late Earl of Essex, 12mo. 1651, p. 105: " — you have put me like one of those that the Frenchmen call *Enfans perdus* that serve on foot before horsemen."

Reed.

Amongst other desperate services in which the forlorn hope or *enfans perdus*, were engaged, the night-watches seem to have been a common one. So, Beaumont and Fletcher:

" I am set here like a *perdu*,
" To *watch* a fellow that has wrong'd my mistress."

Little French Lawyer, Act II, sc. ii. *Whalley.*

With this thin helm?] With this thin covering of hair. *Malone.*

[2] —— *Mine enemy's dog*,] Thus the folio. Both the quartos read, Mine *injurious* dog. Possibly the poet wrote—Mine *injurer's* dog. *Steevens.*

[3] *Had not concluded* all.] *It is wonder that thy wits and life had not* all *ended. Johnson.*

So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, c. viii:

" Ne spared they to strip her naked all."

Phys. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.
Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?
Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o' the grave:—
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.
Cor. Sir, do you know me?
Lear. You are a spirit, I know; When did you die?
Cor. Still, still, far wide!
Phys. He 's scarce awake; let him alone awhile.
Lear. Where have I been? Where am I?—Fair daylight?—
I am mightily abus'd.[4]—I should even die with pity,
To see another thus.—I know not what to say.—
I will not swear, these are my hands:—let 's see;
I feel this pin prick. 'Would I were assur'd
Of my condition.
Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:—
No, sir, you must not kneel.[5]
Lear. Pray, do not mock me:[6]
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward;[7] and, to deal plainly,

Again, in *Timon of Athens:*
"And dispossess her *all*." *Steevens.*

[4] *I am mightily abus'd.*] I am strangely imposed on by appearances; I am in a strange mist of uncertainty. *Johnson.*

[5] *No, sir, you must not kneel.*] This circumstance I find in the old play on the same subject, apparently written by another hand, and published before any edition of Shakspeare's tragedy had made its appearance. As it is always difficult to say whether such accidental resemblances proceed from imitation, or a similarity of thinking on the same occasion, I can only point out this to the reader, to whose determination I leave the question. *Steevens.*
The words, *No, sir,* are not in the folio. *Malone.*

[6] *Pray, do not mock me:*] So, in *The Winter's Tale,* Act V:
"—— Let no man mock me,
"For I will kiss her." *Steevens.*

[7] *Fourscore and upward;*] Here the folio (and the folio only) adds —*not an hour more or less.* The authenticity of this passage Sir Joshua Reynolds justly suspects. It was probably the interpolation of some player, and is better omitted, both in regard to sense and versification. *Steevens.*
The words *not an hour more or less,* are judiciously reprobated by

I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.[8]
Methinks, I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray, weep not:
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know, you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phys. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage
You see, is cur'd[9] in him: [and yet[1] it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.[2]]

Mr. Steevens as the interpolation of some foolish player. We should therefore read:

Fourscore, and upward; and, to deal plainly with you. *Ritson.*

[8] *I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.*] The quarto reads:

I feur, I am not perfect in my mind. *Johnson.*

So one of the quartos. The other reads according to the present text. *Steevens.*

—— *is cur'd* —] Thus the quartos. The folio reads:

—— *is* kill'd. *Steevens.*

[1] —— [*and yet* &c.] This is not in the folio. *Johnson.*

[2] *To make him* even *o'er the time he has lost.*] i. e. To reconcile it to his apprehension. *Warburton.*

The uncommon verb—to *even*, occurs again in *Cymbeline*, Act III, sc. iv:

"There 's more to be consider'd; but we 'll *even*
"All that good time will give us."

The meaning there seems to be, we will fully employ all the time we have. So here the Physician says, that it is dangerous to draw from Lear a full relation of all that he felt or suffered while his reason was disturbed; to make him employ as much time in the recital of what has befallen him as passed during his state of insanity. *Malone.*

I believe, Dr. Warburton's explanation is just. The poor old king

Desire him to go in; trouble him no more,
Till further settling.
Cor. Will 't please your highness walk?
Lear. You must bear with me:
Pray now, forget and forgive: I am old, and foolish.
[*Exeunt* LEAR, COR. Phys. *and Attendants.*
[*Gent.* Holds it true, sir,[3]
That the duke of Cornwall was so slain?
Kent. Most certain, sir.
Gent. Who is conductor of his people?
Kent. As 'tis said,
The bastard son of Gloster.
Gent. They say, Edgar,
His banish'd son, is with the earl of Kent
In Germany.
Kent. Report is changeable.
'Tis time to look about; the powers o' the kingdom
Approach apace.
Gent. The arbitrement is like to be a bloody.
Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*
Kent. My point and period will be throughly wrought,
Or well, or ill, as this day's battle 's fought.] [*Exit.*

had nothing to tell, though he had much to hear. The speaker's meaning therefore I conceive to be—it is dangerous to render all that passed during the interval of his insanity, *even* (i. e. plain or level,) to his understanding, while it continues in its present state of uncertainty. *Steevens.*

[3] *Holds it true, sir,*] What is printed in crotchets is not in the folio. It is at least proper if not necessary; and was omitted by the author, I suppose, for no other reason than to shorten the representation. *Johnson.*

It is much more probable, that it was omitted by the players, after the author's departure from the stage, without consulting him. His plays have been long exhibited with similar omissions, which render them often perfectly unintelligible. The loss however is little felt by the greater part of the audience, who are intent upon other matters. *Malone.*

ACT V.....SCENE I.

The Camp of the British Forces, near Dover.

Enter, with Drums and Colours, EDMUND, REGAN, *Officers, Soldiers, and Others.*

Edm. Know of the duke, if his last purpose hold;
Or, whether since he is advis'd by aught
To change the course: He 's full of alteration,[4]
And self-reproving:—bring his constant pleasure.[5]
[*To an Officer, who goes out.*

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you:
Tell me,—but truly,—but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In honour'd love.

[*Reg.* But have you never[6] found my brother's way
To the forefended place?[7]

Edm. That thought abuses you.[8]

[4] —— *of* alteration,] One of the quartos reads—
—— *of abdication. Steevens.*

[5] —— *his* constant *pleasure.*] His settled resolution. *Johnson.*
So, before:
"We have this hour a *constant* will" &c.
See p. 135, n. 4. *Steevens.*

[6] *But have you never* &c.] The *first* and *last* of these speeches, printed within crotchets, are inserted in Sir Thomas Hanmer's, Mr. Theobald's, and Dr. Warburton's editions; the two intermediate ones, which were omitted in all others, I have restored from the old quartos, 1608. Whether they were left out through negligence, or because the imagery contained in them might be thought too luxuriant, I cannot determine; but sure a material injury is done to the character of the Bastard by the omission; for he is made to deny that flatly at first, which the poet only meant to make him evade, or return slight answers to, till he is urged so far as to be obliged to shelter himself under an immediate falsehood. Query, however, whether Shakspeare meant us to believe that Edmund had actually found his way *to the forefended place? Steevens.*

[7] —— forefended *place?*] *Forefended* means *prohibited, forbidden.* So, in *King Henry VI*, P. I:
"Now, heaven *forefend!* the holy maid with child?" Steevens.

[8] *That thought abuses you.*] That thought imposes on you: you

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And bosom'd with her,[9] as far as we call hers.
Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.]
Reg. I never shall endure her: Dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.
Edm. Fear me not:—
She, and the duke her husband, ——

Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, *and Soldiers.*

Gon. I had rather lose the battle, than that sister
Should loosen him and me. [*Aside.*
Alb. Our very loving sister, well be met.—
Sir, this I hear,—The king is come to his daughter,
With others, whom the rigour of our state
Forc'd to cry out. [Where I could not[1] be honest,
I never yet was valiant:[2] for this business,
It toucheth us as France invades our land,
Not bolds the king;[3] with others, whom, I fear,

are deceived. This speech and the next are found in both the quartos, but omitted in the folio. *Malone.*

[9] —— bosom'd *with her,*] *Bosom'd* is used in this sense by Heywood, in *The Fair Maid of the West,* 1631:

"We 'll crown our hopes and wishes with more pomp
"And sumptuous cost, than Priam did his son
"That night he *bosom'd* Helen."

Again, in Heywood's *Silver Age,* 1613:

"With fair Alcmena, she that never *bosom'd*
"Mortal, save thee." *Steevens.*

[1] —— [*Where I could not* —] What is within the crotchets is omitted in the folio. *Steevens.*

[2] —— *Where I could not be honest,*
I never yet was valiant:] This sentiment has already appeared in *Cymbeline:*

"Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause,
"But now thou seem'st a coward."

Again, in an ancient MS. play, entituled, *The Second Maiden's Tragedy:*

"That worke is never undertooke with corage,
"That makes his master blush." *Steevens.*

[3] *Not* bolds *the king;*] The quartos read *bolds,* and this may be the true reading. *This business* (says Albany) *touches us as France invades our land, not* as it *bolds the king,* &c. i. e. *emboldens* him to assert his former title. Thus in the ancient interlude of *Hycke Scorner:*

"Alas, that I had not one to *bold* me!"

Again, in Arthur Hall's translation of the 4th Iliad, 4to. 1581:

Most just and heavy causes make oppose.[4]
Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.[5]]
Reg. Why is this reason'd?
Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy:
For these domestick and particular broils[6]
Are not to question here.[7]
Alb. Let us then determine
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.
Edm.[8] I shall attend you presently at your tent.

"And Pallas *holds* the Greeks, and blames whom scar doth there dismay." *Steevens.*

[4] *Sir, this I hear,*—[as far as to]—*make oppose.*] The meaning is, the king and others whom we have opposed are come to Cordelia. I could never be valiant but in a just quarrel. We must distinguish; it is just in one sense and unjust in another. As France invades our land I am concerned to repel him; but as he *holds*, entertains, and supports the king, and *others whom I fear* many *just and heavy causes make*, or compel, as it were, to *oppose* us, I esteem it unjust to engage against them. This speech, thus interpreted according to the common reading, is likewise very necessary: for otherwise Albany, who is characterised as a man of honour and observer of justice, gives no reason for going to war with those, whom he owns had been much injured under the countenance of his power. *Warburton.*

The quartos read—*For* this I hear, &c. Perhaps Shakspeare wrote —*Fore* this, I hear, the king, &c. *Sir* is the reading of the folio. Dr. Warburton has explained this passage, as if the copies read—Not *holds* the king, i. e. not *as he* holds the king; but both the quartos, in which alone the latter part of this speech is found, read—*holds*. However, Dr. Warburton's interpretation is preserved, as *holds* may certainly have been a misprint for *holds*, in copies in which we find *mov'd*, for *noble*, (Act V, sc. iii,) *O father*, for *O fault*, (ibid.) the *mistress* of Hecate, for the *mysteries* of Hecate, (Act I, sc. i,) *blossoms* for *bosoms*, (Act V, sc, iii,) a mistresses *coward*, for a mistresses *command*, (Act IV, sc. ii,) &c. &c. *Malone.*

[5] *Sir, you speak nobly.*] This reply must be understood ironically. *Malone.*

[6] *For these domestick and particular broils* —] This is the reading of the folio. The quartos have it—
For these domestick doore particulars. Steevens.
Doore, or *dore*, as quarto B has it, was probably a misprint for *dear*; i. e. important. *Malone.*
Door particulars, signify, I believe, *particulars at our very doors*, close to us, and consequently fitter to be settled at home. *Steevens.*

[7] *Are not* to *question here.*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—
Are not the *question here. Steevens.*

[8] *Edm.*] This speech is wanting in the folio. Steevens.

Reg. Sister, you 'll go with us?
Gon. No.
Reg. 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go with us.
Gon. O, ho, I know the riddle: [*Aside.*] I will go.

As they are going out, enter EDGAR, *disguised.*

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.
Alb. I 'll overtake you.—Speak.
[*Exeunt* EDM. REG. GON. *Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.*

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion, that will prove
What is avouched there: If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases.[9] Fortune love you!
Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.
Edg. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I 'll appear again. [*Exit.*
Alb. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy paper.

Re-enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy 's in view, draw up your powers.
Here is the guess[1] of their true strength and forces
By diligent discovery;—but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.
Alb. We will greet the time.[2] [*Exit.*

[9] *And* machination *ceases.*] i. e. All designs against your life will have an end. *Steevens.*

These words are not in the quartos. In the latter part of this line, for *love*, the reading of the original copies, the folio has *loves*. *Malone.*

[1] Here *is the guess* &c.] The modern editors read, *Hard* is the guess. So the quartos. But had the discovery been diligent, the guess could not have proved so difficult. I have given the true reading from the folio. *Steevens.*

The original reading is, I think, sufficiently clear. The most diligent inquiry does not enable me to form a conjecture concerning the true strength of the enemy. Whether we read *hard* or *here*, the adversative particle *but* in the subsequent line seems employed with little propriety. According to the present reading, it may mean, *but* you are now so pressed in point of time, that you have little leisure for such speculations. The quartos read—their great strength. *Malone.*

We will greet the time,] We will be ready to meet the occasion. *Johnson.*

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love;
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive: To take the widow,
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;
And hardly shall I carry out my side,[3]

[3] —— *carry out my side,*] Bring my purpose to a successful issue, to completion. *Side* seems here to have the sense of the French word *partie*, in *prendre partie, to take his resolution.* *Johnson.*

So, in the *The Honest Man's Fortune*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

" —— and *carry out*
" A world of evils with thy title."

Again, in one of the *Paston Letters*, Vol. IV, p. 155: " Heydon's son hath *borne out the side* stoutly here" &c. *Steevens.*

The Bastard means, " I shall scarcely be able to make out my game." The allusion is to a party at cards, and he is afraid that he shall not be able to make his side successful.

So, in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, Centaure says of Epicene—

" She and Mavis will *set up a side.*"

That is, will be partners. And in Massinger's *Unnatural Combat*, Belgard says:

" —— And if now
" At this downright game, I may but hold your cards,
" I 'll not pull down *the side.*"

In *The Maid's Tragedy*, the same expression occurs:

" *Dula.* I 'll hold your cards against any two I know.
" *Evad.* Aspasia take her part.
" *Dula.* I will refuse it;
" She will pluck down *a side*, she does not use it."

But the phrase is still more clearly explained in Massinger's *Great Duke of Florence*, where Cozimo says to Petronella, who had challenged him to drink a second bowl of wine:

" Pray you, pause a little;
" If I hold your cards, I shall pull down *the side;*
" I am not good at the game." *M. Mason.*

The same phrase has forced its way into Chapman's version of the fifth *Iliad:*

" —— thy body's powers are poor,
" And therefore are thy troops so weak: the soldier evermore
" Follows the temper of his chief; and thou *pull'st down a side.*" *Steevens.*

Edmund, I think, means, hardly shall I be able *to make my party good;* to maintain my cause. We should now say—to *bear* out, which Coles, in his *Dictionary*, 1679, interprets, *to make good, to save harmless.*

Side, for *party*, was the common language of the time. So, in a Letter from William Earl of Pembroke to Robert Earl of Leicester,

Her husband being alive. Now then, we 'll use
His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her, who would be rid of him, devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia,—
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon: for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.[4] [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Field between the two Camps.

Alarum within. Enter, with Drum and Colours, LEAR, CORDELIA, *and their Forces; and exeunt.*

Enter EDGAR *and* GLOSTER.[5]

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host; pray that the right my thrive:
If ever I return to you again,
I 'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you sir! [*Exit* EDG.

Alarums; afterwards a Retreat. Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Away, old man, give me thy hand, away;
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en:
Give me thy hand, come on.

Glo. No further, sir; a man may rot even here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all:[6] Come on.

Glo. And that 's true too.[7] [*Exeunt.*

Michaelmas Day, 1625,—*Sydney Papers*, Vol. II, p. 361: "The queenes *side*, and so herself, labour much to ly at Salisbury." *Malone.*

[4] —— for *my state*
Stands on me &c.] I do not think that *for* stands, in this place, as a word of inference or casuality. The meaning is, rather—*Such is my determination concerning Lear; as* for my state *it requires now, not* deliberation, *but* defence *and support*. *Johnson.*

[5] *Enter Edgar* &c.] Those who are curious to know how far Shakspeare was here indebted to the *Arcadia*, will find a chapter from it entitled,—"The pitifull State and Storie of the Paphlagonian unkinde King, and his kinde Sonne; first related by the Sonne, then by the blind Father." P. 141, edit. 1590, quarto, annexed to the conclusion of this play. *Steevens.*

[6] *Ripeness is all:*] i. e. To be ready, prepared, is all.

SCENE III.

The British Camp near Dover.

Enter, in Conquest, with Drum and Colours, EDMUND; LEAR *and* CORDELIA, *as Prisoners; Officers, Soldiers, &c.*

Edm. Some officers take them away: good guard;
Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.[6]

Cor. We are not the first,
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.[7]
For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.—
Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let 's away to prison:
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I 'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness: So we 'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we 'll talk with them too,—
Who loses, and who wins; who 's in, who 's out;—
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies:[1] And we 'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects,[2] of great ones,

The same sentiment occurs in *Hamlet*, scene the last: "— if it be not now, yet it will come: *the readiness is all.*" *Steevens.*

7 *And that's true too.*] Omitted in the quarto. *Steevens.*

8 —— *to* censure *them.*] i. e. to pass sentence or judgment on them. So, in *Othello:*

"To you, lord governor,
"Remains the *censure* of this hellish villain." *Steevens.*

9 *Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd* the worst.] i. e. the worst that fortune can inflict. *Malone.*

1 *And take upon us the mystery of things,*
As if we were God's spies:] As if we were angels commissioned to survey and report the lives of men, and were consequently endowed with the power of prying into the original motives of action and the mysteries of conduct. *Johnson.*

2 —— *packs and sects* —] Packs is used for *combinations* or *collections*, as is a *pack of cards*. For *sects*, I think *sets* might be more commodiously read. So we say, *affairs are now managed by a new set. Sects*, however, may well stand. *Johnson.*

That ebb and flow by the moon.
Edm. Take them away.
Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense.[3] Have I caught thee?[4]
He, that parts us, shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence, like foxes.[5] Wipe thine eyes;
The goujeers shall devour them,[6] flesh and fell,[7]

[3] *Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,*
The gods themselves throw incense.] The thought is extremely noble, and expressed in a sublime of imagery that Seneca fell short of on the like occasion. "Ecce spectaculum dignum ad quod respiciat intentus operi suo deus: ecce par deo dignum, vir fortis cum malâ fortuna compositus." *Warburton.*

[4] —— *Have I caught thee?*] *Have I caught my heavenly jewel,* is a line of one of Sir Philip Sidney's songs, which Shakspeare has put into Falstaff's mouth in *The Merry Wives of Windsor.* *Malone.*
See Vol. III, p. 94, n. 3. *Steevens.*

[5] *And fire us hence, like foxes.*] I have been informed that it is usual to *smoke foxes* out of their holes.
So, in Harrington's translation of *Ariosto,* B. XXVII, stan. 17:
"Ev'n as a *foxe* whom *smoke and fire* doth fright,
"So as he dare not in the ground remaine,
"Bolts out, and through the *smoke and fire* he flieth
"Into the tarrier's mouth, and there he dieth."
Again, *Every Man out of his Humour:*
"—— my walk and all,
"You *smoke* me from, as if I were a *fox.*"
The same allusion occurs in our author's 44th Sonnet:
"Till my bad angel *fire* my good one out." *Steevens.*
So, in Marlowe's *King Edward II,* 1598:
"Advance your standard, Edward, in the field,
"And march to *fire* them from their starting *holes.*"
Mr. Upton, however, is of opinion that "the allusion is to the scriptural account of Sampson's tying foxes, two and two together by the tail, and fastening a fire-*brand* to the cord; then letting them loose among the standing corn of the Philistines." *Judges* xv, 4.
The words—shall bring a *brand from heaven,* seem to favour Mr. Upton's conjecture. If it be right, the construction must be, they shall bring a brand from heaven, and, *like foxes, fire us hence:* referring *foxes,* not to Lear and Cordelia, but to those who should separate them. *Malone.*
The *brands* employed by Sampson were not brought *from heaven.* I therefore prefer the common and more obvious explanation of the passage before us. *Steevens.*

[6] *The* goujeers *shall devour them,*] The *goujeres,* i. e. *Morbus Gallicus. Gouge,* Fr. signifies one of the common women attending a camp; and as that disease was first dispersed over Europe by the

Ere they shall make us weep: we 'll see them starve first.
Come. [*Exeunt* LEAR *and* COR. *guarded.*
Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.
Take thou this note;[8] [*Giving a Paper.*] go, follow them to prison:
One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes: Know thou this,—that men
Are as the time is: to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword:—Thy great employment
Will not bear question;[9] either say, thou 'lt do 't,

French army, and the women who followed it, the first name it obtained among us was the *gougeries*, i. e. the disease of the *gouges*. *Hanmer.*

The resolute John Florio has sadly mistaken these *goujeers*. He writes "With a *good yeare* to thee!" and gives it in Italian, "Il *mal' anno* che dio ti dia." *Farmer.*

Golding, in his version of the 3d book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, has fallen into the same error, or rather, the same mis-spelling.—Juno is the speaker:

"Perfeci quid enim toties per jurgia? dixit."

which is thus anglicized, p. 35:

"And what a *good yeare* have I wonne by scolding erst? she sed." *Steevens.*

The old copies have *good yeares*, the common corruption in Shakspeare's time of the other word. Sir T. Hanmer made the correction. *Malone.*

[7] ——*flesh and fell,*] Flesh and skin. *Johnson.*

——*flesh and fell,*] So Skelton's works, p. 257:

"Nakyd asyde,
"Neither *flesh* nor *fell.*"

Chaucer uses *fell* and *bones* for *skin* and *bones*:

"And said that he and all his kinne at ones,
"Were worthy to be brent with *fell* and *bones.*"
Troilus and Creseide. Grey.

[8] *Take thou* this note;] This was a warrant, signed by the Bastard and Goneril, for the execution of Lear and Cordelia. In a subsequent scene Edmund says—

"—— quickly send,—
"Be brief in 't,—to the castle: for my *writ*
"Is on the life of Lear, and of Cordelia:—
"He hath commission from thy wife and me
"To hang Cordelia in the prison." *Malone.*

[9] —— Thy *great employment*
Will not bear question;] By *great employment* was meant the *commission* given him for the murder; and this the Bastard tells us *afterwards*, was signed by Goneril and himself. Which was sufficient to make this captain unaccountable for the execution. Warburton.

Or thrive by other means.

Off. I 'll do 't, my lord.

Edm. About it; and write happy, when thou hast done.
Mark,—I say, instantly; and carry it so,
As I have set it down.

Off. I cannot draw a cart,[1] nor eat dried oats;
If it be man's work, I will do it. [*Exit* Off.

Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, *Officers, and Attendants.*

Alb. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant strain,
And fortune led you well: You have the captives
Who were the opposites of this day's strife:
We do require them of you;[2] so to use them,
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention, and appointed guard;[3]
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes[4]
Which do command them. With him I sent the queen;
My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further space, to appear

The important business which is now entrusted to your management, does not admit of *debate;* you must instantly resolve to do it, or not. *Question,* here, as in many other places, signifies *discourse, conversation. Malone.*

So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

"You may as well use *question* with the wolf." *Steevens.*

1 *I cannot draw* &c.] These two lines I have restored from the old quarto. *Steevens.*

2 *We do require* them *of you;*] So the folio. The quartos read:

"We do require *then* of you so to use them." *Malone.*

3 —— *and appointed guard;*] These words are omitted in the quarto of which the first signature is B, and in the folio. *Malone.*

4 *And turn our* impress'd *lances in our eyes* —] i. e. Turn the *launcemen* whom we have hired by giving them *press*-money (See p. 303, n. 9,) against us.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra,* Act III, sc. vii:

"—— people
"Ingross'd by swift *impress.*"

Impress, however, in this place, may possibly have its common signification. *Steevens.*

Where you shall hold your session. [At this time,[5]
We sweat, and bleed: the friend hath lost his friend;
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By those that feel their sharpness:—
The question of Cordelia, and her father,
Requires a fitter place.[6]]

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That 's as we list to grace him.
Methinks, our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers;
Bore the commission of[7] my place and person;
The which immediacy[8] may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot:
In his own grace[9] he doth exalt himself,
More than in your advancement.[1]

Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

Gon. That were the most, if he should husband you.[2]

[5] —— [*At this time*, &c.] This passage, well worthy of restoration, is omitted in the folio. *Johnson.*

[6] *Requires a fitter place.*] i. e. The determination of the question what shall be done with Cordelia and her father, should be reserved for greater privacy. *Steevens.*

[7] *Bore the* commission *of* —] *Commission*, for authority. *Warburton.*

[8] *The which* immediacy —] *Immediacy* is *supremacy* in opposition to *subordination*, which has *quiddam medium* between itself and power. *Johnson.*

Immediacy here implies proximity without intervention; in rank, or such a plenary delegation of authority, as to constitute the person on whom it is conferred, *another* SELF: *alter et idem.* *Henley.*

Immediacy is, I think, close and immediate connexion with me, and direct authority from me, without, to use Dr. Johnson's words, *quiddam medium*. So, in *Hamlet:*

" —— let the world take note,
" You are the most *immediate* to our throne." *Malone.*

[9] *In his own* grace —] *Grace* here means *accomplishments*, or *honours*. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

" With all good *grace* to grace a gentleman." *Steevens.*

[1] —— *in your* advancement.] So the quartos. Folio—your *addition*. *Malone.*

[2] *Gon. That were* the most, *if* he should husband you.] If he were

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.
Gon. Holla, holla!
That eye, that told you so, look'd but a-squint.[3]
Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach.—General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine:[4]
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.
Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?
Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will.[5]
Edm. Nor in thine, lord.
Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.
Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.[6]
[*To* EDM.
Alb. Stay yet; hear reason:—Edmund, I arrest thee
On capital treason; and, in thy arrest,[7]
This gilded serpent: [*Pointing to* GON.]—for your claim, fair sister,

married to you, you could not say more than this, nor could he enjoy greater power.—Thus the quartos. In the folio this line is given to *Albany*. *Malone*.

[3] *That eye, that told you so, look'd but* a-squint.] Alluding to the proverb: "Love being jealous makes a good eye look *asquint*." See Ray's *Collection*. *Steevens*.

So Milton:

"And gladly banish *squint suspicion*." Comus. *H. White*.

[4] —— *the walls are thine:*] A metaphorical phrase taken from the camp, and signifying, *to surrender at discretion*. *Warburton*.

A similar allusion occurs in *Cymbeline*:

"The heavens hold firm *the walls* of thy dear honour."
Steevens.

[5] *The let-alone lies not in your good will.*] Whether he shall not or shall, depends not on your choice. *Johnson*.

Albany means to tell his wife, that, however she might want the power, she evidently did not want the inclination to prevent the match. *Ritson*.

To *obstruct* their union lies not in your good pleasure: your *veto* will avail nothing. *Malone*.

[6] Reg. *Let the drum strike*, &c.] So the folio. This line is given to the *Bastard* in the quartos, and they read—

Let the drum strike, and prove my title good.

Regan, it appears from this speech, did not know that Albany had discharged her forces. *Malone*.

[7] —— *thy arrest,*] The quartos read—thine attaint. Steevens.

I bar it in the interest of my wife;
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.
If you will marry, make your love to me,
My lady is bespoke.

Gon. An interlude![8]

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloster:—Let the trumpet sound:[9]
If none appear to prove upon thy person,[1]
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge; [*Throwing down a Glove.*] I 'll prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O, sick!

Gon. If not, I 'll ne'er trust poison.[2] [*Aside.*

Edm. There 's my exchange: [*Throwing down a Glove.*] what in the world he is
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Edm. A herald, ho, a herald![3]

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue;[4] for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

Reg. This sickness grows upon me.

Enter a Herald.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.

[*Exit* REG. *led.*

[8] *An interlude!*] This short exclamation of Goneril is added in the folio edition, I suppose, only to break the speech of Albany, that the exhibition on the stage might be more distinct and intelligible. *Johnson.*

[9] —— *Let the trumpet sound:*] These words are not in the quartos. *Malone.*

[1] —— *thy* person,] The quartos read—thy *head.* *Steevens.*

[2] —— *poison.*] The folio reads—*medicine.* *Steevens.*

[3] *A herald,* &c.] This speech I have restored from the quartos. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *thy single* virtue;] i. e. valour; a Roman sense of the word. Thus Raleigh: "The conquest of Palestine with singular *virtue* they performed." *Steevens.*

Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet sound,—
And read out this.

Off. Sound, trumpet.[5] [*A Trumpet sounds.*

Herald *reads.*

If any man of quality, or degree, within the lists of the army,[6] *will maintain upon* Edmund, *supposed earl of* Gloster, *that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear at the third sound of the trumpet: He is bold in his defence.*

Edm. Sound.[7] [1 *Trumpet.*
Her. Again. [2 *Trumpet.*
Her. Again. [3 *Trumpet.*

[*Trumpet answers within.*

Enter EDGAR, *armed, preceded by a Trumpet.*

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet.

Her. What are you?
Your name, your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?

Edg. Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit:
Yet am I noble,[8] as the adversary
I come to cope withal.

Alb. Which is that adversary?

Edg. What 's he, that speaks for Edmund earl of Gloster?

Edm. Himself;—What say'st thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword;
That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.[9]

[5] *Sound, trumpet.*] I have added this from the quartos. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *within the* lists *of the army,*] The quartos read:—within the *host* of the army, ——. *Steevens.*

[7] Edm. *Sound.*] Omitted in the folio. *Malone.*

[8] *Yet am I noble,* &c.] One of the quartos reads:

——*yet* are I mou 't,
Where is the adversarie I come to cope withal?

—*are I mou 't,* is, I suppose, a corruption of—*ere I move it. Steevens.*

The other quarto also reads—*Where is* the adversary, &c. omitting the words—*Yet am I noble,* which are only found in the folio. The word *withal* is wanting in that copy. *Malone.*

[9] —— *here is mine.* &c.] Here I draw my sword. Behold, it is the privilege or right of my profession to draw it against a traitor. I protest therefore, &c.

Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession:[1] I protest,—
Maugre[2] thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,
Despite thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart,—thou art a traitor:
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conspirant 'gainst[3] this high illustrious prince;
And, from the extremest upward of thy head,
To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,[4]
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, *No*,
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom, I should ask thy name;[5]

It is not the *charge itself* (as Dr. Warburton has erroneously stated) but *the right of bringing* the charge and maintaining it with his sword, which Edgar calls the privilege of his profession. *Malone.*

[1] *Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,*
My oath, and my profession:] The charge he is going to bring against the Bastard, he calls *the privilege*, &c. To understand which phraseology, we must consider that the old rights of knighthood are here alluded to; whose oath and profession required him to discover all treasons, and whose privilege it was to have his challenge accepted, or otherwise to have his charge taken *pro confesso*. For if one who was no knight accused another who was, that other was under no obligation to accept the challenge. On this account it was necessary, as Edgar came disguised, to tell the Bastard he was a knight. *Warburton.*

The *privilege* of this *oath* means the privilege gained by taking the oath administered in the regular initiation of a knight professed. *Johnson.*

The quartos read—it is the privilege of *my tongue*. *Steevens.*

The folio reads:

Behold, it is my privilege,
The privilege of mine honours,
My oath and my profession. *Malone.*

[2] *Maugre*—] i. e. notwithstanding. So, in *Twelfth Night*:
"I love thee so, that *maugre* all thy pride—." *Steevens.*

[3] Conspirant *'gainst*—] The quartos read:
Conspicuate 'gainst.—— *Steevens.*

[4] —— beneath *thy* feet,] So the quartos. Folio: *below* thy *foot*. *Malone.*

[5] *In wisdom, I should ask thy name;*] Because, if his adversary was not of equal rank, Edmund might have declined the combat. Hence the herald proclaimed—"If any man of quality or degree," &c. So Goneril afterwards says—

But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some 'say of breeding breathes,[6]
What safe and nicely I might well delay[7]
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
Which, (for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,)
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever.[8]—Trumpets, speak.
[*Alarums. They fight.* EDM. *falls.*

Alb. O save him, save him!

Gon. This is mere practice, Gloster:[9]

"By the law of arms, thou wast not bound to answer
"An *unknown* opposite." *Malone.*

[6] *And that thy tongue some* 'say *of breeding breathes,*] '*Say*, for *essay* some show or probability. *Pope.*

Say is sample, a taste. So, in Sidney:

"So good a *say* invites the eye
"A little downward to espy —."

Again, in the Preface to Maurice Kyffin's translation of the *Andria of Terence*, 1588: "Some other like places I could recite, but these shall suffice for a *say*."

Again, in *Revenge for Honour*, by Chapman:

"——But pray do not
"Take the first *say* of her yourselves —."

Again, in *The Unnatural Combat*, by Massinger:

"——— or to take
"A *say* of venison, or stale fowl." —

Again, in *Holinshed*, p. 847: "He (C. Wolsey) made dukes and lords to serve him of wine, with a *say* taken," &c. To take the *assaie* was the technical term. *Steevens.*

[7] *What safe and nicely* &c.] The phraseology is here very licentious. I suppose the meaning is, That delay which by the law of knighthood I might make, I scorn to make. *Nicely* is, punctiliously; if I stood on minute forms. This line is not in the quartos; and furnishes one more proof of what readers are so slow to admit, that a whole line is sometimes omitted at the press. The subsequent line without this is nonsense. See Vol. XI, p. 67, n. 5. *Malone.*

[8] Where *they shall rest for ever.*] *To that place*, where they shall rest for ever; i. e. thy heart. *Malone.*

[9] Alb. *O save him, save him!*

Gon. *This is mere practice, Gloster:*] Thus all the copies; but I have ventured to place the two hemistichs to Goneril. 'Tis absurd that Albany, who knew Edmund's treasons, and his own wife's passion for him, should be solicitous to have his life saved. Theobald.

Albany desires that Edmund's life might be spared at present,

By the law of arms,[1] thou wast not bound to answer[2]
An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it:—Hold, sir:—
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:—
No tearing, lady; I perceive, you know it.

[*Gives the Letter to* EDM.

Gon. Say, if I do; the laws are mine, not thine:
Who shall arraign me for 't?

Alb. Most monstrous![3]
Know'st thou this paper?

Gon. Ask me not what I know. [*Exit* GON.

Alb. Go after her: she 's desperate; govern her.

[*To an* Officer, *who goes out.*

Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that have I done;
And more, much more: the time will bring it out;
'Tis past, and so am I: But what art thou,
That hast this fortune on me? If thou art noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let 's exchange charity.[4]
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.

only to obtain his confession, and to convict him openly by his own letter. *Johnson.*

The words—*Hold, sir,* in Albany's next speech, show that the old copies are right. *Malone.*

[1] *By the law of* arms,] So the quartos. Folio—of *war*. *Malone.*

[2] ——*thou wast not bound to answer*—] One of the quartos reads—
—— *thou* art *not bound to* offer &c. *Steevens.*

[3] *Most monstrous!*] So the quarto, of which the first signature is B, and the folio. The other quarto reads—*Monster*, know'st thou this paper? The folio—Most monstrous, *O* know'st, &c. *Malone.*

"Knowest thou these letters?" says Leir to Ragan, in the old anonymous play, when he shows her both her own and her sister's letters, which were written to procure his death. Upon which she snatches the letters and tears them. *Steevens.*

[4] *Let 's exchange charity.*] Our author, by negligence, gives his Heathens the sentiments and practices of Christianity. In *Hamlet* there is the same solemn act of final reconciliation, but with exact *propriety*, for the personages are Christians:

"Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet;" &c.

Johnson.

My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us:[5]
The dark and vicious place where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes.
Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true:
The wheel is come full circle;[6] I am here.
Alb. Methought, thy very gait did prophecy
A royal nobleness:—I must embrace thee;
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father!
Edg. Worthy prince,
I know it well.[7]
Alb. Where have you hid yourself?
How have you known the miseries of your father?
Edg. By nursing them, my lord.—List a brief tale;—
And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!—
The bloody proclamation to escape,
That follow'd me so near, (O our lives' sweetness!
That with the pain of death we 'd hourly die,[8]
Rather than die at once!) taught me to shift[9]
Into a mad-man's rags; to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost;[1] became his guide,

[5] —— *to scourge us:*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads:
—— *to* plague *us*. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *full circle:*] Quarto, *full-circled*. *Johnson.*

[7] *I know it* well.] The adverb—*well*, was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer for the sake of metre. *Steevens.*

[8] *That* with *the pain of death* &c.] Thus both the quartos. The folio reads unintelligibly, That *we* the pain, &c. The original copies have *would;* but this was, I apprehend, a misprint in those copies for *w'ould*, i. e. *we would*, or, as we should now write, *we'd*. In *The Tempest* we have *sh'ould* for *she would*. See Vol. II, p. 52, n. 1. *Malone.*

[9] *The bloody proclamation to escape,*
—— *taught me to shift* —] *A wish* to escape the bloody proclamation, taught me, &c. *Malone.*

[1] —— *his bleeding rings,*
Their precious stones new lost;] So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609:
"*Her eye-lids*, cases to those heavenly jewels
"*Which* Pericles hath lost." *Malone.*

Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;
Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd,
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage: But his flaw'd heart,
(Alack, too weak the conflict to support!)
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall, perchance, do good: but speak you on;
You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woful, hold it in;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

[*Edg.*[2] This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow; but another,
To amplify too-much, would make much more,
And top extremity.[3]

2 [*Edg.*] The lines between crotchets are not in the folio. *Johnson.*

3 —— *This would have seem'd a period*
To *such as love not sorrow; but* another,
To amplify too-*much, would make much more,*
And top extremity.] The reader easily sees that this reflection refers to the Bastard's desiring to hear more; and to Albany's thinking he had said enough. But it is corrupted into miserable nonsense. We should read it thus:

"This would have seem'd a period. But such
As love to amplify another's sorrow
To much, would make much more, and top extremity.

i. e. This to a common humanity would have been thought the utmost of my sufferings; but such as love cruelty are always for adding more to much, till they reach the extremity of misery. *Warburton.*

The sense may probably be this: *This would have seemed a period to such as love not sorrow; but—another*, i. e. but I must add *another*, i. e. another period, another kind of conclusion to my story, such as will increase the horrors of what has been already told. So, in *King Richard II:*

"I play the torturer, by small and small,
"To lengthen out the worst." — *Steevens.*

This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow; but another,
To amplify too-much, would make much more,
And top extremity.] So, in *Venus and Adonis:*

"Devise extremes beyond extremity?"

Whilst I was big in clamour, came there a man,
Who having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding
Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father:[4]

Too-much is here used as a substantive. A *period* is an end or conclusion. So, in *King Richard III:*

"O, let me make the *period* to my curse."

This reflection perhaps refers, as Dr. Warburton has observed, to the Bastard's desiring to hear more, and to Albany's thinking that enough had been said. This, says Edgar, would have seemed the utmost completion of woe, to such as do not delight in sorrow; but *another*, of a different disposition, to amplify misery, would "*give more strength to that which hath too much.*"

Edgar's words, however, may have no reference to what Edmund has said; and he may only allude to the relation he is about to give of Kent's adding a new sorrow to what Edgar already suffered, by recounting the miseries which the old king and his faithful follower had endured.

Mr. Steevens points thus:

——————— *but another;—*
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity: —

But if such a punctuation be adopted, what shall we do with the word *would*, which is thus left without a nominative case? A preceding editor, who introduced the above punctuation, to obtain some sense, reads and points:

——————— *but another:—*
(*To amplify too-much*, to *make much more*,
And top extremity,)
Whilst I was big &c.

and indeed without that alteration, the words thus pointed afford, in my apprehension, no sense. *Malone.*

Mr. Malone's explanation may be just; and yet it is probable that we are struggling with a passage, the obscurity of which is derived from its corruption. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *threw* him *on my father;*] The quartos read:

—— *threw* me *on my father.*

The modern editors have corrected the passage, as it is now printed, and as I suppose it to have been originally written. There is tragick propriety in Kent's throwing himself on the body of a deceased friend; but this propriety is lost in the act of clumsily tumbling a son over the lifeless remains of his father. *Steevens.*

—— *threw* me *on my father;*] Thus both the quartos, where alone this speech is found. Mr. Theobald, and the subsequent editors, read —*threw him on my father.* This is a new and distinct idea; but I do not think myself warranted to adopt it; the text being intelligible, and it being very improbable that the word *me* should have been printed

Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
That ever ear receiv'd: which in recounting,
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack: Twice then the trumpet sounded,[5]
And there I left him tranc'd.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.]

Enter a Gentleman *hastily, with a bloody Knife.*

Gent. Help! help! O help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means that bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes;
It came even from the heart of[6] —

Alb. Who, man? speak.[7]

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister
By her is poison'd; she confesses it.[8]

Edm. I was contracted to them both; all three
Now marry in an instant.[9]

Alb. Produce their bodies, be they alive or dead!—
This judgment[1] of the heavens, that makes us tremble,

instead of *him.*—Kent in his transport of joy, at meeting Edgar, embraced him with such violence, as to throw him on the dead body of Gloster. *Malone.*

[5] —— *the* trumpet *sounded,*] The quartos, where alone this speech is found, read *trumpets;* but it was certainly a misprint, for one trumpet only had sounded. Dr. Johnson made the correction. *Malone.*

[6] ——*from the heart of* —] Here the folio, in defiance of metre and propriety, adds—

—— *O she's dead. Steevens.*

[7] *Who, man? speak.*] The folio reads, *Who dead? Speak man. Steevens.*

[8] —— *she* confesses *it.*] Thus the first and second folio. The quartos—she *has* [and *hath*] confess'*d* it. As these readings are equally proper, I have chosen the more metrical of the two. *Steevens.*

[9] *Now marry in an instant.*] In the folio, after these words, we have—

Edg. *Here comes Kent.*

Enter Kent.

and the words—*O, is this he,* are spoken by Albany, immediately *after touches us not with pity:* I have followed the quartos. Malone.

[1] *This judgment* &c.] If Shakspeare had studied Aristotle all his

Touches us not with pity. [*Exit* Gent.

Enter KENT.

Edg. Here comes Kent, sir.[2]

Alb. O! it is he.[3]
The time will not allow the compliment,
Which very manners urges.

Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good night;
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!—
Speak, Edmund, where 's the king? and where 's Cordelia?
See'st thou this object, Kent?

[*The Bodies of* GON. *and* REG. *are brought in.*

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd:[4]
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so.—Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life:—Some good I mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,—
Be brief in it,—to the castle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia:—
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O, run—

Edg. To who, my lord?—Who has the office? send

life, he would not perhaps have been able to mark with more precision the distinct operations of *terror* and *pity*. *Tyrwhitt.*

This is the reading of the folio. The quartos have—This *justice* &c. *Malone.*

[2] *Here comes Kent, sir.*] The manner in which Edgar here mentions Kent, seems to require the lines which are inserted from the first edition in the foregoing scene. *Johnson.*

[3] *O!* it is *he.*] Thus the quartos. Folio: O, *is this* he? *Malone.*

[4] *Yet Edmund was belov'd:*] Rowe's dying Rake suggests to himself a similar consolation, arising from the remembrance of successful gallantry:

"Yet, let not this advantage swell thy pride;
"I conquer'd in my turn, *in love I triumph'd.*"

Dryden's *Don Sebastian* felicitates himself on the same circumstance.

Thus also in *The Double Marriage* by Fletcher:

"—— *this* happiness yet stays with me
"*You* have been mine." *Steevens.*

Thy token of reprieve.
Edm. Well thought on; take my sword,
Give it the captain.[5]
Alb. Haste thee, for thy life.[6] [*Exit* EDG.
Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid herself.[7]
Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him hence awhile.
[EDM. *is borne off.*

Enter LEAR, *with* CORDELIA *dead in his Arms;*[8] EDGAR, Officer, *and Others.*

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O, you are men of stones;
Had I your tongues and eyes, I 'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack:—O, she is gone for ever!—

[5] *Give it the captain.*] The quartos read:
—— "Take my sword, the captain,
"Give it the captain. ——" *Steevens.*

[6] Alb. *Haste thee, for thy life.*] Thus the quartos. In the folio this speech is improperly assigned to *Edgar*, who had the moment before received *the token of reprieve*, which Edmund enjoined him to give the officer, in whose custody Lear was. *Malone.*

[7] *That she* fordid *herself.*] To *fordo*, signifies to *destroy*. It is used again in *Hamlet*, Act V:
"—— did, with desperate hand,
"*Fordo* its own life." —— *Steevens.*
Here the folio and quarto B unnecessarily add—*That she fordid herself*, i. e. destroyed herself. I have followed the quarto A. *Malone.*

[8] —— *Cordelia dead in his arms;*] This princess, according to the old historians, retired with victory from the battle which she conducted in her father's cause, and thereby replaced him on the throne: but in a subsequent one fought against her (after the death of the old king) by the sons of Goneril and Regan, she was taken, and died miserably in prison. The poet found this in history, and was therefore willing to precipitate her death, which he knew had happened but a few years after. The dramatick writers of this age suffered as small a number of their heroes and heroines to escape as possible; nor could the filial piety of this lady, any more than the innocence of Ophelia, prevail on Shakspeare to extend her life beyond her misfortunes. *Steevens.*

Geoffrey of Monmouth, the original relater of this story, says, that *Cordelia* was thrown by her nephews into prison, "where, for grief at the loss of her kingdom, she killed herself." Malone.

I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She 's dead as earth:—Lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.
Kent. Is this the promis'd end?
Edg. Or image of that horror?[9]

9 Kent. *Is this the promis'd end?*
Edg. *Or image of that horror?*] It appears to me that by the *promised end* Kent does not mean that conclusion which the state of their affairs seemed to promise, but the end of the world. In St. Mark's Gospel, when Christ foretels to his disciples the end of the world, and is describing to them the signs that were to precede, and mark the approach of, our final dissolution, he says, "For in those days *shall be affliction such as was not from the beginning of the creation which God created, unto this time,* neither shall be:" and afterwards he says, "Now *the brother shall betray the brother to death, and the father the son;* and *children shall rise up against their parents, and shall cause them to be put to death.*" Kent in contemplating the unexampled scene of exquisite affliction which was then before him, and the unnatural attempt of Goneril and Regan against their father's life, recollects these passages, and asks, whether that was the end of the world that had been foretold to us. To which Edgar adds, or only a representation or resemblance of that horror?

So Macbeth, when he calls upon Banquo, Malcolm, &c. to view Duncan murdered, says—

"—— up, up, and see
"*The great doom's image!*"

There is evidently an allusion to the same passages in scripture, in a speech of Gloster's, which he makes in the second scene of the first Act:

"These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us; —love cools; friendship falls off; brothers divide; in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked 'twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes *under the prediction; there's son against father; the king falls from the bias of nature; there's father against child:* We have seen the best of our time."

If any critick should urge it as an objection to this explanation, that the persons of the drama are pagans, and of consequence unacquainted with the scriptures, they give Shakspeare credit for more accuracy than I fear he possessed. *M. Mason.*

This note deserves the highest praise, and is inserted in the present work with the utmost degree of gratitude to its author. *Steevens.*

I entirely agree with Mr. Mason in his happy explanation of this passage. In a speech which our poet has put into the mouth of young Clifford in *The Second Part of King Henry VI,* a similar imagery is found. On seeing the dead body of his father, who was slain in battle by the duke of York, he exclaims—

"— O, let the vile world end,
"And the premised flames of the last day
"Knit earth and heaven together!

Alb. Fall, and cease![1]
Lear. This feather stirs;[2] she lives! if it be so,

"Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
"Particularities and petty sounds
"To cease!"

There is no trace of these lines in the old play on which *The Second Part of King Henry VI* was formed.

Image is again used for delineation or representation, in *King Henry IV*, P. I: "No counterfeit, but the true and perfect *image* of life indeed."

Again, in *Hamlet:* "The play is the *image* of a murder done in Vienna."

Mr. M. Mason has not done justice to his ingenious explanation of these words, by not quoting the whole of the passage in *Macbeth!*

"—— up, up, and see
"*The great doom's image!* Malcolm! Banquo!
"As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprights,
"To countenance this *horror*."

Here we find *disjecti membra poetæ;* the second and fourth line, taken together, furnishing us with the very expression of the text.
Malone.

[1] *Fall, and cease!*] Albany, is looking with attention on the pains employed by Lear to recover his child, and knows to what miseries he must survive, when he finds them to be ineffectual. Having these images present to his eyes and imagination, he cries out, *Rather fall, and cease to be, at once, than continue in existence only to be wretched.* So, in *All's Well*, &c. to *cease* is used for to *die:* and in *Hamlet*, the death of majesty is called "the *cease* of majesty."

Again, in *All's Well that Ends Well:*

"Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, *cease!*
"Both suffer under this complaint you bring,
"And both shall *cease*, without your remedy." *Steevens.*

The word is used nearly in the same sense in a former scene in this play:

"Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
"Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
"That things might change or *cease*."

I doubt, however, whether Albany's speech is addressed to *Lear.*
Malone.

To whom then is it addressed? *Steevens.*

There is a passage in *The Double Marriage* of Fletcher, which supports Steevens's conjecture: Juliana says to Virolet—

"Be what you please, this happiness yet stays with me,
"You have been mine:—oh my unhappy fortune!
"*Pand.* —— *Nay break, and die.*
"*Jul.* It cannot yet; I must live
"Till I see this man blest in his new love,
"And then —" *M. Mason.*

[2] *This* feather *stirs;*] So, in The White Devil, or Vittoria Corom-

It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.
Kent. O my good master! [*Kneeling.*
Lear. Pr'ythee, away.
Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.
Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all![3]
I might have sav'd her; now she 's gone for ever!—
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha!
What is 't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman:—
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.
Off. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.
Lear. Did I not, fellow?
I have seen the day, with my good biting faulchion
I would have made them skip:[4] I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you?
Mine eyes are none o' the best:—I 'll tell you straight.
Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.[5]

bona, 1612: "Fetch a looking-glass, see if his breath will not stain it; or pull some *feathers* from my pillow, and lay them to his lips." *Steevens.*

A common experiment of applying a light feather to the lips of a person supposed to be dead, to see whether he breathes. There is the same thought in *King Henry IV*, P. II, Act IV, sc. iv:

" ——— By his gates of breath
" There *lies a downy feather, which stirs not.*"

And to express a total stillness in the air, in Donne's poem called *The Calm*, there is the like sentiment; which Johnson, in his conversation with Drummond of Hawthornden, highly commended:

" ——— in one place lay
" *Feathers and dust*, to-day and yesterday." *Whalley.*

[3] —— murderers, *traitors all!*] Thus the folio. The quartos read —*murderous* traitors all. *Malone.*

[4] *I have seen the day, with my good biting faulchion*
I would have made them skip:] It is difficult for an author who never peruses his first works, to avoid repeating some of the same thoughts in his latter productions. What Lear has just said, had been anticipated by Justice Shallow in *The Merry Wives of Windsor:* "I have seen the time with my long sword I would have made your four tall fellows skip like rats." It is again repeated in *Othello:*

" —— I have seen the day
" That with this little arm and this good sword
" I have made my way," &c. *Steevens.*

[5] *If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,*
One of them we behold.] I suppose by the two whom fortune once

Lear. This is a dull sight:[6] Are you not Kent?
Kent. The same;
Your servant Kent: Where is your servant Caius?
Lear. He 's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He 'll strike, and quickly too:—He 's dead and rotten.
Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man;—
Lear. I 'll see that straight.
Kent. That, from your first of differenee and decay,[7]
Have follow'd your sad steps.
Lear. You are welcome hither.
Kent. Nor no man else;[8] all 's cheerless, dark, and deadly.—
Your eldest daughters have fore-doom'd themselves,[9]
And desperately are dead.
Lear. Ay, so I think.
Alb. He knows not what he says;[1] and vain it is

loved, and then hated, Kent means, Lear and himself; and that each of them, looking on the other, saw a rare instance of her caprice. He may, however, be only thinking of Lear, the object of her hate.

This is the reading of the folio. The quartos read—lov'd *or* hated; and they may be right, if the interpretation last given be the true one. *Malone.*

The meaning of this passage appears to me to be this: If Fortune, to display the plenitude of her power, should brag of two persons, one of whom she had highly elevated, and the other she had wofully depressed, we now behold the latter. The quarto reads—She *lov'd* or *hated*, which seems to confirm this explanation; but either reading will express the same sense. *M. Mason.*

[6] *This is a dull sight:*] This passage is wanting in the quartos. So, in *Macbeth:*

"This is a sorry sight." *Steevens.*

[7] —— *of difference and decay,*] Decay for misfortunes. *Warburton.*

The quartos read:

That from your life *of difference and decay.* *Steevens.*

[8] *Nor no man else;*] Kent means, *I welcome! No,* nor no man else. *Malone.*

[9] —— fore-doom'd *themselves,*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads —*fordone.*

Have *fore-doom'd themselves* is—have anticipated their own doom. To *fordo* is to destroy. So, in Taylor, the water-poet's character of a strumpet:

"So desperately had ne'er *fordone* themselves."

Again, in *A Warning for faire Women,* &c. 1599: "Speak who *has done* this deed? thou hast not *fordone* thyself, hast thou?"

Steevens.

[1] *See Vol. II, p. 375, n. 6.* *Malone.*

That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb. That 's but a trifle here.—
You lords, and noble friends, know our intent.
What comfort to this great decay may come,[2]
Shall be applied: For us, we will resign,
During the life of this old majesty,
To him our absolute power:—You, to your rights;
[*To* EDG. *and* KENT.
With boot, and such addition as your honours
Have more than merited.[3]—All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings.—O, see, see!

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd![4] No, no, no life:

[1] —— *he* says;] The quartos read—he *sees*, which may be right. *Steevens.*

[2] *What comfort to this* great decay *may come,*] This *great decay* is Lear, whom Shakspeare poetically calls so, and means the same as if he had said, *this piece of decay'd royalty*, this *ruin'd majesty*. *Steevens.*

A preceding passage in which Gloster laments Lear's frenzy, fully supports Mr. Steevens's interpretation:

"O *ruin'd piece* of nature! This great world
"Shall so wear out to nought."

Again, in *Julius Cæsar:*

"Thou art the *ruins* of the noblest man," &c. *Malone.*

[3] —— *You, to your rights;*
With boot, *and such addition as your* honours
Have more than merited.] These lines are addressed to Kent as well as to Edgar, else the word *honours* would not have been in the plural number. By *honours* is meant *honourable conduct*. *M. Mason.*

With boot,] With advantage, with increase. *Johnson.*

[4] *And my poor fool is hang'd!*] This is an expression of tenderness for his dead Cordelia (not his fool, as some have thought,) on whose lips he is still intent, and dies away while he is searching there for indications of life.

Poor fool, in the age of Shakspeare, was an expression of endearment. So, in his *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"—— *poor* venomous *fool*,
"Be angry and despatch." ——

Again, in *King Henry VI*, P. III:

"So many weeks ere the *poor fools* will yean."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"*And, pretty fool*, it stinted and said—ay."

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, where Julia is speaking of her lover Proteus:

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,

" Alas, *poor fool!* why do I pity him?"

I may add, that *the Fool* of Lear was long ago forgotten. Having filled the space allotted him in the arrangement of the play, he appears to have been silently withdrawn in the 6th scene of the third Act.—That the thoughts of a father, in the bitterest of all moments, while his favourite child lay dead in his arms, should recur to the antick who had formerly diverted him, has somewhat in it that I cannot reconcile to the idea of genuine sorrow and despair.

Besides this, Cordelia was recently hanged; but we know not that the *Fool* had suffered in the same manner, nor can imagine why he should. The party adverse to Lear was little interested in the fate of his jester. The only use of him was to contrast and alleviate the sorrows of his master; and, that purpose being fully answered, the poet's solicitude about him was at an end.

The term—*poor fool* might indeed have misbecome the mouth of a vassal commiserating the untimely end of a princess, but has no impropriety when used by a weak, old, distracted king, in whose mind the distinctions of nature only survive, while he is uttering his last frantick exclamations over a murdered daughter.

Should the foregoing remark, however, be thought erroneous, the reader will forgive it, as it serves to introduce some contradictory observations from a critick, in whose taste and judgment too much confidence cannot easily be placed. *Steevens.*

I confess, I am one of those who *have thought* that Lear means his *Fool*, and not *Cordelia*. If he means *Cordelia*, then what I have always considered as a beauty, is of the same kind as the accidental stroke of the pencil that produced the foam.—Lear's affectionate remembrance of the *Fool* in this place, I used to think, was one of those strokes of genius, or of nature, which are so often found in Shakspeare, and in him only.

Lear appears to have a particular affection for this *Fool*, whose fidelity in attending him, and endeavouring to divert him in his distress, seems to deserve all his kindness.

Poor fool and knave, says he, in the midst of the thunder storm, *I have one part in my heart that's sorry yet for thee.*

It does not, therefore, appear to me, to be allowing too much consequence to the *Fool*, in making Lear bestow a thought on him, even when in still greater distress. Lear is represented as a good-natured, passionate, and rather weak old man; it is the old age of a cockered spoilt boy. There is no impropriety in giving to such a character those tender domestick affections, which would ill become a more heroick character, such as Othello, Macbeth, or Richard III.

The words—*No, no, no life;* I suppose to be spoken, not tenderly, but with passion: Let nothing now live;—let there be universal destruction;—*Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life, and thou no breath at all?*

It may be observed, that as there was a necessity, the necessity of *propriety* at least, that this *Fool* the favourite of the author, of Lear, *and consequently* of the audience, should not be lost or forgot, it

And thou no breath at all? O, thou wilt come no more,

ought to be known what became of him.—However, it must be acknowledged, that we cannot infer much from thence; Shakspeare is not always attentive to finish the figures of his groups.

I have only to add, that if an actor, by adopting the interpretation mentioned above, of applying the words *poor fool* to Cordelia, the audience would, I should imagine, think it a strange mode of expressing the grief and affection of a father for his dead daughter, and that daughter a queen.—The words *poor fool*, are undoubtedly expressive of endearment; and Shakspeare himself, in another place speaking of a dying animal, calls it *poor dappled fool:* but it never is, nor never can be, used with any degree of propriety, but to commiserate some very inferior object, which may be loved, without much esteem or respect. *Sir J. Reynolds.*

It is not without some reluctance that I express my dissent from the friend whose name is subscribed to the preceding note; whose observations on all subjects of criticism and taste are so ingenious and just, that posterity may be at a loss to determine, whether his consummate skill and execution in his own art, or his judgment on that and other kindred arts, were superior. But *magis amica veritas* should be the motto of every editor of Shakspeare; in conformity to which I must add, that I have not the smallest doubt that Mr. Steevens's interpretation of these words is the true one. The passage indeed before us appears to me so clear, and so inapplicable to any person but Cordelia, that I fear the reader may think any further comment on it altogether superfluous.

It is observable that Lear from the time of his entrance in this scene to his uttering these words, and from thence to his death, is wholly occupied by the loss of his daughter. He is diverted indeed from it for a moment by the intrusion of Kent, who forces himself on his notice; but he instantly returns to his beloved Cordelia, over whose dead body he continues to hang. He is now himself in the agony of death; and surely, at such a time, when his heart is just breaking, it would be highly unnatural that he should think of his Fool. But the great and *decisive* objection to such a supposition is that which Mr. Steevens has mentioned—that Lear has just seen his daughter *hanged*, having unfortunately been admitted too late to preserve her life, though time enough to punish the perpetrator of the act: but we have no authority whatsoever for supposing his Fool hanged also.

Whether the expression—*poor fool*—can be applied with propriety only to *inferior objects, for whom we have not much respect or esteem*, is not, I conceive, the question. Shakspeare does not always use his terms with strict propriety, but he is always the best commentator on himself, and he certainly *has* applied this term in another place to the *young*, the *beautiful*, and *innocent*, Adonis, the object of somewhat more than the esteem of a goddess:

"For pity now she can no more detain him;
"*The poor fool* prays her that he may depart."

Again, though less appositely, in Twelfth Night:

Never, never, never, never, never!—
Pray you undo this button:[5] Thank you, sir.—
Do you see this?[6] Look on her,—look,—her lips,—
Look there, look there!— [*He dies.*

"Alas, *poor fool*, how have they baffled thee!"

Again, in *Much Ado about Nothing:*

"Lady, you have a merry heart.

"*Beat.* Yes, my lord, I thank it, *poor fool*, it keeps on the windy side of care."

Again, in *The Winter's Tale:*

"—— Do not weep, *good fools*,

"There is no cause."

In *Romeo and Juliet* a similar term of endearment is employed. Mercutio, speaking of Romeo, whom certainly he both esteemed and loved, says—

"The *ape* is dead, and I must conjure him."

Nor was the phraseology, which has occasioned this long note, peculiar to Shakspeare. It was long before his time incorporated in our language; as appears from the following passage in the old poem entitled *The History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"Yea, he forgets himself, ne is the wretch so bolde

"To ask her name that without force doth him in bondage hold;

"Ne how to unloose his bondes doth the *poor foole* devise,

"But only seeketh by her sight to feed his hungry eyes."

In old English a *fool* and an *innocent* were synonymous terms. Hence probably the peculiar use of the expression—*poor fool*. In the passage before us, Lear, I conceive, means by it, *dear, tender, helpless innocence! Malone.*

[5] *Pray you undo this button:*] The Rev. Dr. J. Warton judiciously observes, that the swelling and heaving of the heart is described by *this* most expressive circumstance.

So, in *The Honest Lawyer*, 1616:

"—— oh my heart!——

"It beats so it has *broke my buttons.*"

Again, in *King Richard III:*

"—— Ah, cut my lace asunder,

"That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,

"Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news!"

Again, in *The Winter's Tale:*

"O, cut my lace; lest my heart, cracking it,

"Break too!"

and, as Mr. Malone adds, from N. Field's *A Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612:

"—— swell heart! *buttons* fly open!

"Thanks gentle doublet, else my heart had broke." *Steevens.*

[6] *Do you see this?* &c.] This line and the following hemistich, are *not in the quartos.* After *thank you, sir*, they have only the interjection *O*, five times repeated. *Malone.*

Edg. He faints!—My lord, my lord,—
Kent. Break, heart; I pr'ythee, break![7]
Edg. Look up, my lord.
Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass![8] he hates him,
That would upon the rack of this tough world[9]
Stretch him out longer.
Edg. O, he is gone, indeed.
Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long:
He but usurp'd his life.
Alb. Bear them from hence.—Our present business
Is general woe. Friends of my soul, you twain
[*To* KENT *and* EDG.
Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.
Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;
My master calls, and I must not say, no.[1]
Alb. The weight of this sad time we must obey;[2]
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.

[7] *Break, heart;* &c.] This line is in the quartos given to the dying Lear. *Malone.*

[8] —— *O, let him pass!*] See p. 301, n. 7. *Malone.*

[9] —— *this* tough *world*—] Thus all the copies. Mr. Pope changed it to *rough*, but, perhaps, without necessity. This *tough* world is this *obdurate rigid* world. *Steevens.*

[1] —— *I must not say, no.*] The modern editors have supposed that Kent expires after he has repeated these two last lines; but the speech rather appears to be meant for a despairing than a dying man; and as the old editions give no marginal direction for his death, I have forborn to insert any.

I take this opportunity of retracting a declaration which I had formerly made on the faith of another person, viz. that the quartos, 1608, were exactly alike. I have since discovered they vary one from another in many instances. *Steevens.*

The second folio, at the end of this speech, has the word—*Dyes*, in the margin. *Ritson.*

Kent in his entrance in this scene says—

"I am come
"To bid my king and master aye good night;"—

but this, like the speech before us, only marks the despondency of the speaker. The word *shortly* [i.e. some time hence, at no very distant period,] decisively proves, that the poet did not mean to make him die on the scene. He merely says that he shall not *live long*, and therefore cannot undertake the office assigned to him.

The marginal direction, *he dies*, was first introduced by the ignorant editor of the second folio. *Malone.*

[2] *The weight of this sad time* &c.] This speech from the authority

The oldest hath borne most: we, that are young,
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[Exeunt with a dead March.[3]

of the old quartos is rightly placed to Albany: in the edition by the players, it is given to Edgar, by whom, I doubt not, it was of custom spoken. And the cause was this: he who played Edgar, being a more favourite actor than he who performed Albany, in spite of decorum it was thought proper he should have the last word.

Theobald.

[3] The tragedy of Lear is deservedly celebrated among the dramas of Shakspeare. There is perhaps no play which keeps the attention so strongly fixed; which so much agitates our passions, and interests our curiosity. The artful involutions of distinct interests, the striking oppositions of contrary characters, the sudden changes of fortune, and the quick succession of events, fill the mind with a perpetual tumult of indignation, pity, and hope. There is no scene which does not contribute to the aggravation of the distress or conduct of the action, and scarce a line which does not conduce to the progress of the scene. So powerful is the current of the poet's imagination, that the mind which once ventures within it, is hurried irresistibly along.

On the seeming improbability of Lear's conduct, it may be observed, that he is represented according to histories at that time vulgarly received as true. And, perhaps, if we turn our thoughts upon the barbarity and ignorance of the age to which this story is referred, it will appear not so unlikely as while we estimate Lear's manners by our own. Such preference of one daughter to another, or resignation of dominion on such conditions, would be yet credible, if told of a petty prince of Guinea or Madagascar. Shakspeare, indeed, by the mention of his earls and dukes, has given us the idea of times more civilized, and of life regulated by softer manners; and the truth is, that though he so nicely discriminates, and so minutely describes the characters of men, he commonly neglects and confounds the characters of ages, by mingling customs ancient and modern, English and foreign.

My learned friend, Mr. Warton, who has in *The Adventurer* very minutely criticised this play, remarks, that the instances of cruelty are too savage and shocking, and that the intervention of Edmund destroys the simplicity of the story. These objections may, I think, be answered, by repeating, that the cruelty of the daughters is an historical fact, to which the poet has added little, having only drawn it into a series of dialogue and action. But I am not able to apologize with equal plausibility for the extrusion of Gloster's eyes, which seems an act too horrid to be endured in dramatick exhibition, and such as must always compel the mind to relieve its distresses by incredulity. Yet let it be remembered that our author well knew what would please the audience for which he wrote.

The injury done by Edmund to the simplicity of the action is abundantly recompensed by the addition of variety, by the art with which he is made to co-operate with the chief design, and the opportunity which he gives the poet of combining perfidy with perfidy, and con-

necting the wicked son with the wicked daughters, to impress this important moral, that villainy is never at a stop, that crimes lead to crimes, and at last terminate in ruin.

But though this moral be incidentally enforced, Shakspeare has suffered the virtue of Cordelia to perish in a just cause, contrary to the natural ideas of justice, to the hope of the reader, and what is yet more strange, to the faith of chronicles. Yet this conduct is justified by *The Spectator*, who blames Tate for giving Cordelia success and happiness in his alteration, and declares, that in his opinion, *the Tragedy has lost half its beauty*. Dennis has remarked, whether justly or not, that to secure the favourable reception of *Cato, the town was poisoned with much false and abominable criticism*, and that endeavours had been used to discredit and decry poetical justice. A play in which the wicked prosper, and the virtuous miscarry, may doubtless be good, because it is a just representation of the common events of human life: but since all reasonable beings naturally love justice, I cannot easily be persuaded, that the observation of justice makes a play worse; or, that if other excellencies are equal, the audience will not always rise better pleased from the final triumph of persecuted virtue.

In the present case the publick has decided.* Cordelia, from the time of Tate, has always retired with victory and felicity. And, if my sensations could add any thing to the general suffrage, I might relate, I was many years ago so shocked by Cordelia's death, that I know not whether I ever endured to read again the last scenes of the play till I undertook to revise them as an editor.

There is another controversy among the criticks concerning this play. It is disputed whether the predominant image in Lear's disordered mind be the loss of his kingdom or the cruelty of his daughters. Mr. Murphy, a very judicious critick, has evinced by induction of particular passages, that the cruelty of his daughters is the primary source of his distress, and that the loss of royalty affects him only as a secondary and subordinate evil. He observes, with great justness, that Lear would move our compassion but little, did we not rather consider the injured father than the degraded king.

The story of this play, except the episode of Edmund, which is derived, I think, from Sidney, is taken originally from Geoffry of Monmouth, whom Holinshed generally copied; but perhaps immediately from an old historical ballad. My reason for believing that the play was posterior to the ballad, rather than the ballad to the play, is, that the ballad has nothing of Shakspeare's nocturnal tempest, which is too striking to have been omitted, and that it follows the chronicle; it has the rudiments of the play, but none of its amplifications: it first hinted Lear's madness, but did not array it in circumstances. The writer of the ballad added something to the history, which is a proof that he would have added more, if more had occurred to his mind, and more must have occurred if he had seen Shakspeare. *Johnson.*

* Dr. Johnson should rather have said that the managers of the theatres-royal *have decided, and the publick has been obliged to acquiesce in their decision.* The *altered play has* the upper gallery on its side; the original drama was patronized *by Addison:*

"*Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.*" Steevens.

The episode of Gloster and his sons is borrowed from Sidney's *Arcadia*, in which we find the following chapter, which is said to be entitled, in the first edition of 1590, "The pitifull state and storie of the Paphlagonian unkinde king, and his kind sonne: first related by the sonne, then by the blind father."

In the second edition printed in folio in 1593, there is no division of chapters. There the story of the king of Paphlagonia commences in p. 69, b, and is related in the following words:

"It was in the kingdome of *Galacia*, the season being (as in the depth of winter) very cold, and as then sodainely growne to so extreame and foule a storme, that neuer any winter (I thinke) brought foorth a fowler child; so that the princes were euen compelled by the haile, that the pride of the winde blew into their faces, to seeke some shrowding place, which a certaine hollow rocke offering vnto them, they made it their shield against the tempests furie. And so staying there, till the violence thereof was passed, they heard the speach of a couple, who, not perceiuing them, (being hidde within that rude canapy) helde a straunge and pitifull disputation, which made them steppe out; yet in such sort, as they might see vnseene. There they perceaued an aged man, and a young, scarcely come to the age of a man, both poorely arayed, extreamely weather-beaten; the olde man blinde, the young man leading him: and yet through all those miseries, in both there seemed to appeare a kinde of noblenesse, not sutable to that affliction. But the first words they heard, were these of the old man. Well, *Leonatus*, (said he) since I cannot perswade thee to leade mee to that which should end my griefe, and thy trouble, let me now entreat thee to leaue me: feare not, my miserie cannot be greater then it is, and nothing doth become me but miserie; feare not the danger of my blind steps; I cannot fall worse than I am. And doo not, I pray thee, doo not obstinately continue to infect thee with my wretchednes. But flie, flie from this region, onely worthy of me. Deare father, (answered he,) doo not take away from me the onely remnant of my happinesse: while I haue power to doo you seruice, I am not wholly miserable: Ah, my sonne, (said he, and with that he groned, as if sorrow straue to breake his harte,) how euill fits it me to have such a sonne, and how much doth thy kindnesse vpbraide my wickednesse! These dolefull speeches, and some others to like purpose, (well showing they had not bene borne to the fortune they were in,) moued the princes to goe out vnto them, and aske the younger, what they were. Sirs, (answered he, with a good grace, and made the more agreeable by a certain noble kinde of pitiousnes) I see well you are straungers, that know not our miserie, so well here knowne, that no man dare know, but that we must be miserable. In deede our state is such, as though nothing is so needful vnto vs as pittie, yet nothing is more daungerous vnto vs than to make our selues so knowne as may stirre pittie. But your presence promiseth, that cruelty shall not ouer-runne hate. And if it did, in truth, our state is soncke below the degree of feare.

"This old man whom I leade, was lately rightfull prince of this *countrie of Paphlagonia*, by the hard-harted vngratefulnes of a sonne *of his, depriued*, not onely of his kingdome (whereof no forraine *forces were* euer able to spoyle him) but of his sight; the riches which

nature graunts to the poorest creatures. Whereby, and by other his vnnaturall dealings, he hath been driuen to such griefe, as euen now he would haue had me to haue led him to the toppe of this rocke, thence to cast himselfe headlong to death: and so would have made me, who receiued my life of him, to be the worker of his destruction. But noble gentlemen, (said he) if either of you haue a father, and feele what duetifull affection is engraffed in a sonnes heart, let me entreate you to conuay this afflicted prince to some place of rest and securitie. Amongst your worthie actes it shall be none of the least, that a king, of such might and fame, and so vniustlie oppressed, is in any sort by you relieued.

" But before they coulde make him aunswere, his father began to speake. Ah, my sonne, (said he) how euill an historian are you, that leaue out the chief knot of all the discourse? my wickednes, my wickednes. And if thou doest it to spare my ears, (the onely sense now left mee proper for knowledge,) assure thy selfe thou doest mistake me. And I take witnesse of that sunne which you see, (with that he cast vp his blind eies, as if he would hunt for light,) and wish my selfe in worse case then I doe wish my selfe, which is as euill as may bee, if I speake vntruely, that nothing is so welcome to my thoughts, as the publishing of my shame. Therefore know you, gentlemen, (to whome from my heart I wish that it may not proue some ominous foretoken of misfortune to haue met with such a miser as I am,) that whatsoeuer my sonne (ô God, that truth bindes me to reproach him with the name of my son!) hath saide, is true. But besides those truthes, this also is true; that hauing had in lawfull marriage, of a mother fitte to bear roiall children, this sonne, (such a one as partly you see, and better shall knowe by my short declaration,) and so enjoyed the expectations in the world of him, till he was growen to iustifie their expectations, (so as I needed enuie no father for the chiefe comfort of mortalitie, to leaue an other ones selfe after me,) I was carried by a bastard sonne of mine (if at least I be bounde to beleeue the words of that base woman my concubine, his mother,) first to mislike, then to hate, lastly to destroy, or to doo my best to destroy, this sonne (I thinke you thinke) vndeseruing destruction. What waies he vsed to bring me to it, if I shoulde tell you, I shoulde tediouslie trouble you with as much poisonous hypocrisie, desperate fraud, smooth malice, hidden ambition, and smiling enuie, as in any liuing person could be harbored. But I list it not; no remembraunce of naughtinesse delightes me, but mine owne; and me thinkes, the accusing his trappes might in some manner excuse my fault, which certainelie I loth to doo. But the conclusion is, that I gaue order to some seruantes of mine, whom I thought as apte for such charities as my selfe, to lead him out into a forrest, and there to kill him.

" But those theeues (better natured to my sonne than my selfe) spared his life, letting him goe, to learne to liue poorlie: which he did, giuing himselfe to be a priuate souldier, in a countrey here by. But as he was ready to be greatlie aduaunced for some noble peeces of seruice which he did, he heard newes of me: who, dronke in my affection to that vnlawfull and vnnaturall sonne of mine, suffered my selfe so to be gouerned by him, that all fauours and punishments passed by him; all offices, and places of importances, distributed to

his fauourites; so that ere I was aware, I had left my selfe nothing but the name of a king: which he shortly wearie of too, with manie indignities, if any thing may be called an indignitie, which was laide vpon me, threw me out of my seate, and put out my eies; and then, proud in his tirannie, let me goe, neither imprisoning nor killing me: but rather delighting to make me feele my miserie; miserie in deede, if euer there were any; full of wretchednesse, fuller of disgrace, and fullest of guiltines. And as he came to the crowne by so vniust meanes, as vniustlie he kept it, by force of straunger souldiers in cittadels, the nestes of tirannie, and murderers of libertie; disarming all his own countrimen, that no man durst shew himselfe a well-willer of mine; to say the truth, (I thinke) few of them being so, considering my cruell folly to my good sonne, and foolish kindnesse to my vnkind bastard: but if there were any who felt a pitty of so great a fall, and had yet any sparkes of vnslaine duety lefte in them towards me, yet durst they not shewe it, scarcely with giuing mee almes at their doores; which yet was the onely sustenaunce of my distressed life, no body daring to showe so much charitie, as to lende mee a hande to guide my darke steppes: till this sonne of mine, (God knowes, woorthy of a more vertuous, and more fortunate father,) forgetting my abhominable wronges, not recking daunger, and neglecting the present good way hee was in of doing himselfe good, came hether to doo this kind office you see him performe towardes me, to my vnspeakable griefe; not only because his kindnes is a glasse euen to my blind eies, of my naughtines, but that, aboue all griefes, it greeues me he should desperatlie aduenture the losse of his well deseruing life for mine, that yet owe more to fortune for my deserts; as if hee would cary mudde in a chest of christall. For well I know, he that now raigneth, howe much soeuer (and with good reason) he despiseth me, of all men despised, yet hee will not let slippe any aduantage to make away him, whose iust title, enobled by courage and goodnes, may one day shake the seate of a neuer-secure tyrannie. And for this cause I craued of him to leade mee to the toppe of this rocke, indeede I must confesse, with meaning to free him from so serpentine a companion as I am. But he finding what I purposed, onely therein since hee was borne, shewed himselfe disobedient vnto mee. And now, gentlemen, you haue the true storie, which I pray you publish to the world, that my mischieuous proceedings may bee the glorie of his filiall pietie, the onely reward now left for so greate a merite. And if it may be, let me obtaine that of you, which my sonne denies me: for neuer was there more pity in sauing any, then in ending me; both because therein my agonies shall ende, and so shall you preserue this excellent young man, who els wilfully followes his owne ruine.

" The matter in it selfe lamentable, lamentably expressed by the old prince, which needed not take to himselfe the gestures of pitie, since his face coulde not put of the markes thereof, greatly moued the two princes to compassion, which coulde not stay in such harts as theirs without seeking remedie. But by and by the occasion was *presented*: for *Plexirtus* (so was the bastard called) came thether *with fortie* horse, onely of purpose to murder this brother; of whose *comming* he had soon aduertisement, and thought no eyes of sufficient

credite in such a matter, but his owne; and therefore came himselfe to be actor, and spectator. And as soone as hee came, not regarding the weake (as hee thought) garde of but two men, commaunded some of his followers to set their handes to his, in the killing of *Leonatus*. But the young prince, though not otherwise armed but with a sworde, howe falsely soeuer he was dealt with by others, would not betray him selfe; but brauely drawing it out, made the death of the first that assayled him warne his fellowes to come more warily after him. But then *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus* were quickly become parties, (so iust a defence deserving as much as old friendship) and so did behave them among that companie, more iniurious than valiant, that many of them lost their liues for their wicked maister

"Yet perhaps had the number of them at last prevailed, if the king of *Pontus* (lately by them made so) had not come vnlooked for to their succour. Who, hauing had a dreame which had fixt his imagination vehemently vpon some great daunger presently to follow those two princes whom hee most dearely loued, was come in all hast, following as wel as he could their track with a hundreth horses, in that countrie which he thought, considering who then raigned, a fitte place inough to make the stage of any tragedie.

"But then the match had beene so ill made for *Plexirtus*, that his ill-led life, and worse gotten honour, should haue tumbled together to destruction, had there not come in *Tydeus* and *Telenor*, with forty or fifty in their suité, to the defence of *Plexirtus*. These two were brothers of the noblest house of that country, brought vppe from their infancy with *Plexirtus*: men of such prowesse, as not to knowe feare in themselues, and yet to teach it others that shoulde deale with them; for they had often made their liues triumph ouer most terrible daungers; neuer dismaied and euer fortunate; and truely no more setled in valure, then disposed to goodnes and iustice, if either they had lighted on a better friend, or coulde haue learned to make friendship a childe, and not the father of vertue. But bringing vp, rather than choise, hauing first knit their mindes vnto him, (indeede crafty inough, either to hide his faultes, or neuer to showe them, but when they might pay home,) they willingly helde out the course, rather to satisfie him then all the worlde; and rather to be good friendes, then good men: so as though they did not like the euill hee did, yet they liked him that did the euill; and though not councellors of the offence, yet protectors of the offender. Now they hauing heard of this sodaine going out, with so small a company, in a countrey full of euill-wishing mindes toward him, though they knew not the cause, followed him; till they founde him in such case as they were to venture their liues, or else he to loose his: which they did with such force of minde and bodie, that truely I may iustly say, *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus* had neuer till then found any, that could make them so well repeate their hardest lesson in the feates of armes. And briefly so they did, that if they ouercame not, yet were they not ouercome, but carried away that vngratefull maister of theirs to a place of security; howsoeuer the princes laboured to the contrary. But this matter being thus farre begun, it became not the constancy of the princes so *to leaue it; but in all* hast making forces both in Pontus and Phrigia, *they had in fewe* daies lefte him but onely that one strong place

where he was. For feare hauing beene the onely knot that had fastned his people vnto him, that once vntied by a greater force, they all scattered from him; like so many birdes, whose cage had beene broken.

"In which season the blinde king, hauing in the chiefe cittie of his realme set the crown vppon his son *Leonatus* heau, with many teares (both of ioy and sorrow) setting forth to the whole people his owne fault and his sonnes vertue. after he had kist him, and forst his sonne to accept honour of him, as of his new-become subject, euen in a moment died: as it should seeme. his heart broken with vnkindenes and affliction, stretched so farre beyond his limits with this excesse of comfort, as it was able no longer to keepe safe his vitall spirites. But the new king, hauing no lesse louingly performed all duties to him dead, then aliue pursued on the siege of his vnnaturall brother, asmuch for the reuenge of his father, as for the establishing of his owne quiet In which siege truely I cannot but acknowledge the prowesse of those two brothers, then whome the princes neuer found in all their trauaile two of greater hability to performe, nor of habler akil for conduct.

"But *Plexirtus* finding, that if nothing else, famine would at last bring him to destruction, thought better by humblenes to creepe, where by pride he could not marche. For certainely so had nature formed him, and the exercise of craft conformed him, to all turningnes of sleights, that though no man had lesse goodnes in his soule than he, no man could better find the places whence arguments might grow of goodnesse to another: though no man felt lesse pitie, no man could tel better how to stir pitie: no man more impudent to deny, where proofes were not manifest; no man more ready to confesse with a repenting manner of aggrauating his owne euill, where denial would but make the fault fowler. Now he tooke this way, that hauing gotten a pasport for one (that pretended he would put *Plexirtus* aliue into his hands) to speake with the king his brother, he himselfe (though much against the minds of the valiant brothers, who rather wished to die in braue defence,) with a rope about his necke, barefooted, came to offer himselfe to the discretion of *Leonatus*. Where, what submission he vsed, how cunningly in making greater the faulte he made the faultines the lesse, how artificially he could set out the torments of his owne conscience, with the burdensome comber he had found of his ambitious desires, how finely seeming to desire nothing but death, as ashamed to liue, he begd life in the refusing it, I am not cunning inough to be able to expresse: but so fell out of it, that though at first sight *Leonatus* saw him with other eie than as the murderer of his father, and anger already began to paint reuenge in many colours, ere long he had not onely gotten pitie, but pardon; and if not an excuse of the faulte past, yet an opinion of a future amendment: while the poor villaines chiefe ministers of his wickednes, now betraied by the author thereof, were deliuered to many cruell sorts of death; he so handling it, that it rather seemed, hee had more come into the defence of an vnremediable mischiefe already committed, then that they had done it at first by his consent. *Malone.*

A LAMENTABLE SONG

OF THE DEATH OF

KING LEIR AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

KING LEIR* once ruled in this land,
With princely power and peace;
And had all things with heart's content,
That might his joys increase.
Amongst those things that nature gave,
Three daughters fair had he,
So princely seeming beautiful,
As fairer could not be.

So on a time it pleas'd the king
A question thus to move,
Which of his daughters to his grace
Could show the dearest love:
For to my age you bring content,
Quoth he, then let me hear
Which of you three in plighted troth
The kindest will appear.

To whom the eldest thus began;
Dear father, mind, quoth she,
Before your face, to do you good,
My blood shall render'd be:
And for your sake my bleeding heart
Shall here be cut in twain,
Ere that I see your reverend age
The smallest grief sustain.

And so will I, the second said;
Dear father, for your sake,
The worst of all extremities
I'll gently undertake:
And serve your highness night and day
With diligence and love;
That sweet content and quietness
Discomforts may remove.

* *King Leir* &c.] This ballad is given from an ancient copy in *The Golden Garland*, black letter, to the tune of—*When flying fame*. It is here reprinted from Dr. Percy's *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*, Vol. I, third edit. Steevens.

In doing so, you glad my soul,
The aged king reply'd;
But what say'st thou, my youngest girl,
How is thy love ally'd?
My love (quoth young Cordelia then)
Which to your grace I owe,
Shall be the duty of a child,
And that is all I 'll show.

And wilt thou show no more, quoth he,
Than doth thy duty bind?
I well perceive thy love is small,
When as no more I find:
Henceforth I banish thee my court,
Thou art no child of mine;
Nor any part of this my realm
By favour shall be thine.

Thy eldest sisters' loves are more
Than well I can demand,
To whom I equally bestow
My kingdome and my land,
My pompal state and all my goods,
That lovingly I may
With those thy sisters be maintain'd
Until my dying day.

Thus flattering speeches won renown
By these two sisters here:
The third had causeless banishment,
Yet was her love more dear:
For poor Cordelia patiently
Went wand'ring up and down,
Unhelp'd, unpity'd, gentle maid,
Through many an English town:

Until at last in famous France
She gentler fortunes found;
Though poor and bare, yet she was deem'
The fairest on the ground:
Where when the king her virtues heard,
And this fair lady seen,
With full consent of all his court
He made his wife and queen.

Her father, old king Leir, this while
With his two daughters staid;
Forgetful of their promis'd loves,
Full soon the same decay'd;

And living in queen Ragan's court,
The eldest of the twain,
She took from him his chiefest means,
And most of all his train.

For whereas twenty men were wont
To wait with bended knee:
She gave allowance but to ten,
And after scarce to three:
Nay, one she thought too much for him:
So took she all away,
In hope that in her court, good king,
He would no longer stay.

Am I rewarded thus quoth he,
In giving all I have
Unto my children, and to beg
For what I lately gave?
I 'll go unto my Gonorell;
My second child, I know,
Will be more kind and pitiful,
And will relieve my woe.

Full fast he hies then to her court;
Where when she hears his moan
Return'd him answer, That she griev'd
That all his means were gone:
But no way could relieve his wants;
Yet if that he would stay
Within her kitchen, he should have
What scullions gave away.

When he had heard with bitter tears,
He made his answer then;
In what I did let me be made
Example to all men
I will return again, quoth he,
Unto my Ragan's court;
She will not use me thus, I hope,
But in a kinder sort.

Where when he came, she gave command
To drive him thence away:
When he was well within her court,
(She said) he would not stay.
Then back again to Gonorell
The woeful king did hie,
That in her kitchen he might have
What scullion boys set by.

But there of that he was deny'd,
  Which she had promis'd late:
For once refusing, he should not
  Come after to her gate.
Thus 'twixt his daughters, for relief
  He wander'd up and down;
Being glad to feed on beggar's food,
  That lately wore a crown.

And calling to remembrance then
  His youngest daughter's words,
That said, the duty of a child
  Was all that love affords:
But doubting to repair to her,
  Whom he had banish'd so,
Grew frantick mad; for in his mind
  He bore the wounds of woe:

Which made him rend his milk-white locks,
  And tresses from his head,
And all with blood bestain his cheeks,
  With age and honour spread:
To hills and woods, and watry founts,
  He made his hourly moan,
Till hills and woods, and senseless things,
  Did seem to sigh and groan.

Even thus possest with discontents,
  He passed o'er to France,
In hopes from fair Cordelia there
  To find some gentler chance:
Most virtuous dame! which when she heard
  Of this her father's grief,
As duty bound, she quickly sent
  Him comfort and relief:

And by a train of noble peers,
  In brave and gallant sort,
She gave in charge he should be brought
  To Aganippus' court;
Whose royal king, with noble mind,
  So freely gave consent,
To muster up his knights at arms,
  To fame and courage bent.

And so to England came with speed,
  To repossess king Leir,
And drive his daughters from their thrones
  By his Cordelia dear:

Where she, true-hearted noble queen,
  Was in the battle slain:
Yet he, good king, in his old days,
  Possest his crown again.

But when he heard Cordelia's death,
  Who died indeed for love
Of her dear father, in whose cause
  She did this battle move;
He swooning fell upon her breast,
  From whence he never parted:
But on her bosom left his life,
  That was so truely hearted.

The lords and nobles when they saw
  The end of these events,
The other sisters unto death
  They doomed by consents;
And being dead, their crowns they left
  Unto the next of kin:
Thus have you seen the fall of pride,
  And disobedient sin. *Johnson.**

* This ballad, which by no means deserves a place in any edition of Shakspeare, is evidently a most servile pursuit,—not, indeed, of our author's play, which the writer does not appear to have read, but—of Holinshed's *Chronicle*, where, as in Geoffrey of Monmouth, the King of France is called *Aganippus*. I suppose, however, that the performance and celebrity of the play might have set the ballad-maker at work, and furnished him with the circumstance of Lear's madness, of which there is no hint either in the historian or the old play. The omission of any other striking incident may be fairly imputed to his want of either genius or information. All he had to do was to spin out a sort of narrative in a sort of verse, to be sung about the streets, and make advantage of the publick curiosity. I much doubt whether any common ballad can be produced anterior to a play upon the same subject, unless in the case of some very recent event. *Ritson.*